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UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

A BUCOLIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Lazily let old Time roll by,
And the dull world wag away as it please,
While here with my pipe and book I lie,
And read and smoke under leafy trees—

Far away from the city's din,
And its scenes at which often the heart will bleed,
Its days of traffic and nights of sin,
And its old, old stories of lust and greed.

Here, nothing but sweet and soothing sights;
Grasses and trees and shrubs and flowers;
Love in peaceful days and tranquil nights,
Pleasantly pass the happy hours.

Hours to read, or to write, or to dream;
For a bosom friend or a social smoke;
To seek birds in the air or fish in the stream—
For a merry chat or a quiet joke.

I am seized with a bright idea sometimes,
(Not very often, however, I ween),
And, rattling it out into jingling rhymes,
I send it, per mail, to my friend, Frank Queen.

Thus, ever so happy, the bright days go,
And sweet are the lessons to me they teach;
O, dwellers in cities! ye little know
Of the slighted pleasures within your reach!.

Man's wants are few—he must have a gun,
A dog and a rod, and a pipe, I think;
Some books and papers (the CLIPPER for one)—
He must have some paper and pens and ink.

Then lazily let old Time roll by,
And the dull world wag away as it please;
He can sip of the sparkles of life that lie
On the top—and leave others to drink the lees!

J. H. B.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER VII.

A FAMILY LIKENESS.

The commotion caused by such an unwonted circumstance as a visitor fainting away on the very threshold brought every one within reach to the door, Mrs. Gaveston among the number.

"Who is it? what is it?" she exclaimed in alarm, seeing the insensible figure her servants were lifting from the ground. "Is it a friend of yours, Mr. Ord?"

"A very old one, Mrs. Gaveston. It is your husband's brother, Ralph."

"Ralph Gaveston!" she exclaimed, stooping over the prostrate form, "Come home like this! Is he ill, or dead?"

"Neither, I trust; though what made him faint I cannot imagine. He came to my house some two hours since, and after satisfying me of his identity, though his face would have done that—for he is every inch a Gaveston—we came here. When he was seized in this strange manner, I was speaking of Mattie Brock and her good conduct, and saying how glad she would be to see him."

"She will, indeed," Mrs. Gaveston replied, busying herself about the pale figure which the servants had carried into the dining room and laid upon a sofa. "Mattie would lay down her life for him, if need be; she is never tired of singing his praises."

"Where is she?"

"Gone into Warwick, to poor old Mrs. Parker. I think Bartley gave her leave to stay all night. She is a good useful creature in sickness, is Mattie; it seems to be her vocation,"

"I forgot Bartley. She will be another old acquaintance to welcome poor Ralph. She helped him off when he ran away, and used to connive at all his youthful escapades. She will be glad, too, to see him home again."

"That she will; Bartley is faithful in her allegiance to the old family. She is continually telling my boy that he will never be as braw a laddie as his uncle Ralph."

Mrs. Bartley, though bearing an English name now, was a Scotch woman, to whom the language and customs of her country had clung, as they do to some warm hearted natures, amid all the distractions and busy life of her more southern home.

Originally engaged by Ralph's mother as a nursemaid, she had lived with them for years, only quitting them to marry a handsome scamp, who led her the life of a drunkard's wife for twelve months, and then got killed in a public house brawl. Their baby died shortly after, and then, widowed and childless, she went back to her old mistress and begged for her former situation.

But days of poverty were falling on the family, and Mrs. Gaveston hesitated about taking another into her household. Jessie pleaded hard, declared she wanted no wages, and would share their fortunes, let them be what they would; and at length she had her way, and returned once more to her old quarters.

It was hardly as a servant; she was more like the friend of her gentle mistress, whose fading life was tenderly watched and cared for by her, and whose children were tended and brought up as though by a mother's hand and care.

When fortune came once more to the Gavestons, and the mother who had been so dear to her handsome sons was gone forever from this world and its sorrows, Gordon Gaveston would not part with Jessie. His wife, fine lady though she was, had sense enough to see her worth, and gladly received her at the hall.

By degrees she rose to the station of housekeeper, which, though getting old, she filled at the date of our story. It was not many minutes before Ralph Gaveston opened his eyes, and the color began to return to his face, though his first words were strange and wild.

"Alfred Bennett!" he said, "Dead! dead and cold—only Ralph Gaveston left alive to tell the tale—Ralph Gaveston, no one else!"

Mrs. Gaveston looked at the lawyer in astonishment, but he whispered that he knew something of what he meant; his nerves had had a terrible shock.

"Poor fellow, he is all unhinged and out of sorts," he said; "but see, he is coming round now; Ralph, my boy, speak to us. Are you better?"

Ralph Gaveston raised himself on his elbow and looked around him in bewilderment. He passed his hand over his eyes, as if he could not realize his position, nor make out the handsome figure, all satin and lace, and gleaming jewelry, that stood by his side.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Where am I?"

"At Gaveston at last, my boy," said Mr. Ord, "though your entrance into your brother's house was unceremonious, to say the least of it. You literally came in head first, just as I was telling you about Mattie."

"Mattie! ah, I remember; and this is my sister, my brother's wife. Will she welcome the wanderer of so many years?"

He held out his hands to Mrs. Gaveston, who responded instantly.

"Welcome you!" she said; "ay, that I will, though the first greeting you gave me was a fright. You are the only Gaveston now, except my boy; and a true scion of the old stock, as far as features go. In Gordon's name, and for his sake I welcome you to his home."

There was a witchery and grace about her that was very fascinating, and her brother-in-law yielded to its spell. A bright flush mounted to his cheek as she spoke, and then fading, left it white, as before; he pressed her hands warmly, and drawing her close to him, kissed her cheek.

"I beg pardon," he said, as the lady in her turn blushed, "I am only a rough fellow, after all. Perhaps I have taken too great a liberty, but my brother's wife is my sister."

"Of course she is, my boy, and a sister a man may well like to kiss after twenty years of roughing it. Ha! here's Mrs. Bartley. She'll think there's some one worth looking at in this world now."

Mr. Gaveston rose, trembling still from the effects of his recent fainting fit, but not shaking half so much as the old woman, who came forward with dim eyes and outstretched arms, exclaiming:—

"My bairn, my bairn; where is he?"

Small need was there to ask, for Ralph Gaveston took her in his arms and kissed her withered old cheeks with all the affection of a boy for a true and tried old friend, saying:—

"Jessie, dear, good Jessie, this is a treat; I hardly dared to ask after you."

"Aye, ye thought I wad be dead, and nae wonder; it's mony a lang year sin' ye went awa'. But let me hae a look at ye, my bairn, that I hae nursed upon my knee mony mair times than I can count."

"Sit down, Bartley," said Mrs. Gaveston, kindly, not a little touched at the old woman's joy, "sit down by Mr. Gaveston, and take a glass of wine with him to welcome him home."

She poured out the wine herself, and presented it with the stately grace which so well became her to the brother-in-law whose return she had so dreaded, and the faithful friend of his boyhood.

"We'll dispense with etiquette, and speak our sentiments over the wine," she said, with a smile. "Brother Ralph, I am very glad to see you."

His only response was a bow and an attempt at a smile, which quivered and died upon his lip.

"I am hardly myself, yet," he said. "My health has not been good for the last few months, and the shock of losing my companion, as I told Mr. Ord just now, has helped to make a nervous invalid of me."

"We'll hae ye weel again, please God," said Jessie eagerly, "and here's a hearty welcome back till your hame again, Master Ralph. Eh, but I'm a joyful woman the day!"

Again Ralph Gaveston lowered his head and sipped his wine, seeming utterly unable to answer.

"Ye're grown until a braw mon," she continued, passing her hand caressingly over his curly brown hair, "and ye favor your poor mother; ay, and your feyther too, a little, but there's a look in your face that's like neither, and I dinna just see wha that's like. And is that your puir hand that was nae sair hashed?"

"Yes, Nursey," he replied, using the familiar cognomen applied to Jessie by her young charge in days long gone by. "That's the hand; it's pretty well now."

The old woman kept her eyes on it, though she said nothing; and as though he read her thoughts, he drew off the mitten which covered it.

"I see you are curious," he said. "It is quite healed, though it is not quite a pleasant sight."

It was, as we have said, and as the fire-light in the log hut at Yale showed it to be, a large and deep scar, straggling all over the back of the hand, and in some places up to the first joints of the fingers. The only difference now was that some parts of it looked red and inflamed, as though recently hurt.

"It has been an unfortunate hand," he said. "Before I left America I scalded it very badly with some melted wax, so that it is doubly scared."

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Gaveston, with a scarcely perceptible shiver; and then, as though to change the subject, she turned to Jessie. "You will see about a bed for Mr. Gaveston, Bartley," she said.

Ralph murmured something about putting her to inconvenience, but she overruled his objections in a moment.

"This is your home as long as you stay in England," she said, decidedly. "My husband's brother must not go away from the hall to seek a lodging; besides, there is business for you to do here. You are one of my Ralph's guardians, and I have a letter to give you from poor Gordon; and there's Mattie."

"Not to-night, my dear sister; don't let me see any one to-night but my nieces and my young nephew, if I may. I feel quite overwhelmed with the mine of old memories Jessie's sudden appearance has called up."

"You shall see no one you don't like, not even the children, till to-morrow, if you want quiet. Bartley will make you very comfortable, I am sure."

But Mr. Gaveston would like to see the children, and seemed inclined to make himself sociable, and chat over things past and present, rather than go to bed; so the handsome girls, and pretty, though delicate boy, were introduced to make the acquaintance of their new found uncle.

Little Ralph took to him at once, climbing on his knee and pulling at his beard with all the frank, free enjoyment of a child at being noticed.

"So this is the heir, is it, sister? It was kind of poor Gordon to name him after me—very kind; he has the Gaveston face, and heart too, I'll be bound."

"My other boy was named Gordon William," said Mrs. Gaveston, with a sigh; "and when this little fellow came his father said he was like you, and gave him your name. It is a frail little life that keeps the fortune from you, Ralph."

"Frail children live to be very strong sometimes; let us hope this little fellow may. So my brother thought him like me; can you see the resemblance now?"

He held the child up till the little flaxen head rested against his own, and his sunburnt face and the soft, peachy cheeks of the tenderly nurtured heir were side by side. There was a great likeness; sufficient to have proclaimed a relationship at any time, save that the little one's eyes were blue.

"No one can help seeing it," his mother said; "except that my Ralph is a 'blue eyed laddie,' as Bartley calls him, he is strikingly like you."

"A family face, evidently," said Ralph the elder, with a slight laugh, and kissing the child once more, he let him bury his tiny hands in his thick, brown hair, and romp and shout to his heart's content, till his mother interposed, and ordered the young disturber of the peace off to bed.

Mr. Ord was persuaded to stay at the hall, and they sat till a late hour talking by the bright fire. Ralph Gaveston seemed to recover his spirits as the time wore on, and chatted pleasantly of his world-wide adventures, and of people he had met.

More than once his sister-in-law had alluded to Mattie Brock, and his kindness to her; but he seemed rather to shrink from the subject, and she concluded, as Mr. Ord had done, that there were unpleasant reminiscences connected with her, which, perhaps, he did not care to have revived.

He showed her one or two small souvenirs of his boyish days, which he had always preserved. A faded miniature of his mother; another of Gordon when a boy; and the little Bible, a mother's parting gift, which he declared he valued beyond anything else. In this, carefully pasted in the cover, was the register of his baptism at St. Mary's Church, Warwick

The clock in the old tower struck one as he closed and locked his bedroom door, and threw himself into a chair, to think on the strange chances which had brought him home once more, and to read the letter which, like a voice from his brother's grave, had been all the greeting that Gordon could give him to his new home.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LETTER FROM THE GRAVE.

Ralph Gaveston sat musing some time before the bright fire, with the unopened letter in his hand.

It was directed:—

"To my dear brother Ralph.

"To be delivered to him after my death."

"From my brother Gordon!" he said, musingly," I daresay when he wrote it, he never thought that *I* should sit here to read it. I'm sure he didn't; but strange things happen sometimes."

He toyed idly with the little packet as he spoke, without breaking the seal, and a curious smile curled his lip. His handsome face had altered slightly since the night when he sat by the fire in his Yale log hut, with Alfred Bennett by his side, and heard the story his companion told him about his wife's desertion.

The accidental finding of the torn scrap of paper seemed a thing of years ago, and yet it was only a few short months—a time that might be reckoned by weeks and even days. There was a hard look upon his handsome features, which had seemed so gentle and pleasant then—a worn and weary look, which told of either bodily or mental pain, perhaps both. Into his eyes, once so beaming and expressive, had come a fixed look of fear and horror which would never leave them now till life and reason died out of them for ever.

With the sight he had seen in the forest had arisen a life-long dread which would haunt him to his dying day; and the memory of that lifeless shattered face would be with him for evermore. He was conscious of the change, and the knowledge of it was oppressing him to-night.

"Bah! I'm a fool!" he said, "a weak, womanish fool! What have I to do now with things that happened the other side the Atlantic? I'm safe at Gaveston among 'mine own people,' and may be master here some day, who knows? My sister-in-law (glorious woman, that!) will have to take more than ordinary care of that youngster, if he is ever to be the squire. None of the young ones seemed to dislike their new uncle, that's one comfort; they might have turned me from the door and disowned me—may be they would but for old Ord. I won't forget him; he's a jolly old brick. And now to see what my brother says. It's odd that I should come home for him to speak to me like this—out of the grave, as it were."

The letter bore date only a few months before the death of the writer, and was full of brotherly kindness and feeling.

"GAVESTON HALL, March 10, 18—.

"MY DEAR BROTHER RALPH.—Heaven only knows whether your hands will open this letter, or if your eyes will see it. If they do, the grave will be closed over me; and in all probability you will be the last of our father's sons, for poor Will is fast hurrying on to 'the bourne from which no traveler returns.'

"I have made my will to-day, not because aught ails me, or I think I am going to die (I am well and hearty, thank God), but because I think it behooves every man who has his senses about him to set his house in order in case of accidents. It is hard for a widow and helpless children, in the first bitterness of their grief, to have to think of business, and plunge themselves into lawyers' technicalities and hard worded documents. My wife will have none of this trouble. Everything that I can do while in life I have done to make her easy and comfortable afterwards.

"My boy (I have only one now) is left to the care of efficient guardians, of whom, if you return alive and well, I should like you to be one—that is, of course, if you are willing to undertake the charge. I should like my little Ralph (we named him after you, you see) to know and love the uncle he reminds us of so much; and I think you will love *him* for our sakes.

"And now, dear brother, there is one important matter to write about, and one which my wife will not even let me hint to her, but which is always present to me. You may, nay, in all probability will be, master of Gaveston some day. I cannot blind myself to the fact that our poor baby is very, very feeble, and that his little life is more precarious than that of most infants.

"I have learned to love the place in the fifteen years it has belonged to me, and it was the wish and prayer of our father all his life that his sons might one day own his father's home. It is ours now, Ralph—sanctified to us by our mother's death in it; and her last prayer for us all was that her boys might keep unsullied the Gaveston name and honor, and live upright and respected as lords of the soil. I have tried to do it.

"I believe when Heaven pleases that I shall die, it will be in peace and good will towards man; and the estate has not suffered in my keeping. If you take the office I have given you, and come home from your wanderings to care for my boy, do your duty by him and his as you would by your own; and if it be the will of God to take him and give Gaveston to you, may his blessing go with it. I *know* you are worthy of it, or you are not the bright spirited boy our mother loved so well.

"In my will you will find a remembrance for you; it is only five thousand pounds, but it is all the estate will bear just now. I may live to be a richer man, and make another will, and then I will remember my brother as I am sure he deserves.

"And now, dear Ralph, good bye. If we never meet again, and you read this letter when I am in my grave, let it be an assurance of my unaltered love for you, and remember I begged you to deal with my helpless boy as you would have Heaven deal with you. From your loving brother,

"GORDON GAVESTON.

"Ralph Gaveston, Esq."

"A loving brother and a good one," Ralph soliloquised, as he folded the paper and placed it in his pocket book. "He was mistaken when he wrote that, though I *am* changed from the boy of so many years ago. Do my duty by his child! Ah, I'll go to bed and think of my nephew when I have shaken down a bit; I've plenty on my mind to-night without him. I'm safe at home, and welcome, too, that's one good thing—and almost enough for a fellow's mind to grasp after twenty years' knocking about the world."

But though he undressed and got into a more luxurious bed than he had ever slept in in his life, he could not sleep, but lay, alternately dozing and tossing about, till he heard the clock strike five, when, thoroughly wearied out mentally and bodily, he fell asleep, and woke no more till after nine, when he opened his eyes to see the old Scotch woman standing by his side with a tray of good things.

He lifted his head from the pillow and stared at her in a confused manner for a minute, and then gave her a smile of recognition.

"Ah, nurse," he said, "is that you?"

"Deed, and it is. Din ye no ken me, Master Ralph?"

"I don't believe I know myself yet," he replied, with a smile. "It is such a strange and glorious thing to be at home. Is it very late? I didn't sleep very well, and I suspect by your appearance that I have been rude enough to lie in bed past Mrs. Gaveston's breakfast hour."

"No muckle. It's nae abune ten o'clock, if as much; and she sent up your breakfast, for she kenned weel you'd be tired. And nae just sit up, and try what Gaveston coffee and rolls are like. Ah, my bairn—forgie me for speaking till ye sae—mony a toll and cake have I made for ye in days o' lang syne."

Ralph Gaveston sat up and allowed Jessie to arrange pillows behind him and give him his breakfast—feeling very much like a man in a dream, and apologising for oversleeping himself.

"Dinna speak o't. You look awfu' white and weary-like—fitter for your bed than aught else. I'm feared ye're nae come back wi' the health and strength ye took awa' wi' ye."

"Not quite, I am afraid; but I've been sorely tried lately; in a few days I shall be all right. What makes you look at me like that, Nursey? Don't I satisfy you, now you see me by daylight?"

"I'm satisfied to see you any way, my ain laddie," she said, fondly; "but I miss something from your bonny face; it was a look o' your mither's ye had, a twink o' her een; and it's gane, quite gane. Ye've the Gaveston face the noo, and nae her gentle ane."

"Boys change to men, and men alter in twenty years, old friend," he replied, and his voice was somewhat troubled as he spoke. "You must e'en take me as I am for the present."

"For now and always," Jessie said, as she left the room, "and thank Heaven for sending you back to us."

In an hour's time Ralph descended to his sister-in-law's morning room, showing but little trace of weariness or depression.

If Mrs. Gaveston had been pleased with him overnight, she was doubly so now; his easy manners, gentlemanly bearing, and, above all, his kindness to the children, won her admiration and esteem, and ere he had been in her presence an hour she was telling him how glad she was he had come back to take the partial guardianship of her boy and to remain near her.

Mr. Ord laughed and threatened to reveal her former terror of her husband's brother.

"Do you know, Ralph," he said, "this lady here pictured to herself a pirate or a corsair, or some land desperado, when we first advertised for you. I believe she thought if ever you came home it would be in the guise of a bandit or a burglar, and that we should be all killed and Gaveston burned down, or something of that sort."

"Now spare me," said the lady, laughing. "I deserve a great deal, but not all that, brother Ralph. I plead guilty to having dreaded your return tremendously. The stories which came to England about gold-diggers and wanderers in general don't represent those gentry as the most elegant or refined of the human species; and I though——"

"That I should be a kind of wild man of the woods, I suppose, ferocious and uncivilized, with pistols in my belt, a plentiful supply of oaths and the manners of a savage. Come, confess, now, wasn't that your idea?"

"Something like it, only not quite so exaggerated; but I'm very penitent, and if ever woman was agreeably disappointed I am."

The morning was passed by Ralph with Mr. Ord going over a quantity of papers left by his two dead brothers, and the lawyer was surprised at the extreme interest he displayed in the merest trifles, reading trivial letters, in the contents of which he could not have the slightest interest, and making notes of the most apparently unimportant matters.

Mrs. Gaveston and her girls sung his praises among themselves, and to one or two visitors who dropped in during the forenoon; nor was Mrs. Bartley behind hand in her own dominions. The servants began to think the grave old housekeeper, who had so rarely smiled or been joyful since their master died, had gone suddenly mad, she was so full of glee.

"He's just my ain bairn come back again," she said to two or three of the upper servants, who were congratulating her and themselves generally over some hot elder wine in her special sanctum; "just my braw handsome laddie. He kent we at once, as though we hadna been parted but a day, kent me in a moment, he did."

"And he'll know me, too. Oh, thank heaven he's come back alive and well, and I shall see him and thank him, and bless him once more?"

The speaker was Mattie Brock, who, with flushed face and disheveled hair, and her bonnet all awry, as though she had been running, stood in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bartley, ma'am, but the door was open, and I heard—and oh, ma'am, if you please, is it true? is he really come?"

And poor, coarse featured, ill favored Mattie fairly broke down and began to cry in the vehemence of her joy.

CHAPTER IX.

WOLF MAKES A REVELATION.

While Alfred Bennett lay in his nameless grave in the lonely forest, and Ralph Gaveston was in his dead brother's place in the old manor house, feted and caressed by his new found friends, Limping Jack was slowly and surely making his way back to England.

He had never been seen in his old haunts since the night when he had followed the two men from the settlement; and Dan the Devil, and the worthies who consorted with him, were wont to say, most plainly and emphatically, that they could tell who it was that murdered Lucky Taff in the forest.

They linked their former comrade's name with curses both loud and deep, and more than he had deceived them as to the *means* of "the gentleman" and his mate, and followed them to try his hand at murder and plunder by himself.

Dire was the vengeance they promised themselves if Jack ever set foot in Yale again but weeks and months passed away, and nothing was seen or heard of their lame companion. The belief in Jack's guilt was universal, and a hue and cry was raised after him, which, had it been in any more settled country, would have brought him to justice quickly and surely, but in a wild district like that which surrounds Yale, railroads and telegraphs are not, and law and justice are things of the future.

Limping Jack was pretty safe when he had put twenty miles of forest and river between himself and those who were seeking for the murderers of Alfred Bennett, and not all Ralph Gaveston's injunctions, or the gold forwarded by Messrs. Marshall and Simpson, from New York, by his desire, availed to penetrate the dark veil of mystery which shrouded the crime.

The spot where the dead man had lain, face upwards, in the moonlight, grew to have an immense reputation; noises were said to be heard, and forms seen there in the shadowy twilight; and rough diggers and hardened outcasts of society, who would have faced any number of flesh and blood enemies, made roundabout paths for themselves when they had to pass the spot where the green turf had been so foully stained with blood.

The story went that when the moon was at her full noises of scuffling and cries for help were heard in that sequestered glade; and that phantom forms of men might be seen flitting about amongst the trees, while a huge black dog moaned and howled under the leafy trees. Whoever or whatever set these reports afloat, the place was shunned as a spot of horror, and none sought there the clue that was so hard to find.

Days and weeks passed on, and flowers sprang up and blossomed over the dead man's resting place, and withered and waned, to give place to white snow and blighting frost, and Limping Jack had got no further than New York on his homeward journey.

His money was exhausted now, the little he had taken from Ralph Gaveston's pouch had only sufficed to bring him thus far, and one snowy, bitterly cold winter's morning he stood penniless and exhausted on the northern quay of the mighty city which forms the eastern entrance to the United States.

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER, the Famous Opera Bouffe Prima Donna.

Though months had elapsed since he had stooped over the dead man under the moonlight, and he had made his way through the vast tract of country mostly on foot, begging often and working sometimes for the food and shelter necessary to a man's existence—he was as undaunted in spirit and as steadfast in purpose now that he stood jaded and alone in the great city, as in the first mile of his self-imposed journey. It was a dreary prospect before him.

He was foot sore, lame and hungry, and not a penny in the world to buy him a mouthful of bread, or purchase a shelter for himself and the huge dog which followed, gaunt and starved looking, at his heels.

This ragged, fierce, uninteresting animal was Wolf, whom he had persuaded by some secret influence to follow him, and for whom he had cared through his arduous journey more than he had cared for himself, feeding the creature when he often wanted food, and considering the fatigue of the dog when he himself would have pressed forward regardless of all obstacles.

Wolf had become attached to him, but under protest as it were. There was some drawback in the brute's affection for his new master; he would come when he was called and go when he was bidden, but there was none of the rapid lighting up of the dark intelligent eyes; or quick, bounding alacrity that always met Ralph Gaveston's command.

There was a bond between the creature and his new master, but it was rather the bond of instinct than love. He stood beside Limping Jack, on the quay, in the cold, with drooping head and muddy legs, looking as wretched as a dog well could, and the man gazed at him with concern.

"I must get food for us both somehow," he muttered; "for him first. I must get him to England if I rob some one to do it. Cheer up, old fellow! thou shalt have a bellyful soon."

Wolf wagged his ragged tail wearily, as if he rather doubted the good tidings, and sat sulkily down in the mud, while his master looked around him. "I don't see where it's coming from either," he said, disconsolately. "Meat and drink don't grow in the streets, that's certain. Ha! here comes a steamer, may be I'll stand a chance now."

In a few minutes the solitary wharf was all alive with bustle and excitement. An incoming vessel was disgorging her living freight and their belongings, and crowds of porters bustled here and there eager for the first sign of a job. Jack stood but a poor chance among them, lame and feeble as he was; he was hustled about by his stronger rivals and his voice was unheard in the general din.

At length the sought-for occasion came, just as he was giving up all hope of being employed; a tall, bearded man, brown and weather beaten, stepped ashore and beckoned. Half a dozen stout fellows pressed forward, but he beckoned to the pale, weary man in the background, and Jack gladly answered his signal and limped to his side.

"Want a job, my man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, badly," was the quiet answer.

"Then shoulder that portmanteau, and come along with me. I don't believe you are fit for it," he added, seeing the halting gait of the squalid figure before him; "it's pretty heavy."

"I'll do it, sir, never fear," he replied, tugging at the huge case; and then, with a pleading look in his sunken eyes, he added imploringly, "Don't take the job away from me, sir; I want a mouthful of meat badly."

"Poor devil! you shall have that any way; it's a sore want on a morning like this; come along. Hallo! do you keep a pack of hounds, my friend?"

"Not a pack, sir; only one."

"And how do you keep that great beast alive, if you are starving?"

"I feed him first, sir."

"You must have a strong motive to do that."

"I have! Strong as the love of life, bitter as the fiercest hate. Wolf may help me to a fortune some day, if I can keep body and soul together long enough."

"You are an odd fish," said the stranger, regarding him curiously as he assisted him to raise his portmanteau on his shoulders. "One thing you may make sure of, and that's a breakfast apiece for the pair of you. Off you go to the Avenue Hotel, and keep that antirespectable looking animal of yours close to your own heels, will you? I don't care to have him snuffing about my ancles in this uncomfortable manner."

"Wolf's gentle enough, sir, when he's properly fed; it's hunger makes him cross just now."

"We'll cure that by and by—take care, man! You were almost down."

Staggering wearily under his heavy load, Jack made but slow progress, and frequently had to pause from sheer exhaustion. His employer watched him with eyes in which pity was strangely mingled with scorn. A strong, stalwart man himself, he had but little knowledge of the weakness of suffering humanity; and with his good right hand to earn himself bread, he had never known the hunger which eats out a man's heart and life, and casts him amongst his fellows a pitiful, abject wretch. More than once he lent his strength to aid the other's weakness, and helped to carry the load which was weighing him to the earth; and now and then brawny porters, waiting for a job, jeered at the inefficient interloper who had stepped into their ranks.

"Better hire some one to carry him," was growled at them more than once, as Jack floundered on, but there was something in the stranger's face that checked further insolence, and they went their way without more molestation than a chance word, till they came to the corner of a busy street.

It was crowded with vehicles, and the pavements were thronged with a jostling crowd of foot passengers, and Jack, weary and overladen, came to grief amongst them. Some one gave him a push which staggered him, and ere he could recover himself a horse knocked him down, and in another moment he lay helpless in the wet snow, with a bad broken leg.

There was no blame to be attached to any one. The driver of the vehicle which had gone over him had done his best to pull up; it was the poor tramp's weakness that had caused the mishap, and a sympathising crowd gathered round and carried him into a shop.

"He'll be better in the hospital," said a gentleman who happened to be by. "Is he your servant?"

"Only within this half hour; I picked him up at the quay yonder. I'm sorry for him, poor fellow. He said he was starving. I shall be glad to see him safely bestowed."

A cab was brought, and Jack lifted in, and the stranger, leaving his portmanteau and his card, which bore the name of George Dale, took his place beside him. At the nearest hospital the sufferer was received and laid in a bed, the like of which he had not slept in for years; and, promising to come again the next day, Mr. Dale departed.

"That's an odd beginning to my experiences here," he soliloquised as he went. "I'd better have let that poor devil alone now; he'd have picked up a breakfast somehow and not have got smashed in doing it; however, it's too late to think of that. Hollow! what's that?"

It was Wolf's cold nose thrust into his hand; he had followed the vehicle which contained his master, and being summarily ejected from the hospital, had sat down in the mud to wait the course of events, and here he was a sorrier-looking object than ever, seeking sympathy from this new acquaintance.

"The dog, as I'm a living sinner," Mr. Dale exclaimed in no pleasant surprise. "Ugh, get out, you dirty brute! Yet stay, I promised you a breakfast, my extremely disreputable friend, and you shall have it. Let me look at this collar of yours. It may tell your master's name, at any rate."

Mr. Dale looked and looked again, as though he could not believe his own eyes. What was inscribed on the rough-fashioned collar the animal wore was easily read, though it had only been cut with the point of a knife or some sharp instrument; yet it told something to Mr. George Dale. On one side of it was graven "Wolf" and on the other two names—

"RALPH GAVESTON.
"ALFRED ESCHAM BENNETT.
"Yale, March 10, 18—."

The date was not a twelvemonth old, and a curious smile came into his face.

"Is there truth in presentiment?" he muttered. "Can she be right after all? And yet it is impossible! Dead and buried. I held the certificate in my hand and heard the story from those who tended him; and yet the name! There may be thousands of Alfreds and Bennetts in the world, but there can hardly be more than one Alfred Escham Bennett. I'll take care of you, my fine friend, though it gives me a heavy heart to read that name round your neck. God help me! I did hope my long probation was coming to an end. Come along, you ugly messenger of evil."

There was a sad look in his frank, winsome eyes, as, keeping his hold on the dog's collar, he knocked once more at the hospital door. Asking for the nurse, he inquired when he should be able to see the injured man. "To talk to him, mind," he added. "I have much to say to him."

"Not before to-morrow, certainly," he was told; and he went away with Wolf to secure his portmanteau, betake himself to the nearest hotel and give the starved dog such a breakfast as his wildest canine meditations could never have imagined.

CHAPTER X.

MR. DALE'S MIND IS RELIEVED.

Mr. George Dale's handsome face wore a very troubled expression, as he sat over his dinner in the comfortable hotel to which he had gone with Wolf, after seeing his chance acquaintance of the morning safely housed.

The dog was accommodated with a dry kennel and a strong chain in the stable yard, to which latter arrangement he expressed his dislike by prolonged whines and howls, making all the grooms and helpers about anathematise him in their hearts and express under their breaths desires to kill him and stop his tongue for ever.

But such summary proceedings might not be; orders had been issued, and liberally paid for to boot, that he was to be well fed and comfortably housed, but by no means suffered to escape. Some word let drop by Mr. Dale had led to a belief that something had been or was to be discovered by means of this ragged, dirty brute, and the servants thereupon began to regard him as a second Dog of Montargis, and looked at him and brought their friends to look at him, till Wolf resisted their curiosity by such a series of snappish growls, that they were fain to retreat and leave him alone in his mystery.

Wolf's master, meanwhile, paced his apartment with troubled face and impatient footsteps.

"Not till to-morrow!" he said. "Ah, they don't know, they can't tell what an eternity impatience and anxiety can make of a few short hours! That cursed dog! If I hadn't seen that man and that shaggy brute, I should at least have had the hope that has been my all in all during the past two weary years. Ah, Mary, my Mary! No, not mine while he lives; and, if there's a truth in dates, he is alive. What have I done that I should be tried and tortured like this? It can't be; it can't be. There must be some mistake—some blunder. I shall know all from that fellow to-morrow. To-morrow! I must see him to-night. I don't want to kill him—poor devil! but it is through his appearance that all this trouble has come upon me."

And Mr. Dale dashed away something that was very like a tear from his brown face, and sat down to indite a letter—not a very long one; only a few lines, yet his heart went into it with every stroke of his pen:—

"Avenue Hotel, Tuesday.

"MY DARLING MARY:—

"I must call you so; my heart speaks in the words (so don't frown when you see them, and say you are not mine yet, as you persist in telling me); I have come off my voyage safe and sound, but am detained in New York till to-morrow, at least, by some important business. I fear trouble, my dearest; not for you, but for me—a trouble so terrible that the very thought of it makes me shrink and shiver like a frightened girl, strong man though I am. I will see you the day after to-morrow—it may be in grief and trouble, dear; but I must see you again before I go away, as I shall if what I fear is true. I am a fool to write like this, but my brain is in a whirl, and I have already torn up two or three sheets over this little note. Good bye, dear, till I see you again; and believe me, whatever happens, Yours faithfully till death, GEORGE DALE."

"It isn't what I meant to write," he said, when he had read it over. "I hope it won't frighten her, but I can't manage it, somehow; I'm all abroad."

Two or three torn papers scattered on the table told of previous efforts, but he did not add the last written note to the heap.

He folded it carefully and directed the envelope:—

"To MISS. Marian,
"Care of Dr. Begg, Acacia House,
Bartwell, near New York."

"That I should address the woman I love at a lunatic asylum," he said, gazing at the superscription; "but it's the last time, dear, the *last*. If it's true, I shall only see you once more to say 'good bye;' and if not—though I dare not think it—then, dear, you'll come from your long lonely waiting into these arms."

He rang the bell and dispatched his letter, and then sallied forth to inquire for the hospital patient.

"Doing well and asleep," was the answer he received, and with that he was obliged to be content.

"Let him have everything necessary—*everything*, mind," he said to the astonished doctor, who was puzzled to understand the extreme interest displayed by the stranger in his patient; "it is of the utmost importance he should be able to talk to me to-morrow."

The hours seemed long and weary enough while he waited for the time when Limping Jack would be able to speak to him. Poor fellow! he would limp more than ever now if he was ever able to walk at all, and his chances of working his passage across the Atlantic were materially lessened.

The day wore away at length and the weary night followed, and the morning of the day dawned on which he would hear his fate. Not till afternoon could he be admitted, and he passed the morning in looking over a quantity of papers in his portmanteau—letters for the most part, but there were some receipts among them, one of which was for rent.

"My poor girl! how angry she was with me for paying this," he said as he glanced at it; "but it was well I did. I only took her away just in time; she might have died there."

Another was an attested register of a death, with a few written particulars attached to it in man's writing. These he read over and over again, each time with new care.

"Where can the blunder be?" he ejaculated. "These must speak truth. They saw him die and buried him."

Before the hour struck he was at the hospital door, and was duly conducted to Jack's bedside, who received him with grateful looks.

"And how are you, my man?" he asked. "Comfortable, eh?"

"Very, sir; and thank you for it," Jack replied. "I'm well done by here, and the doctor says as I shall be as well as ever, if I'm patient. It's only the hindrance as troubles me. I wanted to get on to England; but I can bide my time for that. Did you see the old dog after, sir? I would not like to lose him."

"Yes, I've got him; he followed me. I suppose he wanted the breakfast I promised him. You may make your mind easy about him. I want to ask you a question or two. Are you able to talk?"

"Quite, sir. I'm in no pain."

"In the first place, what is your name? Are you Ralph Gaveston?"

"Me!"

The unfeigned astonishment with which he spoke was answer enough, and George Dale smiled at his wondering face.

"I didn't know," he said. "I read two names on your dog's collar. I know that you are not the other one. Where are those men? Are they living? What can you tell me about them?"

Jack peered anxiously at his questioner from under his shaggy eyebrows. He had lived all his life a suspicious, suspected man, never acting and scarcely ever even speaking without a motive; and he would have liked to fathom Mr. Dale's motive for questioning, for he knew by the anxious tone that there was more than ordinary interest in the agitated voice.

"I don't know as I know much about them," he replied. "They was pals out at the diggings yonder—at Yale, you know."

"And you know them well?"

"Yes."

"And they are both living?"

"I didn't say that."

"Then which of them is dead. Quick, man, speak; you don't know what depends upon your answer."

Again the eager questioning glance shot from Jack's eyes at the speaker, and he paused a moment ere he replied.

"Bennett's dead. The other one is alive and England; "I'm going over to see him; he'll help me bit, I know."

"You are sure of what you say."

"Quite sure."

"Thank heaven! Yet there may be some mistake—some delusion after all. What was this Bennett, the man you knew, like."

The answer was a description of Alfred Bennett, so minute in detail and accurate in every particular as to leave no doubt in Mr. Dale's mind that Jack spoke the truth; still he feared to be too sure.

"The man I mean," he said, "was supposed dead long before. He died of fever in a hospital in this city."

"And his wife went away with a man directly after. I've heard a little about that, too, sir."

"You! How?"

"Walls like those in our Yale log huts have ears, or what's as good, plenty of chinks," was Limping Jack's answer. "I heard him tell the story to his pal one night about some one having been put down as dead and buried instead of him; but he's gone now for certain."

"You saw him dead?"

"I as surely saw Alfred Bennett lie stark and still in the forest, with his brains dashed out by some murderer's hand, as I saw Ralph Gaveston alive and well."

"I did wish him dead, heaven forgive me, but not in such a way as that. Was nothing done to find out the murderer?"

"All that could be. I heard that Mr. Gaveston's gone to the old country to inherit a property (some they say) sent a lot of money to help the discovery, but there's not much law or justice to be had about Yale

yet; every one takes such matters into their own hands thereabouts, and I doubt they will have some trouble, though it'll out some day, as sure as I lie here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

S. B. W., Clarence.—"A plays B a game of Billiards; A is to discount B; but in the meantime C comes in and says A will beat B 20 points. A makes 81 points, and B has made 92; B then makes a run of 8. A claims he has won the game when he made 81. C claims the money; that B ought to shove back the 8 which would make him 73. Decide which, A or C, should have the money."......We can make nothing of this statement. If the bet was that B should beat A 20 points (as it would seem, although you say "A will beat B 20,") C wins the bet, as the 8 deducted left A at 73. On the other hand, if the agreement was that A should beat B 20, there can be no question as to who wins the bet as B won the game.

T. B. G., Marion, Ala.—"1. Can a pitcher make a balk when there is no striker at the bat? 2. Two hands are out and A is on third base; B strikes the ball to short field and A runs home and calls 'Score A.' Immediately afterwards, and *before B reaches his first*, the ball reaches the first base and is held there, putting out the side. The question is, is A entitled to the score he called for before the ball reached the first baseman?"...... 1. Yes; but if he does he is liable to the penalty. 2. The run does not count.

A Subscriber, Brooklyn.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre; A and C partners against B and D. A deals the cards; B orders A up, and says he will give him two points; A refuses the conditions. Can B give the two points without consulting the board? B refuses to play the hand out. Must B play his hand out? A bets $100 to B's $50 on the game."......It seems to have been slightly mixed. Having ordered A up, B could not give him two points. B must play his hand out.

J. L., Cincinnati, O.—1. The time made by Frank Bethel when he defeated Rothschild in a one mile race near St. Louis, Missouri, in August last, is said to have been 4:20¼. An account of it *did* appear, but the time given was 5:20¼. 2. Attinalli defeated Bethel in a ten mile race at the Red House track, Harlem, March 29, 1858. The time made was 55 minutes. The loser's time is not upon record. 3. Bethel was in Cincinnati at last advices.

J. F., Richwoods, Missouri—"A, B, C and D were playing euchre; A and C are partners; A dealt the cards; B passed, C went alone; when A, the dealer, claimed the privilege, D objected. Which has the first privilege of going alone, A or C?" ......C has the privilege.

Neptune, Louisville, Ky.—The rule says that "if with any part of his person he stop the ball, which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it, he is out." You therefore win your bet.

J. M. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—Mr. Osbaldeston is recorded as having ridden 200 miles in 8 hours 42 minutes, including stoppages, using 28 horses, at Newmarket, Eng., in 1831. A bet of £1,000 even had been made that he did the distance inside of ten hours.

St. James', Boston.—Is there a match game of billiards for one hundred men. Such a match has been hinted at, and it was rumored here that such a match was on the carpet."..... There is no such match. There was a proposition made some time ago, but nothing has come of it.

Honas Fixsa, Reading, Pa.—1. Massey, Huson & Co.'s, Philadelphia, is probably the largest brewery for malt liquors in the United States. 2. We believe he is working at his trade at Tamaqua, Pa.

J. H. W., Brooklyn.—1. Four points can only be made by a player going alone and taking all the tricks. 2. If you have no trump, and the left bower is led, you can play any card in your hand.

West Side.—Coburn and Fitzgerald did have a turn-up, but Joe claimed to have had decidedly the best of it. That's about as near as the sheet alluded to comes to anything in the line of sport.

Old Bailey.—The last man who stood in the Pillory at the Old Bailey, London, Eng., was Peter J. Bassy, for perjury, June 24, 1830. Oates was sentenced to the Pillory for perjury, and Dangerfield for libel.

Ignoti, Washington.—Four aces will always beat a straight flush. Straights, according to the American Hoyle, are not considered in the game, unless previously determined that they are to be admitted.

E. F., Washington.—He resides in the western part of Ohio on his farm, but we cannot give you his exact address. A letter sent to this office will reach him. 2. S. K. Murdoch, who resides in Philadelphia, is a most excellent one.

J. H. W., Paterson, N. J.—Both men having started from the mark, at the word or signal agreed upon, the umpires had no right to call them back, and he who ran the specified distance in the shortest time is entitled to the money.

G. B. Y., Salem.—There are hundreds of young men like you, who are waiting an opportunity to go on the stage. You and your friend who, you say, "is in the same way," had better take to shoemaking, for you will find it pay better.

Narragansett, Providence, R. I.—17:40¼, by the Ward Brothers, at Worcester, is the fastest recorded six-oared time for that distance, though many contend that the course rowed over was not a full three miles.

Clipper Reader, Grenada, Miss.—O'Baldwin and Wormald were never opponents in the ring. They were matched in England, but it didn't come to a fight. 2. Patsy Reardon stands 5 feet 7 inches, and in proper trim weighs 142lbs.

J. R. D.—1. Books only would not be of much assistance to a man who wishes to adopt the stage as a profession. 2. Mr Bangs is playing at the Worrel Sisters' Theatre, this city.

Sculler.—Both Chambers and Randford have pulled over the Thames Course in 23 minutes 15 seconds, but the fastest time on record was Tom White's, viz:—23:13.

Cribbage, Philadelphia.—A is wrong. B is entitled to a sequence of six, and one for his last card, on playing the deuce, as you will perceive from the run—4, 2, 4, 3, 5, 1, 6, 2.

S. H. W.—There are several so called best song and dance men, and as it is a matter of opinion altogether, we cannot undertake to decide for you.

Zoe, Washington.—There are more in the business now than can make a living; however, you can write to N. H. B. Clarke, of the Old Bowery Theatre, this city.

J. G. M., Portland, Me.—The grade of General, which Grant now holds, was created expressly for him. Sherman is the only Lieut.-General, and draws pay as such.

Boston.—"An election takes place. A gets 500 votes, B gets 200. Does A get 300 majority, or 300 plurality?"......300 majority, if A and B were the only candidates running.

Jack C., Wappingers Falls, N. Y.—Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, fought twice in the ring, defeating Tom Paddock and being beaten by Jem Mace. He never fought Tom King.

G. F. G., Dover, N. H.—1. C having ordered it up, A cannot go alone. 2. Should A take three tricks, he euchres his adversaries.

Red Line.—General McClellan was removed from command of the army November 7, 1862, but never tendered his resignation prior to November, 1864.

Gaity.—Booth's Theatre opens early in December, with "Romeo and Juliet" or "Winter's Tale." 2. Shakespeare acted in many of his pieces.

Collegian, Tuft's College, Mass.—Berkenstock left the Athletic, we presume, because he thought he had played long enough. We know of no other reason.

M. McB., Gold Hill.—1. Dexter cost Mr. Bonner $33,000. 2. His fastest recorded time is 2:17¼. 3. Budd Doble drove him when he made his fastest time.

T. A. W., Deckerd.—We never heard of such a company. Don't you mean the Gregory Circus? If so, that company has closed.

N. C. F., Poughkeepsie.—1. Send them along as soon as convenient. 2. No charge for the item.

Subscriber, Louisville, Ky.—The fastest one hundred yards time upon record is 9¼ seconds, made by Seward.

Nat Ormsby.—A weekly letter giving the latest information in brief would be acceptable.

A. L., Chicago, Ill.—The Brooklyn Fire Department is still run on the volunteer system.

Miles, Boston.—Write to W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

Susetta, Boston.—One of the brothers is married, but we cannot inform you which.

E. A.—The lady has been married only once, and her husband came to this country with her.

J. B. McC., Frostburg, Md.—We make no charge for publishing games of base ball. 2. Back numbers 10 cents each.

A. B., Covington, Ky.—The one who makes the trump can go alone, and he only.

Ped.—We published a complete list of the fairs a few weeks ago.

A. K.—It would be well to submit the manuscript to some stage manager.

J. E., Washington, D. C.—1. George Wright. 2. Hatfield threw 396 feet. 3. It has not been decided.

Empire.—The bet is a draw, as the party betted upon declines to allow his name to be used in the nomination.

Capitol, Montgomery, Ala.—A wins, for 23 beats 21. The three aces only count their face.

Wager.—A. T. Stewart was born in the north of Ireland. We do not know the amount of his wealth.

Aquatic.—Harry Kelley first obtained the Championship May 12, 1857.

J. F. S., Birmingham, Pa.—Walter Brown has appeared in public rowing contests twenty-one times.

Alex H., Brooklyn.—Call on John Bogan, whose address you will find in our advertising columns.

Voter, Phœnixville.—You can vote in Pennsylvania, as that seems to be your residence.

J. J. H. and M. B., Philadelphia.—We cannot tell; you had better examine the directory of your city.

Constant Reader.—Tom Sayers was 39 years of age at the period of his death.

F. T., Washington, D. C.—The Republican majority in the State of Maine was more than 20,000, and I wins.

A. W. K., Westfield.—B having made the trump, A cannot play it alone.

T. P. F., Canandaigua.—We do not pretend to know all of our advertisers.

S. L. D., Chicago, Ill.—Sir Tatton Sykes won the Leger in 3 min 16 sec., and Caller Ou in 3 min. 16¼ sec.

C. N., Cincinnati.—The late Junius Brutus Booth was an Episcopalian.

Jumbo Jum, Watertown.—Send for them to Thompson & Riggs, 189 Bowery, this city.

Pedestrian, Cohoes, N. Y.—W. Lang ran one mile down hill at Newmarket, England, in 4 min. 2 sec.

G. W. C.—1. Not upon record. 2. We cannot find room for the communication entire.

E. E. H., Binghampton, N. Y.—Wm. B. Astor has that repute.

Lynn C. Doyle, Newark.—We never heard of there being a penalty for such a thing.

Kate, Chicago.—1. He is at present in this city. 2. Nothing has been heard of him since the earthquake.

Fred.—The statement we published was written by the "Yank" himself.

S. J., Jr., Indianapolis, Ind.—Thank you. Have forwarded papers. Don't know the present whereabouts of the lady.

Novice, Washington.—The Great Western is performing in the small towns near this city.

W. C., Jr., Boston, Mass.—Address a note to the President of the Fourth Avenue Railroad Company, of this city.

J. H. B., Parkersburg.—John T. Raymond is at the Theatre Comique, in this city.

Mordecai Lyons, Syracuse, N. Y.—We have a letter for you.

Hawkins.—His opponents take two points for the euchre.

Union.—Cannot say when they will perform in this city.

J. S. B., Memphis.—For three months $15.60.

John Joseph, Indianola.—126 Fulton street.

Grant.—D wins, for he threw over 33.

Captain Jinks.—He left for England several weeks ago.

T. of L. M.—We can let you have the number you require.

W. E. R. B., Mannsville.—Those numbers are out of print.

Cool Burgess.—Money received all right.

Hawk, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.—A cannot go alone if B assists.

Constant Reader, Chicago.—Lex is a first class pitcher.

Capt. Jinks.—It is a drawn bet, as neither one is champion.

Subscriber, Troy.—As the game was a tie on the sixth innings, the umpire was right in deciding it by the score of the fifth.

G. S. R.—The lady you mention never played "Mazeppa."

W. S., Nashville.—She was born in Paris, France.

Recruit.—You can join.

PUNS.

It is the fashion with a great many very worthy people now-a-days to affect to despise punning; and by their fiats puns are decided to be devoid of the slightest scintilla of wit. Now we don't object to this, if it suits them, but we do protest being abused like a pickpocket if we choose to laugh at a good one now and then. Puns may not be the embodiment of the very highest order of humor, yet still they will often excite one's risibles, and the principal argument against them, that they are a mere distortion of words from their proper meaning, applies, in our opinion, only to the bad ones; and these we might ourselves be induced to lend a hand to extinguish. When Artemus Ward gravely assured us that most of the ladies in Utah marry Young he said something laughable, let it be called by what name we will, and the vernacular is not very much "distorted" either, that we can see. Griswold's story that a South American chief was just about to discover Europe when Columbus forestalled him, and that not having a regular ship he had prepared a little Peruvian *bark*, contains one little more strained. Great men will differ, as well on the subject of puns as upon other mundane matters. We were somewhat startled a short time since, at this paragraph, in an editorial article of a well known daily paper:—

"Shakespeare never puns; and he puts his verbal quibbles in the mouths of his clowns and shallow-pates. He makes Lorenzo pointedly say of Launcelot, in the Merchant of Venice:—

'The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better places,
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.'"

There may be a distinction between a "verbal quibble" and a pun, but yet we think they will be found quite germain to each other. There is certainly nothing remarkable or profound in the discovery that the quibbles are put mostly into the mouths of the clowns and fools; because in a play it is the language which *forms* the character, and consequently these very "quibbles" constitute the clowns. But after all, with due deference we submit that the assertion that Shakespeare never puns is most extraordinary. We suppose that Anna Cora (Mowatt) Ritchie is good authority in such a matter. In an article published some time since on Vittoria Colonna, the Italian poetess, is translated the opening lines of a poem to her husband (who had been taken by the French), as follows:—"If *Victory* was thy desire, she was by thy side; but in leaving *me* thou hast lost *her*"—Mrs. Mowatt remarking that it contains the same delicate sort of pun which Shakespeare is fond of putting in the mouths of his heroines. Any one studying Rosalind or Beatrice will hardly be of the opinion that all of Shakespeare's "quibbles" are in the mouths of his clowns. We suppose some folks would be horrified to find the "Melancholy Dane" punning; yet, we ask their attention to the Prince's reply to the Grave Digger, who has said that the grave he was making was his own:—

"I think it be thine, indeed, for thou *liest* in it."

Is there not in that line a very pun-ish sort of "quibble?" The opinion that a love of puns indicates a coarse, common taste, is certainly not altogether correct. Shakespeare, all opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, was an inveterate punster; yet the author of the "Tempest" will hardly be denied some delicacy of taste. Tom Hood punned fearfully, but he also wrote the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." Tom Moore, again, was nearly as famous for his puns as his melodies. We remember one which he had the impudence to put into the mouth of Lord Chancellor Eldon. The scene was a watering place, and the grave lawyer is made to liken the bathers to Chancery, because "their *suits* were *put off* till they hadn't a rag on." As Eldon was notoriously slow, this was particularly unkind. "Orpheus C. Kerr" has fathered many a pun; the names of the characters in his novel, "Avery Glibun," are almost a series of them; yet he has written many tender little poems, such as his "Picciola." In fact, it has often been remarked that the imaginative and the ridiculous go often arm-in arm.

If the Shakespearean quotation above given be closely examined it will be found, we think, to have no application at all to puns. Lorenzo simply means that Launcelot has committed large words to memory which he does not understand, and says that he knows others who veil their knowledge in like manner. And this is Launcelot's character throughout the play. He is no punster, and he is very far from a fool. When he complains that Lorenzo will raise the price of pork by turning Jews into Christians he says something nearly allied to wit. Yet many of his remarks are worthy of a Dogberry or Pistol. This shows that he was intended to be represented as naturally smart but illiterate.

A very sure index of the popular taste is the matter furnished by our current periodicals, and the number of puns they publish shows that the masses must appreciate them. The only things quoted from the London comic papers this side of the water are their puns, and these are regularly rehashed every week. The truth is that puns are relished by all sorts of people, and abound in all sorts of professions. Many of the clergy, Swift and Sidney Smith, for example, have been noted as punsters. The law is full of punning anecdotes; we all remember the story of the barrister who was endeavoring to prove that a tender of money had been made, his witness being a rather ancient maiden, when he was interrupted by the other counsel drily remarking that it would be impossible to show, by *her*, a "tender maid!" Even the buried dead are not exempted from an occasional pun, grave subjects though they be; and perhaps we cannot do better than wind up this article with a specimen of this sort of tombstone literature, being an extract from the epitaph of Mr. Isaac Reed:—

"Reader, by these four lines take heed,
And mend your lives for my sake;
For you must die, like Isaac Reed,
Though you *read* till your *eyes ache*."

THE FESTIVAL MAKERS.

One by one the social customs of the older and more distant climes, rendered almost sacred in the lands of their origin by time-honored association, are engrafted upon the commemorative systems in common observance in the New World. The necessity for reaction in some shape is now so generally recognized that the governing classes are beginning to provide for the public desires in this respect, believing, perhaps—and rightly too—that this is taking a long step in advance for the purification of society and the lessening of crime. Our ordinary anniversaries, being principally of a political or national character, failed to supply the great want in this respect, and it was not until the Germans, with their fests and their "vereins" of one kind or another, had become domesticated among us that we learned to live the life that is dictated by a true philosophy. The original Amsterdammers, with their manners and customs as formal and dull as their houses, did not do it, and it was left for the less phlegmatic races that sought us from the shelter of vine-clad retreats by the Rhine and the blue Mozelle, to put us on the true road to health and enjoyment. On the outskirts of our sister city of Brooklyn a public garden is in progress which, it is said, is to rival our famed Central Park, surpassing it in extent, and presenting every variety of landscape, including wood, water, and precipice, hill, dale, and valley, and a view of the ocean, the city and its surroundings; and here we find every provision is being made, at the public expense, for the festival makers, whatever the season. A superb pic-nic ground has been laid out by the Park commissioners, wherein are shady croquet grounds, and an English thatched cottage, for the use of all who list, except as a residence, and in the valley adjoining are swings and a tent, for gala and holidays. They are staunch friends of the base ball fraternity, these commissioners, for at their suggestion not merely one but *three* capital ball grounds have been laid out on the open space forming the parade; and where General Washington once withstood with his brave soldiers the pitiless pelting of the iron storm, the agile lovers of base ball and cricket may now freely pelt each other with missiles of a different kind, and far less hurtful. "Think of that, Master Brook!"—*three* ball fields, each of which is nine hundred feet long by four hundred in width; and yet the three put together would not begin to supply the public demand, so greatly have these associations multiplied. The man that would throw the ball over the fence in that reserve must needs be gifted with a superabundance of muscle. Admirable provision is made for the target excursionists; and scheutzenfests, gesangvereins and turner vereins, harmony lieds, May-days and July merry-makings may be celebrated here without end. It will be, when completed, the place of all places for summer nights festivals, now gradually to yield to more bracing exercises; while the race course invites the turfites with its enchanting circle, and for the multitudinous legion of those who are given to winter pastimes, there is now going up and in progress a vast skating rink, a lake a mile long having been appropriated for the purpose. This, with the houses erected in connection therewith on the bank, will form an important adjunct in the attractions. The new enclosure, if enclosure that may be termed which seems without limit, is called Prospect Park, but we should have christened it Holiday Park in preference. Mr. Oberon Olmstead has now only to provide us with a tortuous fishing brook, and provide the thatched cottage with the usual luxuries, to make us forget for the moment which side of the river we hail from.

The Coming Men.—A great many of our readers seem to be interested in the meeting between O'Baldwin and Wormald. In fact all classes manifest some concern about this pugilistic match. The common belief is that they are both excellent "fellers," and that they will be both fancy-ful and hand-some in their treatment of each other. Base ballists look for a good display of "short-stopping" and "clean hits;" lawyers for some skilful "chancery" business, and boatmen for some clever "scull-ing."

"Our Jim" wisely suggests that, in view of the proposed meeting between Heenan and McCoole, the latter should be selected as stakeholder, as in that case he would become possessor of the battle money without the trouble of fighting for it, as the money seems to be his strong point, and fighting his weak one. May be Jim is right.

"Our Jim" thinks the queerest case of madness he ever heard of was that of a young woman who had "ravin' hair."

BEING A SWELL.

It is not such a very long interval since the exhibition in public of a pair of white kids or an opera glass would have entailed a species of martyrdom upon the offender. The freak of an eccentric sea captain, who took a private box at the old Park Theatre, and was seen surveying the house through a ship's glass, as a rude piece of satire upon the custom then coming into vogue, is still fresh in our recollection. As for a man who addicted himself to balls and parties, and became what is vulgarly known as a Ladies' Man, he was the legitimate butt of ridicule for half the town. Champagne was regarded by the majority as an affected drink, and, as for bouquets, the "great unwashed," who were "down on" all innovations, burlesqued them often by throwing offerings of vegetables and weeds at the heads of the objects of their antipathy, as the *dilletanti* now do their floral tributes at the feet of their favorites. How entirely we have altered all that! The time-honored tribe of "b'hoys," of which Mose was the prototype, and which led the opposition, has faded into insignificance, although a faint trace of it may be found still lingering around the slaughter-houses. Its grandeur and power departed with the old "hungy blungy" fire engines. As many a time before in the world's history, extremes meet, and the rowdy, having made his chrysalis, now fraternizes with Charles Coldstream instead of abusing him, and learns his ways with an aptitude which would seem to show that the difference between the two *genera* of mankind is not, after all, so very great. The reformed abandons in a great measure his "gallus" airs, and is often seen taking an active part in balls and soirees. As for "kids," white or yellow, be sure that he knows how to brandish them with an air. He would once have disdained to play any game less exciting than ten-pins. Now he leans for hours over the billiard table in the most fashionable saloons, with his cigar at the traditional angle, and belongs, perhaps, to a half-dozen different clubs; nay, goes further, and wildly asserts his right to be considered a respectable and important member of the great human family. He is no longer an idler, as he used to be, but has a "purfession" and makes money like other people, part of which he spends in enjoyment and part of which, as likely as not, he puts in bank. In election times he is an important spoke in the wheel, and aspires to office with as great a chance of success as any of his more aristocratic brethren. He even goes to Congress or sits in the Legislature, where, perhaps, he finds to his astonishment that he is just as capable of serving as those who have been educated for the position. In his place we have a class of nondescripts, of whom it would be difficult to determine why they were sent into this breathing world except to make mischief. They arm themselves with brass knuckles, or knives and revolvers, and pursue the sport of mischief making with all the keen relish of amateurs who know no pleasure except in deeds of violence and crime. But it is not impossible that there may come a time when this race too will make its metamorphosis "into something new and strange" like Mose.

Epidemic.—We regret to have to chronicle the fact that, in these times of outdoor election excitement, a great many people are troubled with an excessive "hope-in-cuff." Others, owing to their habit of listening to stump speeches in the cool night air, are suffering from a violent "dire-ear."

Gone Up.—An incorrigible thief was sent to the prison at Sing Sing the other day for the sixth time. Is he not a "man of strong *convictions*?"

A common species of debt in the army is ca-det.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Great Trot Between Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy for Two Thousand Dollars.

LADY THORN THE WINNER IN THREE HEATS.

Time, 2:24!!! 2:24¼!! 2:27¼!

On Wednesday, Sept. 30th, the two celebrated fast trotters, Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, the former owned by Messrs. Welsh and McMann, and the latter by Commodore Vanderbilt, met together on the Union Course, L. I., to contend for the purse of two thousand dollars, given by Mr. Shaw, the proprietor of the course, for a race between them of mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. This was the tenth time that these two renowned trotting cracks had tested their speed together, Lady Thorn proving the winner on six occasions and the Commodore's bay gelding on four. They first met on the Fashion Course, L. I., last fall, in a race of mile heats, in harness, for a purse of $2,000, when Lady Thorn won after four heats were trotted; Mountain Boy winning the second. This led to a match between them which came off on the Union Course, L. I., the same fall; that track being preferred to the Fashion by the driver of the gelding, as he thought the hill at the finish on the latter course militated against his horse. In this match Mountain Boy proved victorious in three straight heats; the mare being evidently not in her usual form. They did not meet again till the spring trotting season this year had fairly opened, when they came together on the Fashion Course, and Lady Thorn regained her lost laurels by beating her previous conqueror. They next met shortly afterwards at the Narragansett Park, Providence, in a purse of $1,500 given by the association, mile heats, in harness, and again did the slashing one-eyed mare assert her superiority. At Mystic Park, Boston, they again came together, for the Proprietors' Purse of $2,000, and for the fourth time the pride of the Commodore's horse was lowered. Desirous of affording New Yorkers another opportunity of witnessing their mettle, the proprietor of the Union Course offered a purse of $2,000 to be trotted for by them, and the mare once more came off with flying colors. Their next meeting was on the three quarter mile track on Staten Island, where, in a race of heats the length of the course, best three in five, in harness, Mountain Boy beat the mare cleverly, the distance just suiting him. The proprietor of the Suffolk Park Course, Philadelphia, now offered a large purse for these horses, and, induced by the rich prize, they went on to the City of Brotherly Love, and displayed their speed over that track; Lady Thorn winning the race and money. So delighted were the sport-loving citizens of Philadelphia with the magnificent trotting they had witnessed in that race, that they offered another large purse for them to compete for; this time on the Point Breeze track, and here the star of Mountain Boy was in the ascendant, for after a very fine contest, he beat the mare. The fame of the two great cracks was now so wide spread, and their contests so attractive in drawing vast crowds, that the proprietors of the Island Park Course, near Albany, induced them, by the offer of a $2,000 purse, to go there and trot for it. The track is a half mile one, and was in bad order, and the day very unfavorable, a high gale of wind blowing during the continuance of the race, which was won by Mountain Boy in four heats; one, the third, being a dead heat. These two consecutive victories made the Mountain Boy party jubilant, and inspired them with such confidence in his powers that they were willing to match him against the big mare for any amount. The new owners of Lady Thorn (for she had just at this time changed hands, her former owner, Mr. Relf, of Philadelphia, having disposed of her to Messrs. Welsh, the owner of Flora Temple, and McMann, for $17,500), were not disposed to match her at this time, believing that she was a little "off" and wanted rest, but Mr. Shaw, the proprietor of the Union Course, L. I., offering a $2,000 purse for them to trot for, they accepted the proposal, and the race in question came off on the day above named.

There was a large attendance of spectators on the course, but the day was far from favorable, for, as at Island Park, a high gale of wind prevailed, which materially interfered with the speed of the contesting horses, and militated against fast time being made. There were prominent horsemen present from all parts of the country, attracted by the renown of the competitors, and the anticipation of a close and exciting contest. Betting was very brisk and animated, commencing at first with slight odds in favor of Mountain Boy, but the big mare had so many staunch friends who invested their money on her boldly, that it soon became even betting between the two horses. The judges were Messrs. Simeon S. Hoagland, Peter Dubois and Joseph Burr. As heretofore Dan Pfifer drove Lady Thorn, and Sam McLaughlin Mountain Boy. It was noticed that many who had always been devoted partisans of the big mare in her previous races, backing her heavily whenever she started, now transferred their allegiance to the Commodore's gelding, and as the result proved, paid the penalty for their desertion of her by the loss of their money. On the other hand, many who had, on previous occasions, yielded to the sanguine representations of Mountain Boy's driver, and lost their money in consequence, now followed their own judgment, and pinning their faith on the mare, got back some portion of their previous losses.

First Heat.—Lady Thorn had the pole, and after one failure in scoring, owing to the mare outfooting Mountain Boy as they came up the stretch, they got the word to a level send off, both crossing the score head and head. As they went around the turn Mountain Boy left his feet, and before McLaughlin could get him steadied to a trot, the mare had opened a gap of six lengths. As the quarter pole was passed, Lady Thorn was still leading half a dozen lengths; time, 37 seconds. Going down the backstretch, where the horses no longer had the wind, which was blowing a perfect gale at the time full in their faces, Mountain Boy showed a terrific burst of speed, and rapidly overhauling the mare was close on her wheel as she passed the half mile pole, in 1:12. As they went around the lower turn they were head and head, and amid great excitement and the exulting cheers of his backers, Mountain Boy's head began to show in front, and in another moment he was clear of the mare. At the three-quarter pole, just before turning into the homestretch, the Commodore's horse was a clear length in front, but in coming up the straight, where he met the wind in its full force, he was in difficulties, and the mare gained rapidly on him, and was at his head at the drawgate. Her long and powerful stride combined with her high breeding and consequent great gameness, enabled her to withstand the force of the wind better than the gelding. McLaughlin fumbled for his whip, which he had on the seat under him, and applied it to Mountain Boy, but it was of no avail, for he failed to respond to the call, and finding that Lady Thorn had the heat safe, for she was now leading him a length, he pulled up the gelding, and the mare won by two lengths in 2:24; very fast time under the circumstances.

Second Heat.—The betting was now 100 to 40 on Lady Thorn, and the backers of Mountain Boy tried hard to hedge some portion of their money, but with slight success. Every one had seen how cleverly the mare had beaten him, even after he had gained the lead; her superior gameness more than counterbalancing his greater speed. They, therefore, had little hope of his ultimate success in the race, and even laid two to one that the mare beat him for this heat. They got off to a capital start at the first attempt, Mountain Boy having, if anything, the best of it. He outfooted the mare to the upper turn, where he was far enough ahead to take the inside position, which he retained to the quarter pole, where he was two lengths ahead. Time, 36 sec. Both trotted steadily along the backstretch without any change in their positions, the gelding still holding the same lead at the half mile pole. Time, 1:11. On the lower stretch Mountain Boy increased his lead to three lengths, which he held as he turned into the homestretch. Here Pfifer, who had been reserving his mare, brought her with a rush on the inside, quickly overhauled Mountain Boy, who seemed unable to face the wind, had drawn a clear length ahead of him at the distance stand, and finally won the heat by two lengths in 2:24¼.

Third Heat.—Any odds could now have been obtained against Mountain Boy; the mare in one pool selling for $500, and the gelding $50. They got off at the first essay, the mare nearly breaking as they went around the turn, but Pfifer kept her down, as he also did in a second attempt she made to go up. In the meantime, Mountain Boy had drawn away from her, and led two lengths at the quarter pole in 37 seconds; an advantage he kept to the half mile pole, which he passed in 1:12¼. On the third quarter Lady Thorn closed a little, but the gelding again re-opened the gap of two lengths as they came around the lower turn into the homestretch. Here he had to face the wind, and as before, he seemed to shrink from the contest, for his stride shortened, and the mare coming on the inside, as in the last heat, was even with him at the drawgate. At this point she made a mis-step, and it was only the masterly driving of Pfifer that kept her down for a little further on, [illegible] again floundered, but he kept her on her feet, and [illegible] brilliant, but brief struggle, she won the heat and race by half a length in 2:27¼. Summary:—

Union Course, Wednesday, Sept. 30.—Purse $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. Pfifer entered b m Lady Thorn	1	1	1
S. McLaughlin entered b g Mountain Boy	2	2	2

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	0:37	1:12	2:24
Second Heat	0:36	1:11	2:24¼
Third Heat	0:37	1:12¼	2:27¼

Trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

TWO MATCHES.

On Tuesday, Sept. 29th, two matches and a sweepstakes (the latter between Bull's Head horses) were trotted at the Fashion Course, L. I. The first and most important match was between Wm. Lovett's bay mare, Lady Wells, and W. Doble's black gelding, W. M. Tweed, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, for $500. The latter at first had the call in the betting, but before the start the mare was so freely supported that she became as good a favorite as the gelding, and even money was the general rate of investment. Hiram Howe drove the mare, and Doble, Senior, the black gelding.

First Heat.—Lady Wells had the pole and they got away evenly, but the black horse broke directly afterwards and Lady Wells quickly opened a gap of three lengths, which she held at the quarter pole, reached in forty seconds. On the homestretch the black commenced trotting with such speed as to astonish the lookers on, and, quickly overhauling the mare, he passed her, caused her to break and led her four lengths at the half mile pole; time, 1:17¼. The gelding trotted this quarter in 36 seconds. He kept up his speed on the Flushing stretch, leading the mare eight lengths at the three quarter pole, and came in a winner of the heat by the same distance in 2:37¼.

Second Heat.—The great speed shown by the black gelding in the last heat made the race seem a certainty for him, and $100 to $30 was freely offered that he won. The judges gave the word when Doble was three lengths behind, he nodding for it. His horse broke at the turn and the mare took a lead of six lengths to the quarter pole in 38 seconds. On the backstretch, past the old stands, the black gelding again showed a fine burst of speed, and was only two lengths behind the mare as she went past the half mile pole in 1:15¼. Going along the Flushing stretch, the black went up to the mare, and, outstripping her, quickly showed in front; and, although her ladyship made a resolute effort, she could not reach him, and he won the heat by two lengths in 2:36.

Third Heat.—One hundred to ten would now have been laid upon the black gelding had there been takers, for it seemed a certainty that he would win the race, so clear was it that he was the faster of the two horses. The word was given, when the black was three lengths behind, Doble, as before, nodding for the word. He broke almost directly it was given, and lost so much ground in consequence that the mare led him eight lengths at the quarter pole in 37¼ seconds. On the backstretch the backers of the gelding looked for another burst of speed from him, which he showed, but, again breaking, the mare went farther away from him. Still his backers, relying on his speed, offered odds on his winning the heat. The mare was a dozen lengths ahead at the half mile pole, reached in 1:15¼, and this was reduced one half as they came along the Flushing end into the homestretch. Here Doble applied the whip, but the gelding's bolt was shot, and he could not go any faster, the mare winning the heat by eight lengths in 2:37.

Fourth Heat.—Lady Wells now became the favorite, for it was seen that the black had tired. Doble this time asked the judges for an even start, and his horse casting a shoe in scoring caused some delay. When the word was given to a good send off the black broke almost directly afterwards, and could not be got down again. Lady Wells led two hundred yards at the quarter pole and the same at the half, and finally distanced the gelding in 2:42.

A match for $400, mile heats, to wagons, followed between H. Casey's b g, Jimmy O'Brien, and W. McMahon's g m, Butterfly. The betting was even between the pair, and the gray mare won the first heat by fifty yards in 2:45, and could apparently have shut out the gelding. Notwithstanding this Jimmy O'Brien was made the favorite, odds of $50 to $40 being laid on him. This aroused suspicion, and when O'Brien won the next heat in 2:50, or five seconds slower time than the gray had won the first, it was thought that a fraud was contemplated, and a demand was made for a fresh driver to be put in behind Butterfly. This the O'Brien party strongly opposed, and refused to allow Hiram Howe, whom the judges had named to drive the mare, to do so. The judges, therefore, very properly declared the race and all bets off; being determined to frustrate the robbery of the public contemplated by the parties interested in the race. It was, however, trotted out, and won by Jimmy O'Brien.

The Bull's Head trot was not finished. Each of the three horses engaged having won a heat, when darkness put a stop to the race.

Union Course, L. I.—Tuesday, Sept. 29.—Match $1,000; mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

H. Howe named br m Lady Wells	2	2	1	1
Wm. Doble named blk g W. M. Tweed	1	1	2	dis

Time, 2:37¼; 2:36; 2:37; 2:42.

Same Day.—Match $400; mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

Mr. Casey named b g Jimmy O'Brien	2	1	1	1
Mr. McMahon named g m Butterfly	1	2	2	2

Time, 2:45; 2:50; 2:48; 2:49.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes $150; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. H. Whitson entered br m Mary	2	2	1
Mr. Chamberlain entered b g Copake	3	1	2
Mr. Chapin entered blk s	1	3	3

Time, 2:55; 2:53; 2:57.

Great Sale of Thoroughbred Racing Stock at Jerome Park.

THE CELEBRATED KENTUCKY SOLD FOR FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

His Performances on the Turf.

On Saturday, Oct. 3d, the entire stud of the racing confederacy known as the "Annieswood Stable" was brought to the hammer at Jerome Park and sold to the highest bidder. This confederacy consisted of Messrs. August Belmont, John Hunter and William Travers, and had only existed about eighteen months. In forming their stable, no expense had been spared in the purchase of brood mares and racers, upwards of fifty thousand dollars having been expended in three of the latter, viz., Kentucky, Extra and Dickens. A fatality seemed to attend this stable, for since the above horses were purchased, not one of the three have ever been able to start in a race, all having gone amiss or broken down. This persistent ill luck has led to the disruption of the stable, and the consequent sale of the entire stock. The day was very unfavorable, rain falling during the forenoon, and many intending visitors, under the impression that the sale would be postponed, did not go out, and consequently missed the sale. By 1 o'clock P. M. the rain cleared off, and there being a few of the right sort present, it was resolved, on the arrival of Mr. Belmont, to go on with the sale, which was held in the spacious shed near the Club House, the well known turf auctioneer, Dr. R. Underwood, officiating on the occasion with his customary efficiency and ability. Among the distinguished turfmen and owners of racing stock present we noticed George O. Bowie, of Maryland; T. W. Doswell, Virginia; Hall, Baltimore; Sandford, Puryear, Belmont, Watson, Hunter, Purdy, Cameron, Denison, Withers, McCullough, Henderson, Weldon, Eckerson, Todd, Bathgate, McDaniels, Bassett, Armstrong, Bacon, Minor, Littlefield, etc.

The horses in training were first offered, the five year old chestnut horse Extra, by Endorser, out of Nanturah, being the first lot offered. Extra, who was bred by John Harper, had distinguished himself on the Western turf by winning several races at two mile heats and three mile heats, beating first class horses, and the Annieswood Stable secured him at the stiff price of $10,000, along with Dickens, for whom they gave $7,500. While in training this spring for his engagements, Extra broke down in his off fore leg, and has never been able to run. The first bid for him was $1,000, by Mr. M. H. Sanford, and there being no advance he was knocked down to that gentleman, to his great surprise, who had bid only to start the sale. Dickens, a chestnut horse, four years old, by imp. Australian, dam Alabama, was the next lot. This horse had proved himself invincible in heats as well as dashes of a mile, and was bought by the Annieswood Stable for $7,500, along with Extra. Like that horse, he broke down after his arrival at Jerome Park last spring and has never run since. He was started at $1,000, and secured by Mr. Purdy for $1,200. The two year old bay colt, Sapphire, by Balrownie, out of The Gloamin, (own sister to Nebula, the dam of Asteroid) purchased at Mr. James S. Watson's sale last March for $2,200 was the next lot; he is engaged in the Belmont Annual Champion and Nursery Stakes at Jerome Park and Travers Stake at Saratoga. He was knocked down to Mr. R. W. Cameron for $750. The two year old bay colt, Cannie Bairn, by imp. Balrownie, dam Fanny Fern, engaged in the same stakes as Sapphire, was next offered, and was purchased by Mr. Hunter for $600. Vespucius, a two year old ch c, by Planet, dam Columbia, engaged in the annual sweepstakes, Jerome Park, 1869, and Travers Stake at Saratoga, was next led into the circle. He commenced with a bid of $600, and quickly ran up to $1,250 in consequence of the spirited bidding between Messrs. Puryeur and Purdy (the latter representing Mr. Belmont), and the last named gentleman secured him at that figure. All the above horses are in training.

The next lot, the world renowned racehorse Kentucky, was now brought forward, and his appearance created some sensation. He looked in magnificent condition, although now hopelessly broke down in the off fore leg; but his future fame and value will depend upon his performances at the stud. His young stock are remarkably promising and racing like, and we have no doubt that Kentucky's fame as a stallion will prove as glorious as his career was on the turf. The first bid was $5,000, by Mr. J. Hunter, and Mr. Purdy (for Mr. Belmont) went $1,000 better. The bidding was confined to these two gentlemen and was very spirited. Mr. Hunter stopped when $15,000 was bid by his competitor, and the mighty racer became Mr. Purdy's at that figure.

The brood mares were next offered. Mr. Thos. Doswell, of Virginia, bought Millcreek for $800. Fillagree, the dam of the famous two year flyer of the west, Alta Vela, created some spirited bidding between Messrs. Hunter, Pennock, Puryear and McCullough, the latter at last securing her for $4,000. Maud, by Stockwell, an imported mare like Fillagree, became Mr. Hunter's property at $1,250. Maroon, the dam of Local and Baltimore, was warmly contested for by Mr. Hunter and Mr. Withers, the last named securing her for $2,300. Oliata was purchased for $1,200 by Mr. Hunter, who also got her dam Fanny Fern for $450. Columbia also became his property for $800. All the above mares are in foal to Eclipse, except Millcreek, who has apparently missed to Censor.

The yearlings, four in number, were then sold. A chestnut colt by Censor, dam Maud, was bought by Mr. Withers (for Mr. Belmont) for $1,700. The chestnut colt by Balrownie, dam Maroon, after some spirited bidding, was knocked down to Mr. McCullough (for Mr. Belmont) for $2,550. A chestnut filly by Lexington, dam Fillagree, brought the highest price, selling for $2,650 to Mr. McCullough. A good looking bay filly by Hartington, dam Columbia, was purchased by Mr. Thos. Doswell, of Virginia, for $750.

The weanlings were the last lot offered. A bay filly by Arcola, dam Columbia, was bought for $415 by the Westport Manufacturing Co. A bay filly by Kentucky, dam Mill Creek, remarkably promising and well grown, was bought by Mr. Doswell for $750. A chestnut colt by Censor, dam Maud (the last of the stable) was purchased by Mr. Pennock for $500. The entire proceeds of the sale amounted to $39,915.

SUMMARY OF SALE.

No. 1.—Ch h Extra (in training), five years old, by Endorser, dam Nanturah, by Brawner's Eclipse. Engaged in the Grand National Handicap	Mr. Sanford	$1,000
No. 2.—Ch h Dickens (in training), four years old, by imp. Australian, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick	Mr. Purdy	$1,250
No. 3.—B c Sapphire (in training), two years old, by imp. Balrownie, dam The Gloamin (own sister to Nebula, the dam of Asteroid); g.d. Blue Bonnets (dam of Thunder, Lightning and Lancaster), by imp. Hedgeford, etc.	Mr. Cameron	$750
No. 4.—B c Canny Bairn (in training), two years old, by imp. Balrownie, dam Fanny Fern (see No. 11), by imp. Glencoe	Mr. Hunter	$600
No. 5.—Ch c Vespucius (in training), two years old, by Planet, dam Columbia (see No. 13), by imp. Glencoe	Mr. Purdy	$1,250
No. 6.—B h Kentucky, seven years old, by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp. Glencoe	Mr. Purdy	$15,000
BROODMARES.		
No. 7.—B m Millcreek, foaled 1859, by imp. Sovereign.	Mr. Doswell	$800
No. 8.—Imp. Fillagree (dam of Alta Vela), foaled 1859, by Stockwell	Mr. McCullough	$4,000
No. 9.—Imp. Maud, foaled 1858, by Stockwell	Mr. Hunter	$1,250
No. 10.—Maroon (dam of Baltimore Local), foaled 1854, by imp. Glencoe	Mr. Withers	$2,300
No. 11.—Fanny Fern (dam of Eugene, Oliata, etc.), foaled 1850, by imp. Glencoe	Mr. Hunter	$450
No. 12.—Oliata, foaled 1862, by Lexington, dam Fanny Fern (see No. 11)	Mr. Hunter	$1,200
No. 13.—Columbia, foaled 1854, by imp. Glencoe	Mr. Hunter	$800
YEARLINGS.		
No. 14.—Ch c by Censor, dam imp. Maud	Mr. Withers	$1,700
No. 15.—Ch c by imp. Balrownie, dam Maroon.	Mr. McCullough	$2,550
No. 16.—Ch f by Lexington, dam Fillagree	Mr McCullough	$2,650
No. 17.—B f by imp. Hartington, dam Columbia	Mr. Doswell	$750

The above yearlings are all engaged in the Saratoga and Nursery Stakes for 1869, and the Belmont, Travers and Champion Stakes for 1870.

WEANLINGS.		
No. 18.—B f, foaled May 9, by Arcola, dam Columbia.	Westport Man. Co.	$415
No. 19.—B f, foaled March 13, by Kentucky, dam Millcreek.	Mr. Doswell	$750
No. 20.—Ch c, foaled May 14, by Censor, dam Maud.	Mr. Pennock	$500

Buckeye Club Races.

The fall meeting of the Buckeye Club, of Cincinnati, began on Monday, the 28th ult., with splendid weather.

FIRST DAY.

First Race.—Mile and a half dash, for a purse of $250 free for all ages.

Richards and Kilgours b f Kitty Free, three years old, by imp. Mickey Free, dam Brown Kitty, by Birmingham	1
J. O. B. Rennick's ch f Skylight, four years old, by Lexington, dam Daylight, by imp. Glencoe	2
James Ford's b f four years old, by Lexington, dam Anna Farris, by Altorf	3
F. Bissicks' ch f Maggie Hunter, four years old, by imp. Australian, dam by imp. Glencoe	4
Johnson and Patterson's ch c Richelieu, three years old, by Hiawatha, dam Fannie McAllister	5
Thos. Buford's br c Eminence, three years old, by Lexington, dam by imp. Glencoe	6

Time, 2:48¾.

Skylight had been the favorite at long odds, with Richelieu next, and the winner third.

Second Race.—Mile heats for three year olds, for a club purse of $500.

J. V. Grizsby's b f Minnie Melton, three years old, by Lexington, dam Miss Morgan, by imp. Yorkshire	1	1
F. Bissicks' b c Hazard, three years old, by Lexington, dam Heads I Say, by imp. Glencoe	3	2
General A. Buford's b c Crossland, three years old, by Lexington, dam Tennessee mare, pedigree lost during the war	4	3
James Shy's ch f Mollie Lincoln, three years old, by imp. Australian, dam Laura Bruce, by Star Davis	5	4
Richards and Kilgour's b f Betty Bay, three years old, by imp. Australian, dam Bettie Ward, by Lexington	2	dis
G. W. Stewart's b c, Lancer, three years old, by Lexington, dam by imp. Albion	dis	

Time, 1:45¾; 1:43¾.

Again the favorite was beaten, Crossland having sold first in the pools, Minnie second, Betty third, Hazard, Mollie Lincoln and Lancer following in the order named.

Third Race.—One mile dash, for all ages; club purse of $100.

James Ford b c 3 years old, by Melbourne, dam Chestnut, by imp. Glencoe	1
General A. Buford ch c Marion, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Miriam, by imp. Glencoe	2
A. B. Holabird b c 3 years old, by Colossus, dam Laura Spillman, by Wagner	0
T. C. Drane ch h Bill Aikin, 6 years old, by John Aikin, dam by Boston	0
Richards & Kilgour ch f 3 years old, by Colossus, dam sister to Edgar, by Star Davis	0
J. O. B. Rennick ch c 5 years old, by imp. Cruiser, dam unknown	0
O. O. West ch g Colonel Stratton, late Style, 4 years old, by Wagner Joe, dam by imp. Glencoe	0
G. Coffeen bl c Jerry Sparkle, 4 years old, by Bleakwind, dam by imp. Ambassador	0
H. Chappell ch h Virginian, aged, by Ringgold, dam unknown	0

Time, 1:48¾.

Ford's colt had been nowhere in the betting, and the result was a stunner on the knowing ones. All the horses but the winner and Marion came home in a ruck, unplaced.

SECOND DAY.

First Race.—One mile dash, for two year olds, for a club purse of $300.

General A. Buford entered b c Versailles, by Vandal, dam by imp. Margrave	1
Richards & Kilgour entered ch f, by imp. Mickey Free, dam Blonde, by imp. Glencoe	2
Richards & Kilgour entered ch c John Kilgour, by imp. Mickey Free, dam sister to Prior, by imp. Glencoe	3
B. G. Bruce entered A. Turner's b f Soda, by Jim Rogers, dam by imp. Ambassador	4

Time, 1:48.

Versailles had been first in the pools and the filly second. It was a close struggle, the little chestnut coming in only a neck behind the winning colt.

Second Race.—Two mile heats, for all ages, purse of $600.

J. R. Whaley entered Miller & Rennick's ch f Skylight, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Daylight, by imp. Glencoe	2	1	1
Thomas Buford entered b c Pleasureville, 3 years old, by imp. Australian, dam Bonnet, sister to Lightning, by Lexington	1	2	2
W. P. Anderson entered James Ford's b f Woodford Belle, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by imp. Glencoe	3	dis.	
B. G. Bruce entered H. P. McGrath's b g Rabbit Hash, 4 years old, by Colossus, dam Mollie Saffle, by Lexington	dis.		

Another favorite was beaten in this race, Pleasureville having been first and Skylight second choice.

THIRD DAY.

First Race.—Two mile dash, for all ages. St. Nicholas Hotel Purse of $300.

Richards & Kilgour entered b f Kitty Free, 3 years old, by imp. Mickey Free, dam Brown Kitty, by Birmingham	1
A. Buford entered ch c Marion, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Miriam, by imp. Glencoe	2

Time, 3:42½.

The betting on each had been about equal, and the result justified it, as the race was neck and neck all through.

Second Race.—Club House Purse of $400; mile heats, for all ages.

Richards & Kilgour entered b c Locust Post, 3 years old, by Young Melbourne, dam by Vincent Nolte	1	1
J. R. Whaley entered Col. W. R. Cook's br c Venue, 4 years old, by Revenue, dam Lizzie Bugg, by Epsilon	3	2
W. P. Anderson entered Jas. Ford's ch f, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Anna Farris, by Altorf	2	3
S. J. Morgan entered O. O. West's ch g Col. Stratton, late Style, 4 years old, by Wagner Joe, dam by imp. Glencoe	4	4
J. H. Smith entered G. W. Stewart's b c Lancer, 3 years old, by Lexington, dam by imp. Albion	5	5
A. B. Holabird entered br c, 3 years old, by Colossus, dam sister to Jack Gamble, by Wagner	6	6

Time, 1:46¾; 1:47.

Locust Post had been favorite, with Ford's, Venue, Stratton, Colossus and Lancer following in the order named.

FOURTH DAY.

First Race.—Dash of a mile and a distance, purse of $150.

O. O. West's ch g Col. Stratton, 4 yrs old, by Wagner Joe, dam by imp. Glencoe	1
H. P. McGrath's b c Rabbit Hash, 4 yrs old, by Colossus, dam Mollie Saffle, by Lexington	2
M. Cavanaugh's b f Lily Bay, 4 yrs old, by Austerlitz, dam by Brawner's Grey Eagle	3
L. Thomas' ch h, 5 yrs old, by imp. Cruiser, dam unknown	4
G. Coffeen's bl c Jerry Sparkle, 4 yrs old, by Bleakwind, dam by imp. Ambassador	5
A. B. Holabird's br c, 3 yrs old, by Colossus, dam Laura Spillman, by Wagner	6
G. W. Ogden's ch f Vandalia Victoria, 4 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Vandalia, by Vandal	7
Thos. Buford's br c Eminence, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam by imp. Glencoe	8

Time, 1:46¼.

Eminence had been first choice, with Stratton for second, Rabbit Hash third and the rest lumped. The result was an astonisher.

Second Race.—Two mile heats, for horses that had been second in the previous races.

James Ford's b f Woodford Belle, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by imp. Glencoe	1	1
F. Bissicks' ch f Maggie Hunter, 4 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Heads I Say, by imp. Glencoe	2	2
W. R. Cook's br g Dr. Coffeen, 4 yrs old, by Austerlitz, dam Lee Paul's dam, by imp. Glencoe	3	3
T. C. Drane's ch h Bill Aikin, 6 yrs old, by John Aikin, dam by Boston	dis	

Time, 3:42; 3:42¾.

After this an impromptu race was gotten up between Lily Bay and Colossus, a one mile dash. Lily won in 1:50¼ without being pushed.

FIFTH DAY.

First Race.—Mile and a quarter dash, for all ages; St. Charles Hotel Purse of $250.

Richards & Kilgour's b f Betty Bay, 3 years old, by imp. Australian, dam Bettie Ward, by Lexington	1
Gen. A. Buford ch c Marion, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Miriam, by imp. Glencoe	2
W. P. Anderson entered Jas. Ford's Belle Farris, 3 years old, by Young Melbourne, dam Chestnut, by imp. Glencoe	3
J. R. Whaley entered S. B. Probasco's b m Kentucky Belle, 5 years old, by Goodwood, dam by imp. Sovereign	4
John Stettinius entered Chas. B. Hill's ch g Col. Stratton, 4 years old, by Wagner Joe, dam by imp. Glencoe	5
Richards & Kilgour's ch f 3 years old, by Colossus, dam sister to Edgar, by Star Davis	6
A. B. Holabird's br c 3 years old, by Colossus, dam Laura Spillman, by Wagner	7

Time, 2:13¼.

The knowing ones hit the mark this time, Betty having been favorite, with Belle for second choice and Marion third.

Second Race.—Two mile heats, for three year olds; purse of $600.

Thos. Buford b c Pleasureville, by imp. Australian, dam Bonnet, by Lexington	1	1
Richards & Kilgour b c Locust Post, 3 years old, by Young Melbourne, dam by Vincent Nolte	3	2
J. H. Smith entered Jas. Shy's b c Paris, by Lexington, dam Ella D., by Vandal	2	3
A. B. Holabird's br c by Colossus, dam sister to Jack Gamble, by Wagner	dis	

Time, 3:45¾; 3:38½.

The Laclede (St. Louis) Fall Meeting.

The Laclede Jockey Club commenced their fall meeting on Monday, Sept. 28th, the weather being fine and attendance large. The first race was for two year olds, one mile, and three out of the six entries started, viz.:—Alta Vela, Reckless and Anna Hall. Alta Vela was the favorite at long odds, and won, under a hard pull, in 1:55¼.

The second race was a sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, and was won by Ontario in two heats, beating Elgin, Vidoc and Kate Ward. Time, 1:50¼; 1:49¾. The third race was an impromptu affair for a purse of $200; mile heats, and was won by Robert E. Lee, beating Viola, Joe Johnston, Rochester and Jack Gamble.

Laclede Course, St. Louis, Sept. 28.—A sweepstakes of $20 each, p p, for two year olds, one mile; Association adds $300. Closed with six entries.

John H. Davis entered br f Alta Vela	1
B. F. Hutchinson entered ch c Reckless	2
W. W. Henderson entered b f Anna Hall	3

Time, 1:55¼.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, $25 each, p p, mile heats; $500 added. Closed with nine entries.

E. A. Smith entered ch c Ontario, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	1	1
Peter Mitchell entered bl c Elgin, by Shelby, dam Lady Barry	3	2
W. W. Henderson entered ch c Vidoc, by Creighton, dam by St. Charles	4	3
J. H. Davis entered b f Kate Ward, by Lexington, dam the dam of Betty Ward	2	4

Time, 1:50¼; 1:49¾.

Same Day.—Purse $200, for certain horses.

Mat Allen entered b h R. E. Lee, 5 years old, by Zero, dam by Glencoe	3	1	1
Mr. McMahon entered ch f Viola, 4 years old, by Jack Malone, dam by Wagner	2	3	2
E. Warrick entered Joe Johnston, 6 years old, by Goodwood, dam by Sovereign	1	4	3
E. A. Smith entered ch c Rochester, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	4	5	4
Mr. Brady entered br h Jack Gamble, age and pedigree been disputed	5	2	5

Time, 1:50¼; 1:51¼; 1:53½.

SECOND DAY.

The first race was for the Saloon Purse, mile heats, and produced a capital race between Larkin (better known here as Gen. McMahon), Transit and Malcolm. The latter was the favorite in the pools, selling for $75; Larkin $40, and Transit $10. The first heat was a very close and exciting contest between Larkin and the favorite, both being head and head at the distance, and Malcolm just winning by half a neck in 1:47¼. Transit would have been distanced, had the distance judge been in his proper position; as it was, nothing was said about it. Malcolm was still the favorite at $100 to $25, at the start for the

Second Heat.—Transit and Malcolm made the running between them for the first half mile, when Larkin joined them, and half way up the stretch shot out, and won easily by three lengths; the favorite pulling up when he found the heat gone. Time 1:47¼. Larkin now became the favorite, $100 to $40 being laid on his winning. Malcolm was found to be done up, and, by permission of the judges, was withdrawn. Larkin won the third heat and race easily in 1:53¾.

The second race was a post stake of two mile heats for four year olds, $100 entrance, play or pay, with $1,200 added by the Association. The entries were Mr. O. Fallon's b h Plantagenet, Mr. E. A. Smith's b h Frank Woolford, and J. Conlisk's ch h Victory, the horse that Mr. Conlisk purchased of Mr. J. M. Clay, at Saratoga, along with Gilroy. Frank Woolford had the call in the betting, bringing $120; Plantagenet, $70; Victory, $30. In the first heat Plantagenet and Woolford were head and head for the first half mile, but as they passed under the string on the first mile, Victory had his head in front; time, 1:54. Frank Woolford began to drop back on the second mile, and lost so much ground that he was distanced, to the consternation of his party, who had been very sweet upon his chance. The race now lay between Plantagenet and Victory, and a most brilliant one it was, both running locked throughout the second mile, and Plantagenet only winning the heat by half a neck in the last stride in 3:43. The betting was now $100 to $30 on Plantagenet, who won the second heat without an effort in 3:55½.

Second Day, Sept. 29.—Saloon Purse $300; mile heats, free for all.

J. Conlisk entered b h Larkin, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam Magenta	2	1	1
J. Warwick entered c h Transit, 4 years old, by Bleakwind, dam by Sovereign	3	2	2
Lupe and Smith entered b h Malcomb, 6 years old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	1	3	dr

Time, 1:47¼; 1:47¼; 1:53¾.

Same Day.—Post Stake Race of two mile heats, for 4 year olds; entrance $100 p p.; Association adds $1,200.

J. H. Davis entered b h Plantagenet, by Planet, dam Rosa Bonheur	1	1
E. Conlisk entered ch h Victory, by Vic, dam Magnolia	2	2
E. A. Smith entered b h Frank Woolford, by Ruric dam Glencoe	dis	

Time, 3:43; 3:55½.

THIRD DAY.

The fine weather still continued, and the racing was very close and exciting. The first race was for the Butchers' and Drovers' Purse of $300; $200 for the first horse and $100 for the second; mile heats. The starters were Jack Gamble, Pat Cleburne, Mack and Tim Walker. Mack was the favorite at long odds, and he won the race in two heats. Time, 1:51¼; 1:49. Jack Gamble took second money.

The second race was a sweepstake of $500 for three year olds, two mile heats, with $100 added. Mr. O'Fallon started Sundown, and Peter Mitchell, Elgin. Sundown (who it will be remembered won at Saratoga) was the favorite, and won easily in 3:49½; 3:54¼.

Third Day, Sept. 30.—Butchers' and Drovers' Purse, $300; mile heats.

W. Smith entered b c Mack	1	1
Mr. Brady entered br h Jack Gamble	2	2
J. S. Shaw entered b g Jim Walker	4	3
W. Smith entered b h Pat Cleburne	3	4

Time, 1:51¼; 1:49.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes $500, for three year olds; two mile heats.

J. H. Davis entered (Mr. O'Fallon's) ch c Sundown	1	1
P. Mitchell entered bl c Elgin	2	2

Time, 3:49½; 3:54.

FOURTH DAY.

This was the principal day of the meeting, and the races were very largely attended. The first race was a dash of two miles for the Brewer's Purse of $600; $400 for the first and $200 for the second. The starters were Gilroy, Chickamauga, R. E. Lee, Jim Walker and Nannie Letcher. In the pools Gilroy sold for $100, Chickamauga $50, Lee $10, field $8. After a fine race with Chickamauga, Gilroy won by a length in 3:42½.

The second race was the great event of the week, being the three mile heat race for a purse of $2,400. The starters were Plantagenet, Ruth, Frank Woolford and Larkin. The following pool will show how the betting went:—Plantagenet brought $130, Ruth $72, Woolford $40, Larkin $30. Larkin made the running, with the favorite in attendance for two miles; the first being run in [illegible], and the two in 3:37½. The last mile was closely contested by Plantagenet and Ruth, the former winning the heat by half a length in 4:07½, Woolford third and Larkin distanced. The second heat was a desperate one between Ruth and the favorite, the latter winning by a length in 5:45¾.

Fourth Day, Oct. 1.—Brewers' Purse; dash of two miles; free for all; $400 to first horse, $200 to second.

J. Conlisk entered b h Gilroy, 6 years old, by Lexington, dam Magnolia	1
E. A. Smith entered ch h Chickamauga, 5 years old, by Jack Malone, dam Alboni	2
Mat. Allen entered b h Robert E. Lee, 5 years old, by Zero, dam Ada Leonard	3
J. H. Morgan entered ch f Nannie Letcher, 4 years old, by imp. Australian, dam Lavender	4
J. S. Shaw entered b g Jim Walker, 4 years old, by Mat. Davis, dam by imp. Monarch	5

Time, 3:42½.

Same Day.—Post Stakes, $100 entrance; $2,000 added; three mile heats.

J. H. Davis entered ch h Plantagenet	1	1
B. F. Hutchinson entered b m Ruth	2	1
J. Conlisk entered Woolford	3	3
E. A. Smith entered b h Larkin	dis.	

Time, 5:47½; 5:45¾.

The Island Park Races.

The annual fall meeting of the Island Park Association commenced on the 30th ult., quite a number of the Albany turfites assembling to view the sport. We summarize the different events:—

First Day.—The first race was for a purse of $800, for all horses that have not beaten 2:32 to harness prior to July 25th, mile heats, best three in five; $500 to the first horse, $200 to the second and $100 to the third. There were eleven entries and nine started. The race was won by s g Wm. H. Taylor, in three straight heats, Needle Gun being second and Sir John third. The second race was for a purse of $500, for all horses that have not beaten 3:00, in harness or wagon, prior to July 25th; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; $300 to the first horse, $125 to the second and $75 to the third. For this race there were fourteen entries and seven started. Two heats were won by b f George and one by s g Climax, when darkness intervened. It will be continued to-day. Time, 2:39¼; 2:40 and 2:43.

Second Day.—The first race was for a purse of $2,000, free for all horses excepting Lady Thorn, Mountain Boy and Lucy; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; $1,250 to first, $500 to second, $250 to third horse. The race was won by Goldsmith Maid, in three straight heats, beating George Wilkes second and George Palmer third in each heat. Bashaw, jr., was entered, but did not appear. Time, 2:26; 2:27¼; 2:25. The second race was for a purse of $500, for all horses that have never beaten 2:45 in harness or wagon previous to July 25; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; $300 to first horse, $125 to second, $75 to third. There were eleven entries. Four heats were trotted. The race was won by Belle Patterson, Climax second and Western New York third. Time, 2:33; 2:32½; 2:34; 2:34¼. On the first heat the horse Tom Manning fell dead at the half mile pole, having ruptured a blood vessel. He was owned in Boston and valued at $3,500.

Sport at Riverside Park.—On the afternoon of the 2nd inst. a handicap match for $200 was decided at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., between Lon Morris' br. g. Detective and D. Beckler's br. m. Fanchon, the former drawing a 100 pound wagon and the latter in harness. The race was mile heats, best 3 in 5, and the gelding was the favorite at odds of $100 to $75 after the first heat and subsequently $100 to $40. Four heats were contested, Fanchon taking the first and Detective the three following and the race. Time, 2:43¼; 2:38¼; 2:39¼; 2:44¼. A saddle race for a century was also fixed for the afternoon, James Taylor, the "English Comic," betting on his ability to ride the gelding Major Riley faster than could Lon Morris. The non-appearance of the horse and his owner altered the programme somewhat, and Taylor being anxious to ride, Mr. Perkins' "Lady Rogers" was procured. It was understood that Mr. Morris would ride first, and he did so, the race being a single dash of a mile, which was accomplished in 3:16¼. After a lapse of twenty minutes Mr. Taylor took his seat in the saddle and made the two circuits in exactly the same time as had Mr. Morris—3:16¼—amid the applause of the spectators. The judges declared a "dead heat," and the interested parties agreed to draw the stakes.

Equine Sport in Vermont.—Two races took place at the Fair of the Orange County Society, Bradford, Vt., on the 2d inst. The first was for a stallion purse, open to horses owned in the county, Thos. Sanders' Blue Jacket winning the last three of the five heats trotted. Time, 2:44¼; 2:44; 2:41; 2:44¼; 2:43¼. The second race was for a $100 purse, open to all horses. Sanders' mare Topsey won in three straight heats, beating Skylark and Messenger Maid. Time, 2:39; 2:44¼; 2:39.

Trot at Rockland, Me.—The new Knox Trotting Park at the above named place was opened on the 2d inst., with a trot between Berry's Black Walnut and Delaney's Unknown, to harness, the latter winning in three straight heats, her best time being 2:40.

Trot at Mystic Park.—The announcement that the black mare Jessie Wales and the bay mare Empress would trot for a purse of $500, had the effect of drawing together a fair number of spectators at Mystic Park, Medford, Mass., on the afternoon of the 30th ult. The race was mile heats, three in five, Jessie going to wagon and Empress in harness. The former won cleverly in three straight heats; time, 2:37; 2:37¼; 2:37.

CRICKET.

THE ENGLISH ELEVEN vs. TWENTY-TWO OF BOSTON.

The third match between the imported cricketers and an amalgamated Twenty-two came off at Boston on Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th. The attendance, as at the previous exhibition, was limited, not more than a thousand spectators being present at any one time. The ground was wet and heavy from previous rains, which prevented a fine display of cricket. The Eleven went to the bat first, and in their first innings scored 109 runs, Griffith's 48, Smith's 26 and Pooley's 17 being the only double figures. In their first innings the Twenty-two were put out for 39, George Wright's 12 being the only double figures scored. Cross was next, his seven being a good average. On the 29th, in their second innings the Eleven were disposed of for 71, making their grand total 180. The Twenty-two were again put out in quick succession, on their second turn at the bat, 37 being all they could muster, making 76 altogether.

And thus ended the third "grand match" of the series. Thus far the speculation, as we predicted, has proved a failure. The attendance has been meagre on each occasion, and the interest not half so much as is evinced in a game between second rate base ball clubs. By playing a game of base ball in each city where they play cricket, the projectors of the affair may save themselves from pecuniary loss; and even then they will have hard work, if the attendance is not larger than it was at Boston on the 1st inst., on the occasion of the game between the Eleven and a picked nine from the Harvard, Lowell and Tri-Mountain clubs. The following is a summary:

ENGLISH ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Humphrey c Norley b C. N'hall	2	b C. Newhall	2
Jupp b Norley	3	c Linder b Roddick	36
Smith c Hammond b Newhall	26	b C. Newhall	1
Griffith c Cross b Eastwood	48	c C. Newhall b Eastwood	2
Freeman b Newhall	0	b Wright	0
Rowbotham c Newhall b Nor'y	1	stumped Cross b Roddick	10
Pooley c Crossland b Newhall	17	c Pearson b Wright	2
Shaw b Newhall	4	c Crossland b Eastwood	0
Lillywhite b Newhall	0	c Lumb b Newhall	5
Tarrant not out	5	c Linder b Eastwood	6
Willsher c Davis b Eastwood	1	not out	0
Wides	2	Wides, 3; byes, 2	5
Total	109	Total	71

TWENTY-TWO.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Pearson c Jupp b Willsher	1	run out	1
Norley st Pooley b Freeman	3	c Smith b Tarrant	2
G. Newhall b Freeman	2	c Willsher b Tarrant	2
Rogerson b Freeman	0	c Griffith b Tarrant	11
Eastwood b Freeman	0	b Tarrant	0
Cross c Pooley b Willsher	7	b Tarrant	3
Draper c Tarrant b Willsher	0	c Lillywhite b Tarrant	0
Hammond c Tarrant b Willsher	0	b Tarrant	0
Dring run out	1	c Willsher b Freeman	4
C. Newhall b Freeman	0	l b w, b Freeman	0
Crossland l b w, b Freeman	0	run out	0
Roddick b Freeman	0	b Freeman	1
G. Wright b Willsher	12	c Jupp b Tarrant	2
Sullivan b Freeman	0	b Freeman	0
Sanderson b Freeman	0	b Freeman	3
Davis b Willsher	0	b Tarrant	0
Lumb b Freeman	0	b Freeman	0
Burgess b Freeman	1	b Freeman	1
Linder c Pooley b Willsher	0	c and b Tarrant	0
Farley not out	4	c Willsher b Tarrant	0
Bate b Freeman	0	c Jupp b Tarrant	0
Kimball b Freeman	0	not out	0
Byes, 5; leg byes, 3	8	Byes, 4; leg byes, 3	7
Total	39	Total	37

THE MATCH AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE ELEVEN vs. TWENTY-TWO AMERICANS.

The most interesting contest of the series was commenced at Philadelphia on the 5th inst. For the first time the Eleven were pitted against a representative twenty-two of Americans, and judging from the first day's play the match will be more closely contested than any that has yet been played. The Americans won the toss, and at 2 o'clock the match commenced with the Eleven in the field. The weather was not propitious, and play was interrupted frequently by the rain. At five o'clock, when the stumps were drawn, thirteen wickets were down for 55 runs. Cadwallader made the best stand, being in for over an hour, and getting together 15 by good cricket. Morgan and Hargreaves were next best, with good average scores, the former getting nine and the latter seven. Freeman took nine wickets, his bowling proving very destructive. The spectators were limited in numbers, not more than 500 being present. The following is a summary of the first day's play:—

AMERICAN TWENTY-TWO.

G. Newhall, b Freeman	0	Morgan, b Freeman	9
C. C. Cadwallader, b Tarrant	15	L. Baird, l b w, b Freeman	0
Hargreaves, b Freeman	7	Outerbridge, b Freeman	0
Bussier, b Freeman	0	C. Newhall, b Freeman	2
Markoe, b Shaw	1	Radcliffe, not out	4
H. Graffen, b Freeman	5	Byes, 2; leg byes, 4	6
Meade, c and b Freeman	6		
D. Newhall, b Freeman	0	Total	55
Johns, b Freeman	0		

Cricketing in Nova Scotia.—On the 22d ult. a friendly game was played at Fredericton, N. S., between the Fredericton Club and the Phœnix, of Halifax, the latter winning by a score of 285 to 158.

New York vs. Brooklyn Publicans.—On the Willow ground at Bedford, on the 2d inst., the bonifaces of New York and Brooklyn engaged in a game for the benefit of Crowley, the well known professional of the Willow Club. The New Yorkers came out ahead by six runs. It is understood that the return match will come off on election day, November 4th.

How Gamblers Win; or, the Secrets of Advantage Playing Exposed.—This is the title of a small but neatly got up work just published by Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city, in which the manner of playing all the various advantages in the different games of cards, as practised by professional gamblers, are thoroughly and scientifically exposed. It is a highly useful and very interesting book, and we recommend it to all who are fond of card playing, as it will put them on their guard against the many manœuvres and tricks adopted to fleece the uninitiated by card sharpers.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONS AND THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

Considerable dissatisfaction is expressed in base ball circles at the want of faith on the part of the Union Club, of Morrisania, in fulfilling its engagements this season. We have had occasion once or twice before to refer to this matter, and we do it again only because the breaches of faith on the part of the champions are becoming too frequent and glaring to be passed by unnoticed. In last week's CLIPPER we alluded to the fact that the Unions had taken upon themselves to postpone their game with the Athletics, of Philadelphia, announced for the 26th, without as much as saying "by your leave, sirs." We have not heard of any sufficient excuse for this unwarranted proceeding, which was in direct violation of one of the rules of the National Convention. But this is not all. The home and home game of their match with the Cincinnati Club, which was to have been played on the 3d inst., during the recent visit of the Western Club to this city, was also put off to suit the convenience of the champions. It was generally thought that the rule adopted by the National Convention providing for the playing of games "within fifteen days from the acceptance of the challenge," would put a stop to all trouble in such matters, and be a great boon to clubs contending for the highest honors of the National Game. But it appears to be as much of a nullity as though it had never been enacted.

We trust we shall not have occasion to refer to this subject again. It is an unpleasant duty to have to arraign clubs for non-fulfillment of their contracts. It is one, nevertheless, that we shall perform whenever it becomes necessary, in order that all clubs may be treated fairly and have an equal show for the championship honors.

TOUR OF THE CINCINNATI CLUB.

ATHLETIC vs. CINCINNATI.

The "Red Stockings" played their first game in Philadelphia on the 31st ult., having for their opponents the famous Athletic Club of that City. Somewhat to the surprise of the Philadelphians the game was close and hotly contested all the way through, and was won by the Athletics by the small score of 15 to 12. Of course the friends of the Athletics were somewhat surprised at the close rub their favorites had received, but when it was recollected that the visiting club introduced a ball made expressly for their own use which was devoid of elasticity, the wonder was not so great. The Athletics discovered the trick before the game commenced and refused to play with the "dead" ball, but the Cincinnatis would have no other. After considerable time cut to waste, McBride yielded the point and the game commenced. The Cincinnatis obtained a slight lead in the first innings, scoring three to two. For the next three innings, however, they failed to tally, while the Athletics made two, leaving the totals four to three. In the balance of the game the Athletics added 11 to their score, while the visitors made only 9, making the score 15 to 12. The fielding was about equal on both sides, Fisler and Wilkins excelling for the Athletics. Allison, of the Cincinnati, played well behind the bat, and Gould and Brainard fielded finely. The score is appended:—

Athletic.	H.L.	R.	Cincinnati.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	3	1	Howe, s s	2	2
McBride, p	2	1	Waterman, 3d b	4	1
Radcliffe, c	3	3	Johnson, r f	4	1
Wilkins, s s	3	1	Hatfield, l f	1	2
Fisler, 1st b	4	1	Wright, p	2	1
Sensenderfer, c f	2	4	Brainard, 2d b	4	1
Foran, r f	3	2	Kingsley, c f	4	0
Cuthbert, l f	2	1	Gould, 1st b	4	1
Berry, 3d	3	1	Allison, c	1	3
Total		15	Total		12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	2	0	1	1	5	3	2	0	1—15
Cincinnati	3	0	0	0	2	4	0	2	1—12

Out on bases—Athletic, 12; Cincinnati, 16. Fly catches—Athletic, 6; Cincinnati, 11. Foul bound catches—Athletic, 4; Cincinnati, 1. Struck out—Athletic, 2; Cincinnati, 1. Umpire—Wm Osterheldt, of the Geary. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

KEYSTONE vs. CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnatis made their second appearance in the Quaker City on Oct. 1. Their opponents on this occasion were the Keystones, at whose hands they again suffered defeat, the score standing 24 to 22. The game appeared decidedly in favor of the visitors, and at the end of the fourth innings the score stood 15 to 10. In the fifth innings the Keystones batted well for nine runs, and restricted their opponents to a single, thus taking the lead by three runs. In the next three innings the Keystones scored five runs and the Cincinnati six. The Keystones had played their ninth innings and the Cincinnatis had made eleven runs, with but one hand out, when it became too dark to see the ball, and the umpire called the game. Conner, Ewell, Flowers and Reach did the best playing on the Keystone side, and Gould, Hatfield, Allison and Brainard excelled in their positions for the Cincinnati. The score is as follows:

Keystone.	H.L.	R.	Cincinnati.	H.L.	R.
Bechtel, p	5	1	How, s s	3	3
Flowers, s s	2	4	Waterman, 3d b	2	4
R. Reach, 2d b	5	1	Johnson, r f	2	3
Kulp, 3d b	4	6	Hatfield, l f	3	3
Conner, 1st b	2	2	Wright, p	2	3
Gwynn, l f	1	1	Brainard, 2d b	2	2
Albertson, c f	1	5	Kingsley, c f	4	0
McClarain, r f	0	2	Gould, 1st b	3	1
Ewell, c	4	2	Allison, c	2	1
Total		24	Total		22

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Keystone	1	4	0	5	9	1	3	1—24
Cincinnati	3	6	0	6	1	3	1	2—22

Out on bases—Keystone, 9; Cincinnati, 13. Foul bound catches—Ewell, 4; Johnson, 1; Allison, 1. Home run—Johnson, 1. Double plays—Flowers, Reach and Conner; Johnson and Gould. Out on fouls—Keystone, 5; Cincinnati, 5. Umpire—Theodore Bomeisler, of the Eureka, of Newark. Scorers—Messrs. Lynch and Bascom. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. OLYMPIC.

The third and last appearance of the "Red Stockings" in the City of Brotherly Love took place on the 2d inst., on the ground of the Olympic Club. The champions of the west played a superior game on this occasion, and won the third victory of their tour by the handsome score of 41 to 20. The "Red Stockings" opened the game by a fine lead and held it all through. In the last innings they batted heavily for 17 runs, made off Fulmer, who was sent in to pitch at that time. The Olympics did not play up to their standard, and before the game was half over became thoroughly demoralized. Hatfield took How's place at short field, and played exceedingly well. Allison again distinguished himself behind the bat, a sharp fly tip being placed to his credit. We give the score below:—

Olympic.	H.L.	R.	Cincinnati.	H.L.	R.
Harrop, p	4	1	Hunter, l f	3	5
Oram, l f	4	1	Waterman, 3d b	2	4
Walters, 1st b	2	3	Johnson, r f	2	3
Eckendorf, c f	2	2	Hatfield, s s	3	5
Schafer, 3d b	1	4	Wright, p	2	5
Fulmer, s s	3	1	Brainard, 2d b	2	6
Miller, c	1	3	Kingsley, c f	1	6
Welsh, r f	2	2	Gould, 1st b	2	3
Willing, 2d b	3	2	Allison, c	4	3
Total		20	Total		41

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Olympic	3	1	1	3	9	1	2—20
Cincinnati	6	0	5	5	4	4	17—41

Out on bases—Olympic, 12; Cincinnati, 9. Fly catches—Olympic, 7; Cincinnati, 9. Foul bound catches—Miller, 3; Schafer, 1; Harrop, 1. Out on fouls—Olympic, 3 times; Cincinnati, 6 times. Home runs—Hatfield, 2. Bases on hits—Olympic, 21 times; Cincinnati, 32 times. Umpire—John Sensenderfer, of the Athletic. Scorers—Messrs. Wright and Bascom. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. CINCINNATI.

The first appearance of the "Red Stockings" in this vicinity took place on the 1st inst., in a contest with the Atlantic Club. It was the return game of the match, the first having been played at Cincinnati, while the Atlantics were on their return trip, and won by them with the score of 40 to 19. The Cincinnati Club arrived in town on the 30th ult., from Philadelphia, and made their headquarters at Earle's Hotel. They were driven to the Union Ground in carriages about 2 o'clock on the 1st, and when they made their appearance on the field in their neat and attractive uniform, they were the objects of considerable attention. Those old New York and Brooklyn favorites, Harry Wright, Fred Waterman, Johnny Hatfield and Asa Brainard, were greeted by their old friends and admirers in a hearty manner. The day was raw and chilly, and not exactly suited for open-air sports; but notwithstanding this there was a goodly attendance of spectators.

The game was commenced at 3 o'clock. Mr. George Ebbetts, of the Active Club, was selected as the umpire, and the "Red Stockings," winning the toss, took the field. Pearce, the first striker, took his base on a misplay by Hatfield, who was playing at short field in place of Howe, the regular short stop of the nine; Smith gave Gould a chance on a fly catch, but Gould dropped it. Start also had a life given him by Gould, Pearce coming home. Five runs were scored altogether, when there should have been a whitewash. The outs were Smith, forced out at second on Start's hit; Mills served the same way by Ferguson, and McDonald, on Wright's throw to Gould. The "Red Stockings" were whitewashed in short order when they took the willow. Wright and Waterman were thrown out at first by Ferguson and Smith, and Johnson was flied by the former. The result of the second innings put the result of the game beyond a doubt, if any had existed before it commenced. The Atlantics hit Wright very easily for 12 runs, nearly all on safe batting. With the score 17 to 0, the "Red Stockings" took their turn at the bat to close up the second innings. The first striker was Hatfield, who sent a high one to left field, which Chapman missed. Hunter, Brainard and Allison afterward scored on safe hits, making four altogether. This left the score 17 to 4 on even innings, and the game safely in the hands of the Atlantics. For the next seven innings the "Red Stockings" scored in three, making 6 runs, while the Atlantics added 14 to their totals. This left the score 31 to 12. Brainard was substituted for Wright on the third innings, and the change worked very well. If Asa had been sent in at first, the disparity in the score would not have been so great.

Taking into consideration the fact that the visitors were somewhat fatigued by their recent long rides and almost continuous playing, they undoubtedly did as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The absence of How, their regular short, was another drawback. Hatfield, although a good infielder, seemed out of place at short field, but in the latter part of the game improved in his play. With the exception of Allison behind the bat, the entire nine were in poor play, even the noted Harry Wright doing some high old muffin. Allison succeeded in putting out six on fouls—two sharp fly tips being particularly noticeable. With the exception of the missed fly catch by Chapman in the second innings and another by Ferguson in the eighth, the Atlantics fielded handsomely. Start and Mills did the most of the work, capturing twenty prisoners between them. In fact, with the exception of a fly catch by Crane—a pretty one, too, by the way—the balance of the outs were by the infielders. Gould doubled up Smith and Pearce in the second innings—the latter catching Charley out on a foul bound, and passing the ball to Asa and receiving it again before Dick could get back to the base. In the last innings Gould and Kingsley were doubled, Pearce catching the former on the fly and passing the ball to Start in time to cut off Kingsley. The game was played in the most friendly spirit, and, being quickly got through with, was rather interesting. The score follows:—

Atlantic.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	Cincinnati.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	3	5	0	1	Wright, 2d b	3	0	2	2
Smith, 3d b	6	2	0	0	Waterman, 3d b	4	1	0	0
Start, 1st b	1	6	0	2	Johnson, r f	4	1	0	0
Chapman, l f	2	5	0	0	Hatfield, s s	2	2	1	1
Crane, c f	2	5	1	1	Hunter, l f	3	2	0	1
Mills, c	4	1	2	2	Brainard, p	3	2	0	0
Ferguson, 2d b	3	3	1	2	Kingsley, c f	3	2	0	0
Zettlein, p	4	1	2	1	Gould, 1st b	4	0	1	1
McDonald, r f	3	1	1	0	Allison, c	1	2	1	3
Totals	27	31	7	9	Totals	27	12	5	8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	5	12	1	1	1	3	3	3	2—31
Cincinnati	0	4	0	2	4	0	0	2	0—12

Out on bases—Atlantic, 13; Cincinnati, 14. Foul bound catches—Atlantic, 4; Cincinnati, 6. Double plays—Atlantic, 1; Cincinnati, 1. Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, 9; Cincinnati, 7. Umpire—Mr. Ebbetts, of the Active Club. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Bascom. Time of game—Two hours.

CINCINNATI vs. MUTUAL.

THE "RED STOCKINGS" VICTORIOUS.

The champions of the West made their second appearance at the Union Ground on the 2d inst. Their opponents on this occasion were the Mutuals, of New York, whom they met for the first time. The number of spectators was not so large as on the previous day, not more than 1,500 or 2,000 persons being present. The Mutuals had strengthened their nine by the addition of Mills, late of the Irvington Club. Mills' time will not be up till the 11th instant, and the visitors kindly consented to call the game a social one, so that their adversaries could have the benefit of Mills' batting and base playing. Duffy also took part in the game, but his play at third base was not an improvement on his exhibition in the Active game. The Cincinnatis presented the same nine as in the previous game, but they were a little better placed, Hunter playing short-stop, and Hatfield going to his regular position. The game opened with a score of 10 to 0 in favor of the Mutuals, the loose fielding of the "Red Stockings" helping the Mutuals to score. The Mutuals batted Harry Wright fully as well as the Atlantics, and the result was looked upon as a foregone conclusion. In the second innings Brainard took Wright's place, but the Mutuals did not find any trouble in scoring, the fielding still continuing very loose. At the end of the sixth innings the score stood 23 to 11 in favor of the Mutuals, and their friends were speculating on their winning by two to one. On the seventh innings the "Red Stockings" batted freely for eight runs, Johnny Hatfield making a clean "homer" and bringing in three from the bases. The Mutuals added a single to their totals, the sharp fielding of Allison, Wright and Hatfield keeping them back. The score was still in favor of the Mutuals by 24 to 19; but in the last two innings the Cincinnatis batted well for ten runs, while they only allowed the Mutuals to make four. This left the score 29 to 28, and the game in the hands of the "Red Stockings," after a handsome up hill fight.

The misplays of the visitors were fully as numerous as in their contest with the Atlantics. The Mutuals also muffed fearfully, and fell off in their batting very seriously in the last four innings. We do not intend to enumerate the missed fly catches, wild throws, clean muffs and other misplays shown on either side, as it would be too much of a job. Suffice it that the Cincinnatis played a plucky up hill game, but were victors more by the poor play of their opponents than by any merit of their own. With the exception of Hatfield, who caught five flies and put out the last player by a fine catch, very little was done by the visitors worthy of notice. Of the Mutuals, Dockney, Mills and Swandel excelled in fielding. The latter caught all through the game, putting out nine players. The score is appended:—

Cincinnati.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	Mutual.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Wright, p	3	3	1	2	Dockney, c f	4	2	1	1
Waterman, 3d b	2	5	0	1	Wolters, p	4	3	0	0
Johnson, r f	3	4	0	1	Jewett, r f	2	5	0	1
Hatfield, l f	2	5	0	5	Hunt, l f	1	5	1	0
Hunter, s s	3	3	1	0	Mills, 1st b	3	3	1	1
Brainerd, 2d b	5	1	1	1	Devyr, s s	2	2	3	1
Kingsley, c f	4	2	1	2	Duffy, 3d b	6	1	1	0
Gould, 1st b	4	2	0	0	Swandell, c	4	2	1	2
Allison, c	1	4	1	0	Flanly, 2d b	1	5	0	0
Totals	27	29	5	12	Totals	27	28	8	6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	0	2	3	6	0	0	8	5	5—29
Mutual	10	2	3	2	5	1	1	4	0—28

Home runs—Hatfield, 2; Jewett, 2. Out on bases—Cincinnati, 13; Mutual, 11. Foul bound catches—Allison, 3; Swandell, 4; Hunt, 1. Struck out—Waterman, 1; Johnson, 1; Gould, 1; Swandell, 1. Out on foul balls—Cincinnati, 3 times; Mutual, 8 times. Umpire—Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Bascom and McCarty. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SOUTH.

THE NATIONALS OF WASHINGTON DEFEATED BY THE MARYLANDS OF BALTIMORE.

The championship of the South, which has been held so gallantly for the past eight years by the National Club of Washington, was transferred, on the 2d inst., to the Maryland Club of Baltimore. The second game of the series came off at Baltimore on the above named day, and after a close and exciting contest, resulted in the success of the Maryland Club by the small score of 13 to 12.

The game began at 2.55, with the National at the bat. Parker led off with foul bound, taken by Keerle. Hollingshead struck a strong ball to centre field, but it was fielded in so quickly that he could only make his first. Ward knocked a "daisy cutter" to Annan, who stopped it in good style, but, by a wild throw to first, the runners made their bases, where they were left, Forker going out on a high fly, taken by Rorke, and Berthong out on the first by a good throw of Annan's—a blank for the National.

The Maryland started in as promising style, Hooper going out on foul fly, well taken by Berthong. Wilson was unable to run, and Hooper running for him, by fleetness and good dodging, reached home. Rorke made his first, but was put out attempting to run his 2d. Annan scored, and Keerle struck out—two runs for Maryland.

In the second innings, Finney was the only man who reached his first, Hodges retiring on a tip fly by Keerle, Crawford on a foul bound by Keerle, and Greason on a fly by Lucas at the 2d base. The Maryland went out in 1, 2, 3 order in the 2d innings, Lucas going out on a foul fly by Berthong. Worthington, after making his 2d on a splendid hit to centre field, was put out at the home base by a throw of Crawford, and Lilly went out on the 1st by a throw of Crawford.

In third innings, Parker made his 1st on a good ball to right field; Hollingshead caught out on the fly by Lilly; Forker on good fly catch by Hooper in the right field, and Berthong do., by Worthington in the left—another blank for National. Lilly struck out; Doyle out on a foul bound by Berthong, but by heavy batting Hooper and Wilson made their runs, and Rorke out at the 1st by a throw of Ward—2 runs for the Maryland.

Hodges and Finney redeemed themselves in the 4th innings by scoring 2 runs for the National, the first of the game; Crawford retired on a fly by Hooper; Greason on a foul bound by Keerle, and Hollingshead on a high fly by Annan, leaving Parker on his base, both runs being made by the wild throwing of the Maryland. The Maryland were treated to another blank; Annan and Lucas going out on foul bound catches by Berthong, and Keerle struck out—game standing 4 to 2; Maryland ahead.

In the 5th innings Ward was put out on the 1st by a good throw by Annan, Forker on a foul fly by Keerle, Berthong scoring and Finney going out on a fly by Annan, leaving Hodges on his base. One run for the National, and the Maryland managing to make another 0, Worthington's ball being captured by Ward; Lilly struck out, and Doyle out on the 1st by a throw of Ward.

In the 6th innings the National improved their batting considerably and increased their score by three runs; the only noticeable play being a quick throw of Keerle to the 3d base, putting out Forker; Annan took his base on called balls and was then put out by a quick throw of Greason; Rorke made his run, the score standing at the end of the sixth, National, 6; Maryland, 5.

The National in the seventh innings added one run to their score, Lucas distinguishing himself by a good high fly catch. The Maryland again retired in the 1, 2, 3 order; Keerle struck out; Lucas out on the second and Worthington out on the first by a throw of Crawford.

The National again began their heavy batting, and added four runs to their score, making the best strikes in this innings that were made during the game. Keerle, after a sharp run, put Hollingshead out by a splendid left hand foul fly. The Maryland opened the eighth innings with seven runs to make to give them the lead, and by certainly the prettiest play of the afternoon, Wilson, Rorke, Annan, Lucas, Worthington, Lilly and Doyle scored; Keerle being unjustly decided out on the home base by the umpire, when he had as fairly made his run as anybody during the game. The score at the end of the eighth innings was Maryland, 12; National, 11.

Parker made his score, and Forker sent up a high fly which dropped nicely into Rorke's hands, and by good double play Ward was put out at the first and Hollingshead at the home base. The Maryland had only one run to make to be victorious, but the spirits of their friends were considerably depressed when Hooper went out on a foul bound. Wilson, the next at the bat, struck a good ball to the centre field, and Hooper running for him made his second, and by sharp running successively the third and home. Rorke out on the first, and Annan on a fly by Crawford. The following is the score:—

Maryland.	H.L.	R.	National.	H.L.	R.
Hooper, r f	4	1	Parker, 2d b	2	2
Wilson, 1st b	1	4	Hollingshead, c f	3	1
Rorke, p	2	2	Ward, 3d b	2	1
Annan, s s	3	2	Forker, 1st b	5	1
Keerle	4	0	Berthong, c	2	3
Lucas, 2d b	3	2	Hodges, r f	3	1
Worthington, l f	2	3	Finney, l f	3	1
Lilly, 3d b	4	1	Crawford, s s	3	1
Doyle	3	1	Greason, p	4	0
Total		13	Total		12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Maryland	2	0	2	0	0	1	0	7	1—13
National	0	0	0	2	1	3	1	4	1—12

Called balls—Maryland, 2; National, 14. Passed balls—Maryland, 5; National, 9. Umpire—Mr. George Popplein, of the Pastime Club. Scorers—Messrs. Burch and Potts. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

UNION vs. KEYSTONE.

THE CHAMPIONS DEFEATED.

On the 2d inst. the Union Club, of Morrisania, visited Philadelphia to play the Keystone and Olympic Clubs. The Unions were without the services of Birdsall and Smith, and as a consequence of playing a crack club like the Keystones short-handed were easily defeated. Bellan took Birdsall's place behind the bat, while Smith was represented by Ten Eyck. The game opened with a slight lead for the champions on the first innings, but the Keystones pulled away from them on the next turn at the bat, and held their advantage till the close. On the seventh innings the score was 23 to 6 against the champions, but in the eighth and ninth they added nine runs to their totals, and only allowed the Keystones a single—thus making a better ending of the game than it was expected they could do. The Keystones batted well and fielded sharply in the first part of the game. The Unions, on the contrary, dispirited at the absence of two of their best players, batted lightly and fielded indifferently. Following is the score:—

Keystone.	H.L.	R.	Union.	H.L.	R.
Bechtel, p	2	4	Goldie, 1st b	3	2
Flowers, s s	2	3	Austin, c f	4	1
Reach, 2d b	1	4	Martin, 2d b	2	3
Kulp, 3d b	5	1	Pabor, p	2	3
Conner, 1st b	3	2	Wright, s s	2	2
Gwynn, c f	4	2	Bellan, c	1	3
McClarin, r f	3	3	Shelley, 3d b	4	1
Bailey, l f	4	2	Reynolds, r f	4	0
Ewell, c	3	3	Ten Eyck, l f	5	0
Total		24	Total		15

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Keystone	2	5	0	2	8	0	6	0	1—24
Union	3	0	0	0	2	1	0	3	6—15

Fly catches—Bechtel, 2; Gwynn, 2; Flowers, 1; Kulp, 1—7. Pabor, 2; Shelley, 2; Wright, 1; Goldie, 1; Ten Eyck, 1; Austin, 1—8. Out on bases—Keystone, 14; Union, 16. Foul bound catches—Keystone, 4; Union, 3. Struck out—Kulp, 2. Umpire—H. Hayhurst, Athletic Club.

The game with the Olympics on the 3d inst., was prevented by the rain, very fortunately for the Unions, as in their demoralized condition they would undoubtedly have suffered another defeat.

YALE vs. ECKFORD.

When the Yale College Club were on a visit to the metropolis recently, they encountered the Eckford Club of Brooklyn, and came off second best with the score of 19 to 11. On the 30th, the Eckford visited New Haven to play the return game, and being without the services of Jimmy Wood, their valuable second baseman, were defeated in a close and interesting game by a score of 15 to 12. Martin pitched, and in the first two innings made the serious mistake of delivering the ball swift. The consequence was ten runs, while the Eckfords only made three. In the balance of the game Martin sent in his slow twisters, and with such effect that the Collegians only added three to their totals. The Eckfords made nine in the same time, but the result of the first two innings settled the game, and so the Eckfords came home sadder if not wiser men. The home-and-home will be played at New Haven on the 10th, probably, and then the Eckfords will have a chance to redeem themselves. The following is the score:—

Eckford.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	Yale.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	3	2	0	0	Cleveland, 3d b	3	0	2	1
Simonson, r f	4	1	0	0	Lewis, r f	4	1	0	0
Martin, p	4	1	0	0	Denning, l f	2	3	0	5
Eggler, c f	0	3	2	3	Selden, 2d b	2	2	1	1
Nelson, s s	4	0	1	2	McCutchen, s s	4	2	0	0
Hodes, c	2	2	1	3	Hooker, p	1	4	1	1
Patterson, 2d b	2	2	1	2	Shattuck, 1st b	2	3	1	0
Malone, 3d b	3	1	0	0	Richards, c	6	0	0	2
Holmes, l f	5	0	0	2	Condit, c f	3	0	2	1
Totals	27	12	5	12	Totals	27	15	7	11

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	0	3	0	4	1	0	2	1	1—12
Yale	6	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	2—15

Out on fouls—Eckford, 6 times; Yale, 3 times. Out on bases—Eckford, 11 times; Yale, 8 times. Struck out—Shattuck, 1. Umpire—Mr. Knebals, of the Quinipeac Club, of New Haven. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Evarts. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

EAGLE vs. JEFFERSON.

On the 29th ult., at Hoboken, the Eagles gained a creditable victory over the Jeffersons by the following score:—

Jefferson.	H.L.	R.	Eagle.	H.L.	R.
Delaney, s s	1	3	Norton, 1st b	6	1
Murray, p	2	1	N. Schaffer, r f	2	5
Murphy, c	2	2	Hicks, c	2	6
Welsh, 2d b	3	1	W. Schaffer, l f	3	4
Braisted, r f	2	1	Gaughes, 3d b	3	4
Gedney, 1st b	2	1	Gallagher, c f	2	5
McGowan, 3d b	4	0	Stevens, p	1	6
Chapman, c f	2	1	Kane, s s	1	5
Walton, l f	3	0	Vitt, 3d b	1	3
Totals	21	10	Totals	21	39

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Jefferson	4	1	1	0	2	1	1—10
Eagle	1	11	10	9	3	3	2—39

Umpire—Mr. Connell, of the Gotham Club. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

FIRE LADDIES TAKE A BACK SEAT.—A nine from Citizen Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, of Buffalo, N. Y., went to Lockport on the 3d inst., and encountered the DeWitt Clinton Company's nine, by whom they were defeated as below:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
DeWitt Clinton	11	9	7	6	23	0	13	5—74
Citizen	7	1	3	4	0	2	7	0—24

Umpire—R. Lester. Scorers—George W. Krettner and Robert Little. Time of game—Three hours and thirty-five minutes.

THE BILLIARDISTS TAKE THE "CUE."

LIGHT WEIGHTS vs. HEAVY WEIGHTS.

One of the most amusing and thoroughly enjoyable muffin games within our recollection came off at the Capitoline Ground on the 21 inst. On that occasion the "Light" and "Heavy" weights of the billiard world "clubbed their cues" at a game of base ball, in which they were assisted by a number of minstrel celebrities. But five innings were played, in which the "Lights" outshone the "Heavies" by ten runs. Beside having the advantage of 15 men to 11, the "Heavies" were allowed five outs after the first innings; still the "Lights" carried off the trophy of victory. The frantic efforts of some of the muffs to field the ball were wonderful to behold. Chris. O'Connor, who played third base for the "Heavies," never reached first base when he went to the bat, and in trying to stop and catch balls in this position, he was ineffectually assisted by six or seven others. Hubbell, formerly of the Charter Oaks, of Hartford, caught for the "Lights" and Sim Burns, of the old Mutual nine, pitched for the "Heavies." The best hit of the game was made by Michael Phelan, and the prettiest catch by Dailey—a foul from Dan Dean's bat. It will be a long time before another muffin match so replete with fun will take place, unless these same chaps play a return game, of which we understand there is some probability. The score is given below:—

Heavy Weights.	H.L.	R.	Light Weights.	H.L.	R.
Capt. Boyle, r s	2	2	W. Wicks, 1st b	0	4
M. Phelan, s s	1	2	S. Hubbell, c	0	5
Capt. Grote, f	1	3	M. Foster, f	0	5
Howard, c f	0	2	G. Phelan, r s	0	5
C. O'Connor, 3d b	3	0	M. Dailey, p	0	3
Simon Burns, p	3	1	B. McQueeny, s s	3	1
Carroll, 1st b	0	3	P. D. Kilduff, c f	2	2
W. Wainwright, c	0	3	W. M. Fowler, l s	2	2
W. Freeman, f	3	1	L. McLeish, 2d b	0	3
Phil Telman, f	2	1	A. Samuels, 3d b	3	1
T. Dean, 2d b	3	1	Barling, f	2	1
Neil Bryant, f	3	1			
Eph Horn, f	0	1			
Tony Pastor, f	0	1			
D. Dean, f	1	0			
Total		22	Total		32

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Heavies	3	2	4	5	8—22
Lights	14	0	5	10	3—32

Umpire—John Dailey. Scorer—Mr. Garno. Time of game—Two hours. Put out on bases—By Wainwright, 2; Boyle, 2; Burns, 1; Wicks, 10; Carroll, 1. Catches on strikes—Burns, 6; Hubbell, 4; Dailey, 3; Wainwright, 1. Foul bound catches—Burns, 1; Dailey, 3; Hubbell, 4; Samuels, 1. Home runs—Hubbell, 3; Geo. Phelan, 1; Dailey, 1; Carroll, 1. Fly catches—Carroll, 1; Hubbell, 2; Dailey, 1.

BASE BALL IN ST. LOUIS.

UNION vs. ATHLETE.

The match on the 26th ult., between the Unions and Athletes, for the prize bat offered by the first named club, drew quite a number of base ball admirers to the Park. The Unions played a good average game, with nothing to call for special comment save four or five home runs, to attest heavy batting qualities. The Athletes ran up a larger score on the Unions, we believe, than any other home club (except the Empire and Atlantic) has succeeded in doing this season, and would have done still better had it not been for the aguish feeling with which they began the game consequent upon their first set-to with the champions of Missouri. Score:—

Union.	H.L.	R.	Athlete.	H.L.	R.
Cabanne, s s	5	4	Evill, 2d b	2	3
Duncan, r f	3	5	Waugh, r f	3	2
Berning, 1st b	5	4	Bast, 1st b	4	1
Oran, c	1	7	Hirschberg, c	4	2
Lucas, p	2	6	Gosnell, l f	2	2
Freeman, c f	3	5	Perry, c f	4	1
Carr, 2d b	3	5	Ghio, s s	4	1
Easton, 3d b	5	4	Barkley, p	4	0
Turner, l f	2	3	Caldwell, 3d b	0	2
Total		43	Total		14

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	15	0	3	6	1	5	6	6	1—43
Athlete	2	0	3	0	7	0	1	0	1—14

Fly catches—Union—Carr, 1; Cabanne, 1; Athlete—Perry, 2; Evill, 1; Gosnell, 3: Hirschberg, 1; Caldwell, 1. Fly muffs—Union—Freeman, 1; Duncan, 1; Athlete—Gosnell, 2; Ghio, 1; Caldwell, 1; Bast, 1. Home runs—Union—Turner, 2; Oran, 1; Duncan, 1; Lucas, 1. Athlete—Gosnell, 1; Caldwell, 2.

ATLANTIC vs. ÆTNA.

The return game of the match between the first nines of these clubs came off on the 27th ult., on the Atlantic grounds, resulting in the defeat of the Ætna. The fielding of the Atlantics was marked by two double plays, one by J. Peterson alone, and the other by Chenot, Okeef and J. Peterson. The Ætna boys, in fielding, showed the want of that practice which can alone give confidence and steadiness in field play. Their wild throwing by itself would beat them in a match with a club like the Atlantic. We noticed on the part of a few outsiders a determination to annoy the umpire in the performance of his duty. This should never be allowed by players under any circumstances. Score:—

Atlantic.	H.L.	R.	Ætna.	H.L.	R.
Okeef, 2d b	2	7	Ryan, r f	5	1
Baisler, c f	3	7	Mack, 2d b	4	1
Herring, p	2	4	Tighe, 3d b	2	3
J. Peterson, 1st b	7	2	J. Kenny, p	2	2
Bixby, l f	3	5	Queenan, l f	3	2
Chenot, s s	0	7	Savignac, 1st b	3	2
W. Peterson, r f	2	5	Wheeler, s s	2	2
Seaman, 3d b	4	5	T. Kenny, c	3	1
Berry, c	4	4	Carroll, c f	3	2
Total		45	Total		16

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	8	0	3	2	15	4	5	3	5—45
Ætna	4	0	0	1	5	0	3	0	3—16

Umpire—Adam Wirth, of the Empire B. B. C. Scorers—J. Maas, for Atlantic; C. Roberst, for Ætna. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

MATCHES PLAYED.—On the 27th ult., Comet vs. Only Star, won by the former—score, 24 to 20......Stonewall, Jr., vs. Empire, Jr., won by latter—score, 28 to 21......Athlete vs. Lone Star, won by former—score, 39 to 38......Mutual vs. Active, won by the latter—score, 17 to 15......Forest City vs. Olympic, Jr., won by former—score, 26 to 24......Atlantic, 2d nine, vs. Ætna, 2d nine, won by latter—score, 62 to 45.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEMS.

Fisher and Sweasy, late pitcher and second base of the Buckeyes, resigned from the club last week, and started for their homes in Philadelphia and New York on the 29th ult. Leonard has concluded to remain with the Bucks during the rest of the season. This will, of course, weaken the Buckeye nine considerably. Smith, the pitcher of the second nine, will be slow pitcher for the first nine, McMullen playing second and alternate pitcher, Hurley third and Doyle remaining at first. Leonard still catches. Laufersieck, a beautiful fielder but weak batter, takes "Mully's" place in centre field, and Boake goes to right field, with Meagher in left. It is still a very fair nine, not so strong at the bat as in the field......The following are the principal games of last week:—Iola vs. Cumminsville, 26 to 17; Active vs. Rival, 49 to 27 in six innings; Indianola Juniors vs. Fairmount Seniors, 38 to 23; Walnut Hills vs. Linwood (Ohio), 50 to 22; Lone Star (of Harrison, O.,) vs. North Bend (Ohio), 33 to 18......On Thursday, the 1st inst., the Live Oak, first nine, beat the "Reserve" nine of the Cincinnatis very badly in the final game of their series, the game standing 50 to 16. On the following day the "Fat" nine of the Buckeyes beat the "Slim Jims" of the same club, 25 to 17. On the same afternoon the Alpine Club "went through" the Irvington's to the tune of 28 to 9...... Perkopolis was a little elate on Saturday over the victory of the Cincinnatis against the Mutuals.

A CLOSE JUNIOR GAME.—On the 26th ult. the Buckeye Juniors, of Cincinnati, made an excursion to Xenia, and played the Mohawk Juniors of that town, the game at the end of the ninth innings being a tie. The boys had then to quit, so as to allow the Cincinnati lads to reach the train for home. The matter is to be settled on the Buckeyes' grounds, in Cincinnati, on October 10th. Mr. C. Taylor, of the Great Western Club, was umpire. We give the score of the innings:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buckeye, Jr	6	4	1	6	0	5	0	5	9—36
Mohawk, Jr	8	5	6	5	7	3	0	3	7—36

A ONE-SIDED GAME.—The Athletes, of Cincinnati, on the afternoon of the 26th ult., beat the Riverside, Ohio, Club, the following extraordinary amount:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athlete	2	1	0	3	2	1	4	3	2—18
Riverside	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

The Athletes had just beaten the Minneola Club by the remarkably close score of 9 to 8.

OSCEOLA vs. BRIDGEPORT.—A very interesting game was played on the 3d inst. between the "Osceola" B. B. Club of Stratford, and the Bridgeport B. B. Club, of Bridgeport, on the grounds of the former, at Stratford, which resulted in a victory for the Osceolas by a score of 13 to 11.

"HAYMAKERS" vs. TRI-MOUNTAINS.—The Union Club of Lansingburg, N. Y., will visit Boston on the 10th inst. to play their return game with the New England champions.

ATLANTIC vs. UNION.—The return game of this match is announced for the 7th inst. on the Union's Ground, at Tremont. The Harlem road will run a special train to Tremont, and return at the conclusion of the game.

NATIONAL vs. MARYLAND.—In the game between these clubs for the championship of the South the Nationals only had out three of their first nine, the balance being unable to get away.

OUR COLORED BRETHREN AS BALL PLAYERS.—The Pythian Club, of Philadelphia, in a contest with the Mutual Club, of Washington, D. C., on the 1st, were victorious by a score of 49 to 34.

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF BROOKLYN.—The game between the Eureka and Atlantic clubs (Juniors) for the championship of Brooklyn, on the 1st inst., resulted in a victory for the Atlantics by a score of 18 to 9 in seven innings.

ECKFORD vs. FLYAWAY.—The Eckfords, of the Battery, defeated the Flyaways on the 2d inst.; score 30 to 12.

LIGHTS vs. HEAVIES.—The return game of the heavy and light weights of the billiard and minstrel world will come off at the Capitoline Ground on the 16th inst. Hooley, Bryant, Nelse Seymour and other celebrities will take part.

OHIO STATE BASE BALL CONVENTION.—The Ohio Base Ball Convention met in Columbus, Ohio, on the 30th ult., President A. B. Champion, of the Cincinnati Club, presiding. About the only business transacted was the election of officers, and then an adjournment was had, the next meeting being set for the fourth Wednesday in September, 1869, in Cincinnati. The officers selected were as follows:—President, M. E. Brazee, Capital Club, Columbus; Vice President, H. G. Birch, Antioch Club, Yellow Springs; Secretary, Frank Harvey, Buckeye Club, Cincinnati; Treasurer, R. N. Spry, Riverside Club, Portsmouth; Delegates to National Association, Geo. F. Sands, Buckeye Club; J. A. Scarritt, Capital Club; R. N. Spry, Riverside Club; and E. P. Hooven, Xenia Club.

BUCKEYE vs. LIVE OAK.—These well known Cincinnati clubs played together on the 29th of September. The game was not well played on either side, and is only noticeable as being the first exhibition of the Buckeye nine since Sweasy and Fisher left them. Smith, late of the second nine, pitched, McMullen playing second, and Boake replacing him in the field. The rest of the nine was the same as that pitted against the Unions, of Morrisania. We give the score of innings:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buckeye	2	4	7	1	7	2	1	8	8—40
Live Oak	0	1	2	2	0	1	4	0	3—13

BASE BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.—Pittsburgh, Oct. 2d, 1868.—FRANK QUEEN.—I am not a sporting man, nevertheless I have been a regular reader of your paper during the last eight years, and am thus kept posted on sporting matters generally. An article in the last issue of the CLIPPER headed "The Base Ball Championship" has attracted my attention, and impels me to address this letter to you, prompted as I am by a sense of fairness. I am not a ball player, and it makes no difference to me which club holds the championship, but I am inclined to think, judging by the non-fulfillment of their engagement with the Athletics that the Unions, of Morrisania, intend pursuing a course which will be as disgraceful as was the action of the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, when they refused to play the Athletics last season, and sent a muffin nine to the field. You have in reserve a gold ball, which you intend awarding to the champion club of the season of 1868. If the Unions should play their return game with the Atlantics, and the latter should be successful, they will, of course, become champion; but in lieu of the defeat of the Atlantics by the Athletics in both their late matches, and the refusal of the Unions to keep their engagement with the Athletics, I think (as will all lovers of fair play) that the ball should be awarded to the Athletics, of Philadelphia. J. B.

[As the Athletic Club, for some reason to us unknown, have been denied the privilege of competing with the Champion Unions this season, we must await further developments before coming to any definite conclusion in the matter. The Unions fixed a day on which to meet the Athletics, but without consulting the A's deferred the game and appointed another day when the Athletics could not attend owing to previous engagement. In our next issue we may be able to place the whole matter before the public in its proper light, and define the status of the championship question.—ED. CLIP.]

THE LATE CHARLES H. GRAFFEN.—The funeral of this lamented journalist, whose sudden demise was announced in last week's CLIPPER, took place from St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, on the 1st inst. His remains were followed to the grave by the members of the Athletic Base Ball Club and a number of the members of the press, the theatrical profession, friends, societies, and others.

JUNIOR GAMES AT BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Stars, of Hamilton, C. W., and the Perews, of Buffalo, N. Y., played their return game on Tuesday, Sept. 22d, on the Niagaras' Grounds, Buffalo. After playing six innings the game was called on account of rain, when the score stood 21 to 15 in favor of the Perews ...... The last game of the home-and-home match between the Perews and Independents, of Buffalo, came off on Tuesday, Sept. 29th, for the junior championship of the city of Buffalo, in which the Perews were the victors. Since the 1st of June the Perews have played thirteen games and been the victors in ten of them. Below will be found the score per innings:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Perews	6	4	2	12	2	3	0	17	6—52
Independents	1	5	1	7	7	7	0	0	6—34

THE ANN ARBOR CLUB recently played two games with the Alerts, of Detroit, for the junior championship of Michigan, winning both by scores of 41 to 40 and 57 to 26 respectively.

"HURRAH FOR OUR NATIONAL GAME."—Song by Walter Neville, of the Olympic Base Ball Club, New York, has just been issued by C. H. Ditson & Co., Broadway.

EDWARDS AND HARRIS.—The retired light weight champion and his trainer separated after their exhibition in Filly, Edwards proceeding to Pottsville, where he is now sojourning, and Dooney returning to this city. They will be the recipients of a joint benefit in the Metropolis shortly.

"SNATCHEM" REDIVIVUS.—George Leese, the "Demosthenes of the ring," arrived in this city a few days since from Aspinwall, where he experienced numerous ups and downs. George don't approve of the manners and customs of the natives out there, and entertains a decided preference for the Grecian bend to the style of costume worn by them. Like Micawber, he is now waiting for something to turn up.

THE NONPAREIL AMONG THE HOOSIERS.—The retired champion of the feather weights, Dick Holliwood, has for some time past been sojourning at Indianapolis, Ind., and the probabilities are that he will remain there for some time to come, as he has opened a place on West Maryland street, and christened it the "New White House," where he will be pleased to greet all his friends from north, south, east or west, who may chance to go that way. During the week ending Oct. 3d Dick appeared nightly at the Exchange Theatre in the extravaganza of "A Trip Around Indianapolis," boxing the compass with W. H. Cornell, and on the 5th inst. he was announced to take a complimentary benefit.

STOPPED BY THE RAIN.—After several postponements the Niagara Club, of Buffalo, and the Excelsiors, of Rochester, N. Y., attempted to play a return game at the latter place, on the 30th ult. but upon the third innings, in which the Niagaras made 3 and the Excelsiors 6, with two men out, the rain began to fall so hard that it was necessary to call the game, the totals being 8 to 7 in favor of the Buffalonians.

MUTUALS vs. ATLANTICS.—There seems to be a hitch in regard to the return game between these clubs. It was originally announced for the 25th ult., but was postponed by the consent of both clubs. It was finally set down for the 6th inst. but again put off indefinitely. It was rumored that the Atlantics had said that the game must be played this week or not at all. We know nothing of the truth of this latter statement, but give it for what it is worth.

PAID OVER.—The forfeit of $50 declared last week against McQuade and Murphy in their hand ball match with Casey and Manix for the 30th ult., was paid over on the 29th ult., together with the balance of the stakes.

MEETING OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.—At the adjourned meeting of the committee on the 30th, to inquire further into the charges against the Oriental Club, of New York, for playing Milton Sears while he was still a member of the Union Club, of Morrisania, it was proved that he offered his resignation to the Secretary of the club about the 29th of July. As the club had never acted on it, the committee held to the opinion that Sears was still a member of the Union Club. This renders the game between the two Oriental Clubs for name and ball null and void.

THE RING.

THE O'BALDWIN-WORMALD MATCH.

THE DAY OF BATTLE CHANGED.

But one more issue of the CLIPPER will meet the eyes of our readers ere the arrival of the date agreed upon between those modern gladiators, Ed. O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald, for the decision of their second match, and the settlement of the grievances which have engendered so much animosity in their bosoms toward each other. Everything connected with the affair continues to move along smoothly and as yet nothing has arisen to furnish reasonable grounds for fearing that the match will terminate otherwise than in fight, and it is to be hoped that such may be the report until the end thereof. There was a goodly muster of sporting blades at Larkin's on Tuesday evening, 29th ult., when the fifth deposit of one hundred dollars a side was tabled promptly, Felix, as before, producing the century for the giant, and Joseph being on hand and looking after things in person. It was the intention to toss for choice of fighting ground at this deposit, but upon consultation it was deemed advisable that both men should go upon the same boat and choose the first eligible spot that presented itself; so this ceremony was done away with. The subject of altering the day of battle was again brought up, the reason therefore being that it fell upon the same day as the Philadelphia election, and though Wormald at first stoutly refused to listen to the appeal, such persuasive arguments were brought to bear that he was obliged to see it in the same light as the suggestors, and at a meeting held at Bob Smiths on the afternoon of the 30th ultimo, it was agreed to change the fixture to October 15th. Reports from down east represent the Giant as in fine condition, the result of strict attention to training, under the care of J. H. O'Connor. He arrived at the Hub on the 2d inst., and it was expected that he would give an exhibition there prior to leaving for the metropolis, about the 8th, in order to be present at the entertainment which will be given for his benefit at the Broadway Opera House on Saturday evening, 10th inst. Wormald continues to take his exercise at the House of Commons, without the assistance of a trainer, and has reduced himself considerably. This is not a very desirable training ground, however, and the fact of his remaining there has caused the odds to largely increase in O'Baldwin's favor; Joe, however, is not to blame for this, as it seems that he has had a deal of difficulty in getting together the money to make good the several deposits, some of those who had promised to stand in refusing to do so when called upon, and Wormald having to superintend matters himself, while his opponent has those behind him who look after matters without giving him the slightest trouble. This has naturally caused those who had expressed themselves as sanguine of Joe's success to feel exceedingly dubious, and no wonder, for he had certainly enough to overcome in the superior height, weight and reach of his antagonist, without having the vexation of spirit caused by his present compulsory mode of training thrown in the balance against him. Coburn and Larkin left for Philadelphia and Baltimore on Saturday evening, 3d inst., for the purpose of making necessary arrangements for transportation. It is possible that Wormald may give an exhibition in this city during the current week, but it is not certain, as he has not, so far, been able to secure a suitable hall. The final deposit of four hundred dollars a side has to be planked at Marshall's Opera Saloon, Fourteenth street and Fourth Avenue, on this (Tuesday) evening, Oct. 6th, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock.

THE HEENAN AND McCOOLE MATCH.

The following letter from the backer of John C. Heenan in his proposed match with McCoole, written to John Franklin, of Cincinnati, is published in the *Commercial* of that city, of Oct. 3. It certainly speaks straight to the point:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25, 1868.

MR. FRANKLIN.—Yours of the 22d is received. I received a letter from Heenan stating the arrangements he would enter into to fight McCoole. They are as follows:—To fight in Canada or Virginia, as it is certain the fight can come off in either place; to be for not less than $10,000, play or pay, in six-or nine months from the first deposit, which shall be $2,500. If they should agree to make it, draw on me for the amount. Write me or telegraph, if he will do business. He has made so much talk about it I would like to get him in the ring with Heenan.

To this the *Commercial* adds:—"Heenan's friends claim that McCoole ought to be willing to fight for $10,000 a side, inasmuch as he claims the championship and is an acknowledged winner. They urge that he ought not to ask Heenan to go to St. Louis, since all his opponents heretofore have done the greater part of the traveling, and in view of the fact that neutral ground and strictly fair play for both sides can be found in Canada or in the State of Virginia."

BOB BRETTLE'S OUT-DOOR EXHIBITION.

HE SETS-TO WITH DOONEY HARRIS.

About three hundred persons congregated at Cremorne Gardens, Seventy-third street and Third avenue, on the afternoon of Thursday, 1st instant, when a reception entertainment was tendered the famed British middle weight boxer, Bob Brettle. There are several good reasons for the meagreness of the attendance—first, the damp, chilly, disagreeable weather, and the fact of its being an open-air entertainment; second, his having deferred it so long instead of having given it immediately after his arrival; third, the impolitic move he made in taking a hand in at Ward's benefit, though he deserves credit therefor, as it was an action dictated by friendship; and lastly, the fact that, owing to the great influx of boxers from abroad, it is no longer a novelty to see a foreign celebrity, and the boys don't flock to do them honor as they did when the hegira commenced. All of these combined to lessen the expected attendance, and, regarded from a pecuniary point of view, the entertainment was a failure. The sparring was exceedingly light waisted, although we noticed among the throng Matt Moore, Jim Dunn, Phil Clare, Mike Nunan, Jim Kerigan, Jim Coburn, Billy McManus, and others of those who have frequently displayed their science before the footlights and within the ropes. Scattered here and there were also a number of sporting men, including Jem Ward, the veteran ex-champion of the English P. R., Dan Noble, stakeholder in the match between the giants, Bob Smith, of "Judge and Jury" fame, Kit Burns, the "ugliest man in New York," Bill Ward, the newly-arrived London betting sport, Jim Cusick, of Farnborough recollection, Tom O'Donnell, champion of his day, Harry Bridges, of the "Liverpool House," Bill O'Brien and Bob Campbell. The arrangements which had been entrusted to Harry Hill, were all that could be desired, a space having been staked off on the platform for the sparring, a strong squad of Charlies being on hand to preserve order, and an excellent brass band having been engaged for the occasion, while an extra attraction was found in the pretty waiter girls occupied in passing around the bibibles and edibles. The variety part of the show consisted of a song and dance, in character, by that youthful prodigy, Dick Hill, in which he showed to much better advantage than some older ones who make a living by shaking their pedals; comic singing—"Grecian Bend" and "Excise Law"—by Gus Williams; Club swinging by Harry Hill, who, by the ease and grace with which he circled the ponderous muscle developers, proved that he had lost none of his old skill and strength; the half-hour feat by Jack Sheffield, which constituted one of the chief features of the entertainment; and a sole dance by an eccentric genius, P. A. George by name, who introduced some steps original with himself, the whole being very amusing.

The boxing, which was superintended by the veteran of "Christopher Cottage," Uncle Bill Tovee, opened with a set-to between a couple of the rising generation, Larken and Stenson, who started the ball nicely. The redoubtable "Hoboken Clipper," clad in "them same togs," with a phisiog looking as though he had been pulled over a bed of cactus and with a pretty good head of steam as usual, now mounted the platform with a young fellow named Nugent. Their set-to was of a scrambling character, endurance being the winning card and the horse clipper outlasting his opponent. Not seeming disposed to doff the gloves when the other 'un cried a go, another strapping young fellow put on the mits with the loquacious Hobokenite. The new comer got rather the best of the Clipper at first, but the latter quickly turned the mahogany and finally tired him out. At the close he declared his readiness to fight any 127lb. man Hill could bring against him for a fiver upwards. George Rooke and Tim Hussey, who once tested each other's calibre on the green sward, came next. Rooke planted clean and clear nicely in the opening round and finished it by cleverly throwing Tim. In the subsequent rounds things were about equal and each gained a fall. It was a rattling engagement, each going in with a vim, and in the opinion of many who witnessed Rooke fight Hussey and Moore he has lost some of that skill which distinguished him then. The next couple were Harry Hurl, Brettle's brother-in-law, and another, who sparred cautiously long before they got to real work, and when they did the latter proved himself the best boxer of the two, having a large balance of hits in his favor, the "Novice" being frequently out of distance, and at other times his offers were prettily turned aside. The gas was now turned on, and Joe Wormald and George Rooke entered the circle. The sparring was on the light and easy order, more show than anything else, and, though each landed some beauties, it was apparent that Joe did not wish to exhibit any of his skill, though occasionally reminding George of what he could do were he so disposed. It was a pretty set-to, and each were greeted with applause. Brettle's trophies, a magnificent belt and numerous cups, goblets, etc., were now exhibited, Brettle meanwhile keeping a nervous eye on the same, and Hill requesting the "perlice" to keep the crowd at a respectful distance, as they had not seen so much silver before for many a long day. Then came the *finale* and the second appearance of Brettle, faced by the artful Dooney Harris, neither Coburn nor Foley being present. Dooney never before put up his hands before the Brum, and his style was altogether different, although both are very shifty upon their pins. It was a sociable affair, each scoring some neat poultices and taking them all in good part, while the lookers on were kept in the best of humor by their dodging and manœuvring to get out of danger and catch each other napping. It was not the best test of Bob's skill that might have been obtained, as Dooney is rather too slippery for him, and their style, as stated above, being so much different. It was a satisfactory wind-up to the afternoon's sport and elicited much applause. The crowd now wended their way homeward, and when they struck the central portion of the city it was almost eight o'clock. Brettle left for the "City of Elms" on the 3d inst., in company with his novice, and purposes making an extended tour of the States and Canadas.

JEM WARD'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

The Broadway Opera House was comfortably filled on the evening of Monday, 28th ult., by a more than ordinarily pleasant company of the better class of sports, who, by their presence, attested their friendship for, and the lively interest they take in, the welfare and success of the veteran ex-champion of Old England, Jem Ward. The "Black Diamond," brief though his sojourn with us has been, feels convinced that the style of living in the youthful republic of the west is entirely too fast for a man at his stage of life, and so has determined to return to the land of his birth and the scene of his numerous brilliant exploits within the squared circle. Having made known this intention, the many friends whom he has gained since he landed on our shores resolved to give expression once more in a substantial manner to their good opinion of him, and therefore the farewell testimonial under consideration was gotten up for "Old Jem." The exercises were inaugurated by Old Uncle Tovee introducing Patsey Lally and Young Burns, who made a very fair display, the former proving rather too many for his opponent. A curious looking and equally curious acting individual, dubbed "Clipper, of Hoboken," now came on with Tom Moffat, and, without any dilly-dallying, they went at it, hammer and tongs, skill being secondary to muscle. Moffat tried hard to get the upper hand of the comical, eccentric "Clipper," but the latter seemed to care no more for a "punch in the snoot," or any other portion of his anatomy than though they were flea bites, and, being the taller and more muscular of the couple, frequently bored his antagonist to the floor. They were succeeded by Pat Larkin and Tom Fox, and they in turn gave place to Hen. Bagley and Young Omealia, both sets-to being marked by clever propping and exhibiting considerable skill, but not awakening any enthusiasm among the on-lookers. Next on the programme were Pete McGinniss and Young Gallagher, "Patsy Sheppard's Novice," which was very pretty to look at, and, although overmatched in height and weight, the "boy with the auburn hair" proved himself rather the cleverest with his digits, planting clean and slipping out of difficulty like an eel, frequently in a fashion to elicit much applause. The *beneficiarie*, who had been looking after things about the entrance during the evening, now doffed his superfluous gear and pulled on the gloves for a go with Bob Brettle, who, notwithstanding the fact that he was to have a benefit himself a few days afterward, had consented to stand *vis a vis* with his old friend. After each had given expression to their feelings in remarks brief and pointed, for which both were heartily applauded, they put themselves in posish, and for the space of ten minutes or so indulged in a good bout, but that was all there was in it, as neither tried to show whatever skill they do possess. However, the majority of the spectators were satisfied with it, their desires being gratified in getting a glimpse of the two heroes of the British P. R., and they being content to overlook all else. Father Tovee worked hard, as he always does, to give satisfaction to all and make everything go off smoothly.

JEM WARD'S DEPARTURE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Most of our readers will be surprised when we inform them that the evergreen old painter-pugilist is now on the broad Atlantic, with his face towards the chalk cliffs of Albion's sea-girt isle. Such is the fact, as Mr. Ward, in company with his grandson, James Ward Wersey, took passage in the steamship City of Antwerp, of the Inman line, on Saturday, October 3d, which left her moorings at Pier 44, North river, at 3 P. M. There was not half a dozen aware that the old gentleman thought of leaving so soon, as it was only the day previous that he made up his mind, and, in his usual retired and quiet way, mentioned the same to only a very few particular friends, not desiring any display or excitement, and hence but few were on hand to bid him God-speed and take a last shake of his good right hand.

With the exception of Mr. Solomons, Bill Ward, Dick Buckley and George Moore, we didn't notice a soul we knew. The whole-souled George Moore (who sports the only blue birdseye in existence round his neck—the identical fogle which Jem Ward wore round his waist when he defeated Tom Cannon for one thousand guineas on July 19th, 1825—over forty-three years ago—presented by Ward to him) looked kindly after his every want, and supplied him with everything needful, as well as a demi john of "the best in the shop." Before separating, both the old gents had their photos taken together as a memento, Jem keeping one and George another. Mr. Ward arrived in America on board the City of London in care of Joe Whittle, on the 28th of June, and shortly afterward had a monster reception at the Old Bowery Theatre, when he set to with Joe Coburn. He afterward gave an exhibition in Philadelphia, and on the Monday evening prior to his departure, after a three months sojourn in the land of the stripes and stars, took a farewell benefit at the Broadway Opera House, alluded to elsewhere in this issue. While here he commanded universal respect, much attention being paid him by the better class of sporting men, but the old gentleman felt much aggrieved at the conduct of one of his own countrymen toward him, after having professed such warm friendship. The cold weather doubtless hastened Mr. Ward's departure, but he expresses an intention, if possible, to return next spring. After spending a couple of days in Liverpool he will proceed to Thistle Grove, Brompton, there to spend his sixty-eighth birthday.

AARON JONES has opened a little saloon at No. 405 Central avenue, in Cincinnati. It is quite up town and out of the way, and those who wish to find Aaron will have to hunt him. He has attached to it a sparring room, and proposes to have a class in boxing. Aaron is not in very good health just now.

DEATH OF PHIL SAMPSON.—We are informed by an officer of one of the English steamers that old Phil Sampson, the "Birmingham Youth," died in Liverpool, Eng., about three weeks since, after having suffered for a long time from partial paralysis. Sampson was born Sept. 27, 1800, and in fighting trim lowered the scales at 168lbs. He has fought twenty-four times in the ring, beating D. Smith, Tom Dye, A. Belasco (twice), Bill Hall (twice), Jem Burn, Josh Hudson, Paul Spencer and Big Brown; was defeated by Hudson (twice), Belasco, Martin, Gibletts, Abbott, Hall, Jem Ward (three times, one a turn-up), Ned Neale and Simon Byrne, and fought a draw with Belasco and Brown. With the exception of Ward we believe all those named above are now dead.

ARRIVAL OF BILL WARD.—This prominent English sporting man and backer of pugilists, arrived in this city on Saturday, 26th ult., per the City of Antwerp, the same steamer upon which Jem Ward took his departure on the 3d inst. Mr. W. possesses more of the cut of a New Yorker than any of those who have landed upon our shores for a long time, and seems to fall as naturally into the way of doing things in Gotham as though he had lived here for years. He is thinking of starting a sporting house in the metropolis.

DEATH OF ANOTHER TIM HEENAN.—SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Monday, 28th ult, Jno. C. Heenan left this city for Philadelphia to bring on the remains of his brother Tim (who was so brutally murdered by a band of assassins without a chance for his life), for the purpose of depositing them in their last resting place in Troy, in the family burying ground, alongside of his father, mother and brother. Hardly had the mournful duty been performed by Heenan before he was startled to learn of the death of another relative bearing the very name of his dead brother, a young man cut off in the very prime of life, beloved by all. At the time of his decease Timothy Heenan held the office of Town Clerk, in Troy, an enviable and honorable position for any young man to occupy. The Heenan family seem to have more than their share of this world's troubles. John's grand-mother, a venerable old lady, over 84 years of age, has outlived all her children and grand-children except two. The Tim recently deceased was a cousin of John C. Heenan.

O'BALDWIN AT THE OPERA HOUSE.—The efforts of those entrusted with the arrangements for a sparring and variety entertainment for the benefit of Ned O'Baldwin to secure a more commodious and suitable hall having proven futile, the Opera House, 600 Broadway, has been obtained, and Saturday evening, 10th inst., fixed upon for the exhibition. The exercises will embrace glovical displays by some of the best men in the metropolis and vicinity, varied by singing, club swinging, dancing, etc., and this, combined with the desire on the part of the fraternity to take stock of the Giant upon the eve of his battle with Joe Wormald, should, and no doubt will, prove sufficient attraction to jam the house at a dollar a head. Besides this, Bill Clark has consented to don the gloves for the finishing bout with the Man of Waterford, which should ensure an exhibition of science, and which none of the boys should miss.

PATSY SHEPPARD was announced to take a benefit in the Monumental City on Saturday evening, 3d inst., and Sam Collyer was on the posters for the wind-up with him.

BARNEY AARON was the recipient of a testimonial in Richmond, Va., on the night of the 26th ult. Butt Riley was among the shining lights present on the occasion.

RUMOR OF EDWARDS GOING IN THE RING AGAIN.—Owing to the chaff which generally follows a prize fight, quite a rivalry has sprung up between Barney Aaron and Young Edwards, the former asserting that he was the means of raising the latter to the position he has occupied since his defeat of Collyer, and threatening to bring him down again. Edwards' friends, whether intended for Barney or not, publicly declare that he can be backed to fight any man breathing at 120lbs., and appear anxious for somebody to take it up. Will anybody do so?

SHOT IN THE FACE.—Patsy Eagan, a well known sporting celebrity of this city, was shot in the cheek and severely wounded a few evenings back, while trying to prevent a disturbance in a popular drinking saloon. The party who fired the shot was arrested, but on Eagan appearing and requesting his discharge he was liberated.

ILLNESS OF A NOTED CHARACTER.—Billy Aikens, one of the old boys, has been suffering for several weeks from a bad attack of fever and ague contracted in Weehawken. Billy has shook himself down from 190lbs. to 145lbs., and has also "shook" Weehawken for the present.

RETURNED.—Teddy McAuliff, the knight of the cleaver and light weight boxer, returned to Gotham last week, after a three months' stay at the Hub, where he was the recipient of a complimentary "ben." before leaving. He proposes remaining in the Empire City the remainder of the fall and winter.

TRANSFERRED.—Con Foley, of Ward XXII, for many years knight of the shield and locust under Captains Hedden and Williamson, has been transferred to the Fifth Precinct, under Captain Petty.

CON DONOHUE died recently in the alms house from the effects of hard living and dissipation. At one time he possessed considerable of a reputation as a boxer. Poor Con had many good traits, but he was his own worst enemy.

RAFFLE FOR A HORSE.—A mustang, said to be sound and kind in and out of harness, the property of John Drumgoole, is to be raffled for on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6th, at Hughy Murray's, corner 11th avenue and 42d street.

OFF FOR CONNECTICUT.—George Rooke, who has given up his house in Providence, was to have taken a benefit at New Haven on Monday evening, 5th inst., and on the 3d Bob Brettle and his novice, Harry Hurl, left the metropolis, intending to set-to for him. They expected to take a "ben." there themselves the evening following, which, if so, is rather poor policy.

WANTS ANOTHER TRIAL.—Jack Boyne, the young fellow who fought McAlpine *alias* "Soap," last May, near Detroit, forwards us the subjoined challenge:—

I will make a match to fight any man in the State of Indiana at from 124 to 133 lbs. for three hundred dollars a side, to fight half way between home and home. This challenge to remain open for two weeks. I can be seen or heard from at Captain Pierce's saloon, Peru, Indiana. JOHN BOYNE.

STOPPED BY THE POLICE.—A couple of combatively disposed denizens of the Smoky City, named Leopold Hart and Beasley, "gathered" at the Lawrenceville Cemetery, in company with a few friends, on the morning of Tuesday, 29th ult., for the purpose of adjusting their grievances and contesting with naked fists for a hundred dollar greenback. The authorities got wind of the projected encounter, however, and a squad of them repaired to the spot chosen and scattered the crowd ere the mill had commenced.

BUTT RILEY AND BARNEY AARON appeared in a set-to at Wright's Varieties, Ninth and Franklin streets, Richmond, Va., on the night of the 1st inst., the occasion being a complimentary benefit to Johnny Prendergast, a disciple of burnt cork and heel and toe-ology.

BARNEY AARON arrived in the metropolis from Richmond, Va., on the 3d inst.

ROOKE AND HUSSEY TO FIGHT, PROBABLY.—During his recent visit to this city George Rooke is said to have expressed a desire to fight Tom Kelly for a purse in the same ring with O'Baldwin and Wormald, but as it was considered improbable that the latter would be there, Tim Hussey, George's old antagonist, who happened to be in the metropolis, signified his willingness to have another go with Rooke, and it is probable that they will come together at the time designated, though there is nothing certain about it as yet.

HUGH CAREY informs us that he resides at Salem, Mass. instead of Lawrence as inadvertently stated in our last.

BUTT RILEY has found his way back to the metropolis, after having been a sojourner in Richmond a few days, during which time he had a very good "ben."

HARMONIC MEETINGS are to be inaugurated, from this out, at the house of the "Happiest Man in New York," who lives in West Forty-first street, and keeps the Brewery Shades. Call and hear a song or two.

SERIOUSLY ILL.—Hank McCotter, it is stated, is at present, and has been for some time, confined to his room with an affection of the lungs. We believe he experienced the first symptoms of the disease from which he is now suffering shortly after quitting training for his match with Blackey.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—The "signs of the times" show that Abe Hicken and Peter Maguire's match will create much excitement in sporting circles here, as well as in England, where Hicken is so well known. Of course speculation will not commence upon the affair for some time to come, as almost three months must elapse ere the arrival of the day of battle. The second deposit of two hundred dollars a side must be put up at this office on Monday next, 12th inst., before four o'clock, P. M.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Dan Noble and Butt Riley.

BILLIARDS.

CONTEST AT THE FRENCH GAME

BETWEEN

JOHN DEERY AND MELVIN FOSTER.

DEERY BEATEN 116 POINTS.

Irving Hall, in this city, was well filled on the night of the 30th ult., by amateurs and professionals, assembled to witness a contest for $250 a side at the French game, between John Deery and Melvin Foster. The match was first made upwards of two months ago, but fell through. At the intervention of Mr. C. O'Connor, who volunteered to back Deery, it was revived, and a forfeit of $50 a side was placed in the hands of the stakeholder, Mr. Benjamin Garno. The last deposit ($200 a side) was made on the 29th ult. At one time it was apprehended that Foster, who had been attacked by a very severe cough, would have to forfeit, but, fortunately, he recovered sufficiently to meet his engagement. The game was 300 points up, played with 2⅜ths balls on a Phelan & Collender second-size carom table.

At 8.20 it began, Dr. Blanes having in the meantime been appointed referee. In "stringing" Deery was successful, and of course took the first shot, which, at this game, professionals regard as a pretty sure count. He failed to effect a carom, however, and Foster likewise failed. Deery then ran 4 and Foster 2; next Deery made 3 and his opponent followed with 19. This run, equal to the greatest made in the Carme and Kavanagh match in 1865, gave Foster a lead which Deery was never able to wrest from him. Gradually Foster forged ahead until the 25th innings, when he made a "running jump" of 13, placing him at 68, while his antagonist was but 29. In the 30th inning Deery made a pretty run of 11, mostly around the table; and in the 36th inning Foster made the same number, and in a similar manner. The game at this stage was in Foster's favor to the extent of 104 to 51. In the 45th innings Foster made a beautiful run of 40, nearly all of which resulted from difficult shots. Score now, 154 to 60. A run of 11 in the 55th innings and a run of 16 in the 60th, both made by Foster, made the game—Deery, 91; Foster, 207. In the 64th innings Deery made his highest run—24—and made it, too, in handsome style. Thenceforward no double figures were scored until the 97th innings, when Deery made 13. Foster at this stage was 263 and Deery but 172. The 101st innings was signalized by a run of 15 on the part of Foster, and in six more innings that efficient player made "game," winning by the surprising majority of 116.

The result was unexpected. The majority of people thought of course, that Foster would win, but they never dreamt that his excess would be more than 50 points. Evidently he played well within himself throughout, and there is little doubt but he would have done much better had he been pressed by his opponent. Deery was very unlucky in his breaks. A good share of his ill-luck was beyond his control; the balance resulted from his own bad play.

Below we give the full score and summary:—

Shot.	Deery. Count.	Deery. Total.	Foster. Count.	Foster. Total.	Shot.	Deery. Count.	Deery. Total.	Foster. Count.	Foster. Total.
1	0	0	0	0	55	1	74	11	183
2	4	4	2	2	56	7	81	2	185
3	3	7	19	21	57	1	82	0	185
4	2	9	3	24	58	4	86	3	188
5	1	10	3	27	59	0	86	3	191
6	1	11	0	27	60	5	91	16	207
7	2	13	0	27	61	0	91	0	207
8	1	14	5	32	62	0	91	0	207
9	1	15	1	33	63	0	91	1	208
10	1	16	1	34	64	24	115	0	208
11	1	17	0	34	65	1	116	0	208
12	0	17	0	34	66	4	120	1	209
13	0	17	3	37	67	2	122	1	210
14	0	17	0	37	68	0	122	1	211
15	2	19	5	42	69	6	128	1	212
16	0	19	1	43	70	0	128	9	221
17	0	19	2	45	71	0	128	2	223
18	2	21	6	51	72	0	128	0	223
19	4	25	2	53	73	0	128	2	225
20	1	26	0	53	74	4	132	3	228
21	2	28	0	53	75	0	132	4	232
22	0	28	0	53	76	0	132	0	232
23	0	28	0	53	77	2	134	2	234
24	1	29	2	55	78	1	135	0	234
25	0	29	13	68	79	2	137	0	234
26	1	30	0	68	80	4	141	1	235
27	0	30	7	75	81	3	144	3	238
28	1	31	0	75	82	1	145	1	239
29	3	34	6	81	83	3	148	0	239
30	11	45	0	81	84	0	148	2	241
31	0	45	7	88	85	5	153	0	241
32	0	45	0	88	86	2	155	0	241
33	3	48	5	93	87	0	155	2	243
34	0	48	0	93	88	1	156	4	247
35	3	51	0	93	89	0	156	0	247
36	0	51	11	104	90	1	157	5	252
37	5	56	3	107	91	0	157	2	254
38	0	56	0	107	92	0	157	1	255
39	0	56	0	107	93	1	158	0	255
40	0	56	1	108	94	0	158	1	256
41	3	59	2	110	95	1	159	0	256
42	0	59	3	113	96	0	159	4	260
43	0	59	1	114	97	13	172	3	263
44	1	60	0	114	98	0	172	5	268
45	0	60	40	154	99	4	176	0	268
46	2	62	0	154	100	2	178	2	270
47	2	64	2	156	101	0	178	15	285
48	2	66	3	159	102	3	181	2	287
49	0	66	1	160	103	0	181	0	287
50	0	66	2	162	104	1	182	4	291
51	0	66	0	162	105	1	183	4	295
52	7	73	0	162	106	1	184	2	297
53	0	73	10	172	107	0	184	3	300
54	0	73	0	172					

SUMMARY.—IRVING HALL, NEW YORK, SEPT. 30.—Contest at the three ball game, 300 points up, with 2⅜ balls, on a second size Phelan & Collender carom table, for $250 a side, between John Deery and Melvin Foster, both of New York. Score—Foster, 300; Deery, 184. Innings—107 each. Averages—2 4-5 (2 86-107ths); Deery, 1⅔ (1 67-107ths). Best runs—Foster, 40; Deery, 24. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes. Referee—Dr. Blanco.

THE CHAMPION OF THE FAR WEST.

Michael Smith, of Nebraska, who won the champion cue at the tournament held at Cahill & Parker's rooms, Omaha, Neb., last month, arrived in the city a few days since, and on the 30th ult. called upon us, in company with Mr. Geary. The tournament was a great success, and the result occasioned no little astonishment, as none, or at least very few, of those present knew anything about Mr. Smith, and had no idea that he could manipulate the spheres so artistically, as was evidenced by the small figures he brought in the pool selling. Among the number who contested were Harry Wade, Truesdell, Joe Gastell, Bob Ferguson, J. Neally, Adam Kieser and J. Sloan. The deciding game was played between Smith and Kieser, 1,000 points up, the former making an average of 24. The highest runs made by Smith were 200 and 179 in a game of 500 points up with Truesdell, S. winning by 384 points; S.'s average, 38 6-13; T.'s, 8 12-13. Kieser, who took the second prize, an elegant gold watch and chain, made the best run during the game, 232, averaging 32. The cue was donated by the Brunswick Bros., billiard table manufacturers, of Chicago, and surpasses, it is thought, in beauty and value, that emblematic of the American championship. It is heavily mounted with gold, elegantly and appropriately engraved, and around the butt are set eight precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies and garnets. On the face of the butt appears the following inscription:—"Emblem of the Billiard Championship of the State of Nebraska and the Territories of Colorado, Wyoming and Dakotah." Spaces are also left for inscribing the names of the winners on the sides of the cue. The prize is only open to competition by players who have resided in the sections named one year prior to contesting, and can be played for every three months at the place where the champion may reside. Mr. Smith will leave for Chicago, after a few days sojourn in Gotham.

FOSTER CHALLENGED BY RUDOLPHE.—Since the Deery and Foster match, Mons. A. P. Rudolphe has delivered himself of the subjoined challenge:—

I challenge Melvin Foster to play me two games of billiards. First, the four-ball game, 1,000 points up, push shot and jawing barred. Second, the French game, 300 points up. Both games to be played with 2⅜ths balls, on a second-size table, either with or without pockets. The four-ball game we shall play on even terms. In the French game I propose to give Mr. Foster 10 per cent., or the odds of 30 points in 300. Each game to be for from $100 to $500 a side, at Mr. Foster's election. And as I am about to leave the city, I am compelled to stipulate that the contest shall take place not later than the 10th inst. A. P. RUDOLPHE.

The time set by Rudolphe we regard as a bar to any match. We learn, moreover, that Foster will not play the two games proposed, unless a third be added, viz, the regular American game, 1,500 points up. He also declines to accept the odds proffered in the French game, being more willing to give Rudolphe 30 points than to receive that number from him. If Rudolphe will play the three games (the "French" being his own, the "American" Foster's, and the push-barred game the vantage-ground of neither), we doubt not that a match can be made for $500 aside each game.

BILLIARD REOPENING.—The Kentucky Billiard Parlors, Louisville, were reopened on the evening of the 2d inst., when several interesting games between players of local repute took place. The first was a four-handed game, Alex. McCracken and George Griffey discounting Martin Bahnmueller and John Gregg, 500 points, carom. The game was won by the former, whose average was 44 7-18. The average of the latter was 19 7-17. The second was between McCracken and Griffey, 500 points (the former discounting the latter), which was won by Griffey, whose average was 31 1-16, while McCracken's average was 17 7-15. The third was between the same parties, 500 points, McCracken discounting Griffey. This game was won by McCracken, whose average was 21 9-23. Griffey's average was 16 1-23. Messrs. Stein & Bensinger have added new tables to their upper parlor, and furnished it with new balls, cushions, etc.

DAVIS vs. COLLINGSWORTH.—On the 24th ult., James H. Davis and Frank Collingsworth played in Washington, for the championship of the District of Columbia. It was one of the most interesting trials of skill ever witnessed in that city. The game was most closely contested throughout, and the friends of the players were alternately pleased and depressed as the game continued. It resulted in favor of Mr. Davis, by thirty-nine points. We append the score:—

Davis.—0, 2, 14, 0, 143, 6, 0, 60, 5, 13, 0, 2, 0, 0, 31, 0, 0, 21, 0, 38, 0, 4, 26, 3, 14, 4, 3, 23, 17, 6, 4, 15, 31, 7, 97, 10, 0, 0, 278, 5, 2, 13, 48, 0, 8, 51, 0, 31—1,000. Average, 21 nearly.

Collingsworth.—0, 11, 2, 5, 16, 9, 43, 9, 0, 20, 0, 5, 46, 8, 0, 7, 11, 27, 4, 162, 5, 26, 2, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 165, 16, 4, 9, 2, 7, 33, 29, 2, 15, 208, 0, 7, 2, 0, 0, 10, 59, 10—961. Average, 20⅛.

BENJAMIN AND BRAISTED MATCHED.—Peter D. Braisted, Jr., of this city, and Ralph Benjamin, of Stamford, Conn., have just put up a forfeit to play a match at French caroms for $100 a side. The game will be 100 points, and played at Braisted's billiard-room, Fourth Avenue, on the afternoon of the 14th inst.

FOSTER vs. DION OR McDEVITT.—A prominent billiard-room keeper of this city stands ready to match Melvin Foster against John McDevitt or Joseph Dion for $2,500 a side, at the same game as that in which McDevitt made his run of 1,458, to play in this city.

SHEEP SLAUGHTERING CHALLENGE.—The attention of the butchering fraternity is called to the following defi:—

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 29, 1868.

We, the undersigned, do hereby challenge any two men in the west to slaughter one hundred sheep the quickest and best, for the sum of one hundred dollars or upwards. The money to be had at Martin O'Neil's saloon, near Reid & Sherman's [illegible] house, or if necessary, to be sent to the editor of the CLIPPER.

WM. ORR,
PATRICK SULLIVAN.

AN ADVENTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY O. U. SCHAMP.

One afternoon, as I rode up
Through Broadway in a stage,
A pretty little female
My attention did engage;
So modest were her manners
And so sparkling were her eyes—
And then her foot a peeping out
Was very small in size.

She thanked me when I passed her fare
For her up through the hole;
The tones of her sweet voice they fell
Like music on my soul;
'Twas getting dark when she got out—
To shield her from all harm
I got out too, and begged of her
To please accept my arm.

She did—and on we walked—how sweet
That lovely night in June!
We chatted, and at last we reached
An underground saloon;
"I'm much obliged to you," quoth she,
And then she gave a wink—
"From eight to twelve you'll find me here—
Drop in and take a drink!"

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 25.—The Zephyrs at the Kings County.

It is not known at what precise period of time the good burghers of New York discovered the incipient village of Williamsburgh, now known as the Eastern District of Brooklyn, but certain it is that a little over a quarter of a century back that now populous locality was as difficult of access as the more distant regions of Jamaica, or of Babylon on the same island, are at the present moment. Then it was a good day's pilgrimage to reach that portion of Nassau and to return to our city—a journey generally accomplished by a foot travel on this side over the meadows to the foot of Tenth street, on the East river, where Sandy Gibson considerately furnished an ancient mariner who, in a trim built wherry, would ferry you across the intervening waters to the haven on the opposite shore. Once a week, on a stated day, however, there was a public conveyance in the shape of a ferry boat, old, dilapidated and worm eaten, whose propelling power was derived from the exertions of a couple of broken down hacks perpetually treading upon a moveable floor. It was in an argosy of this description that I recollect making my first journey to Kings County—a rather hazardous voyage, for, notwithstanding the advantages of wind and tide, carefully computed before the adventurous pilot would trust his bark upon the miniature sea, passengers were oftentimes carried among the marshes of Newtown Creek or brought up in distress along the rugged coast of the Wallabout. These variations in disembarkation were, however, regarded as matters of little annoyance, for, as the vessel carried at its prow a self-adjusting gang plank, voyagers could pass to *terra firma* at any point the weather-bound craft might touch, and thence gain the village through pedal exercise.

The prominent attractions of Williamsburgh in those days were a barnlike hotel, which had originally been a veritable shingle palace, of the antique order, and an old block fort, presumed to command the road leading to the interior, a relic of the defences upon which our patriotic forefathers relied to check the advance of an invading enemy. Under the protection of this primitive fortress lay sheltered a collection of antique farm houses, whose tenants now cultivated sundry square patches of soil, mostly devoted to the raising of cabbages and other kitchen stuff, quaint old fashioned buildings with sharp gabled roofs with broad porches in front, which in the summer months were overrun with morning glories and other flowering vines.

But as Williamsburgh became more easy of access and a casual steam ferry boat was induced to supersede the horse concern, along the water front arose numerous country residences, substantially erected and designed with taste, the property of wealthy New Yorkers, who had selected this suburban site as a tranquil retreat from the cares and heat of a city life.

Gradually these mansions became converted into hotels, as the village—composed of a straggling collection of yellow framed houses, erected along its main thoroughfare, sundry feet above the level of tide water—grew in notoriety and importance. I cannot exactly define them hotels, in the legitimate sense of the word, but places of suburban resort, casually patronized by boating parties and holiday excursionists preferring the secluded banks of the East River to the more generally visited shores of the Hudson, especially on the Hoboken side. In this way the residences of the Banckers, of the Duncans, and of others, who but slightly appreciated the value of their estates, passed to the accommodation of the public, while hundreds of city speculators, dealers in real estate, deluded by visions of a rapid fortune, bought up the cabbage plots and market gardens of the indigenous population to convert them into town lots and other sources of wealth.

Among the most ancient landmarks of Williamsburgh existing almost from memory of the oldest inhabitant of that ilk was the Kings County Hotel—an edifice which has since disappeared to make way for commercial improvements. It was a tall, narrow, four storied brick building, surrounded by wooden stables, originally designed for the accommodation of the country folks, who, coming from the interior of the island, left their vehicles in temporary charge of mine host while transacting business in the city. It was located at the foot of South Seventh street, overlooking the Peck Slip Ferry, in frowning grandeur, before the end the slip was filled in and covered with buildings, as is now the case. In the days I speak of it stood solitary and alone, a monument of enterprise far in advance of the times.

Mine host of the Kings County, who I believe erected the building, was a very popular and gentlemanly man named Neville who, being given to encouragement of field sports, naturally found favor in the sight of the Long Island gentry and farmers, all of whom, at that time, were more or less engaged in horse breeding or its collateral occupations. The popular race courses, and a majority of the training stables, lay upon the Island, and one of the nearest roads to the Union or Centreville tracks traversed Williamsburgh. Neville himself indulged in a personal taste for horseflesh, and, being the owner of a couple of fast nags, oftentimes made his appearance on the trotting turf, but rarely in the capacity of a winner. But as he was a light-hearted, good-tempered man, assiduous and attentive to his business, which augmented almost daily, he regarded his ill-luck in this one particular as the slightest of his calamities. To say that Neville was popular cannot express the relation he bore to the good folks of the burgh, for despite his youthful years, he had been a species of Nestor among the new comers, who, allured by the flaming reports of land speculators, commenced building homesteads and residences amid the cabbage grounds of the ancient proprietary, who, dozing in their old time snuggeries, began suddenly to realize the pecuniary advantages of an immigrant population. Notwithstanding that broad streets and paved roadways commenced overrunning their ancestral plots of lands, they hung on to their ancient possessions with such tenacity that the immediate descendants of these humble delvers of the earth discovered themselves in danger of becoming semi-millionaires.

The first public notoriety given to the Kings County among the sporting fraternity of New York was derived from the fact that it had been selected as the training quarters of a pugilist named Murphy, who had, upon recommendation of Yankee Sullivan, been backed in a match against Chris. Lilly, then an unknown aspirant for the ring, but who subsequently became the involuntary cause of the homicide of McCoy—an event which put the finishing stroke, for a time at least, to the pugilistic pretensions of ambitious boxers in the American Ring. At the time Murphy was announced to fight, the fistic mania ran high, and as the men were presumptively under the auspices of Sullivan, whose successful fights with Secor and Bell had rendered him an oracle in pugilistic matters, hundreds of anxious "sports" visited Neville's hotel to catch a glimpse of the doughty warrior, who there took his breathing spells. They came, they saw and they went away injudiciously to stake their money on Sullivan's bet, for, when the battle came off, after a long and tedious journey into Westchester, Murphy was completely used up by the young sailor within the lapse of an incredibly short space of time.

As the village extended in magnitude and vacant lots became covered with neat and commodious dwellings creeping towards the river bank, and Williamsburgh commenced assuming the appearance of civic dignity, Neville's house naturally became the recognized lounging place of the grave and reverend seigneurs of the burgh, as well as of the more juvenile scions of the cabbage sprung oligarchy; for no portion of the world, not even Venice, was more thoroughly beneath the thraldom of a chosen few than this metropolitan suburb. A few families—the Boerums, the Meseroles, the Lacatts, the Camerons and such aboriginal magnates to the manner born, blooming in full luxury of wealth and importance, very much like the heads of their ancestral cabbages—ruled the immigrant residents with a potency of sway neither town meetings nor charter elections could dissipate.

Towards the end of 1849, when the chill blasts of autumn evening, forewarning wintry storms, rendered passage in the steamers plying semi-occasionally from the region of the Kings County to the distant realm of Gotham a matter of inconvenience and of difficulty, if not of danger outright, the inhabitants of Williamsburgh were startled by vague rumors that beneath Neville's hospitable roof there congregated a mysterious association of wise men—wits and politicians—whose mysteries were more complicated than those of the Druids of old, or of the Masons of now-a-days. From the hour of promulgation of such rumors the Kings County became the Mecca of the curious, striving to unveil the secrets of the occult organization which announced itself to the public under the talismanic device of a bellows, emblazoned with the letters "G. N. W. Z. A.," which, being interpreted by some village Champollion, was discovered to signify Great North Western Zephyr Association, an enigmatical title still further perplexing the wiseacres of that ilk.

Williamsburgh, at that time, had been afflicted with a mania for presentations, or at least it was the custom for the names of individuals to be used to cover a number of self gifts which the eminent men of the burgh, particularly the local politicians, bestowed upon themselves, as lending a deal more interest upon the articles than if they had been unceremoniously purchased in a store and legitimately paid for. In fact the Williamsburghers invented the grandiloquent, although mute, fashion at present in vogue at our aristocratic penny weddings, where the guests are regaled with the sight of an immensity of diamond jewelry, silver ware, and such like valuables, fraudulently represented as bridal presents from the male and female relatives of the happy pair, but which in reality have been hired for a temporary display from some Broadway jewellers, who, five chances to one, go to the expense of employing a couple of detective officers to watch whether any of the invited guests on these aristocratic and festive occasions may not covet illegal ownership of these glittering testimonials of family esteem. With the burghers the idea was more genuine, as the recipient of the donation invariably paid for it out of his own pocket, and the titular donors had the benefit of a cold collation for the expression of their sympathy. In truth, as a majority of the community, reading accounts of the affair in the daily papers, were unaware of the true merits of the case, it was a sure but rather expensive method of manufacturing a popular reputation, particularly for political effect. For instance, in Williamsburgh, at that time, dwelt ambitious personages aspiring to offices of honor and profit, and what better means of adverising one's especial merits than this could be found? Andrew B. Hodges, for example, a comparatively obscure actuary in an insurance company, received the nomination for the lucrative office of sheriff. Lacking publicity, he conceived the brilliant idea of presenting himself with a set of silver, as a pre-election dodge. The design was a glorious one; for, as people give presents only to great men, it was argued that Andrew B. Hodges must be a great man by virtue of the presentation. So thought those who on the yesterday had never heard of the man; consequently, by this judicious outlay Andrew received the shrievalty and Mrs. Hodges gained a lot of silver ware.

The Great North Western Zephyr Association, as in duty bound, succumbed to the prevailing fashion and made their first public appearance in a presentation. One of their chief officers was an Inflator General, whose duties were of the arduous nature, being specially to see that none of the village magnates, corporate, political, or social, were to be found lacking the amount of wind necessary for their positions. Blowing being the main stay and salvation of worthies of that description, it was deemed derogatory to the reputation of the burgh to discover any of its dignitaries failing from lack of material, to compete with, if not excel, the great men of the neighborhood. To assist the Inflator General, suitable instruments were to be assigned for his service, as his task was beyond the mere physical capacity of an ordinary man. Did a Congressman of that district show symptoms of oratorical distress, did a trustee falter in sonorous ebulitions, did a politician exhibit signs of collapse, it was the bounden duty of the Inflator to rush to the rescue and fill him with rectified air, warranted of the purest quality and superexcellent for blowing purposes.

The fact of the occurrence of the presentation was duly announced to the astounded inhabitants of the village—for Williamsburgh, up to that date, had not attempted its frog-like catastrophe as to municipality—by proclamation made in due and ancient form by that eminent citizen, Mr. Ellison, dog killer and pound master, who, armed with a dinner bell and the standard of the association, proclaimed the glad tidings of the intended affair to the villagers as they poured at nightfall over the ferries.

At the sonorous tones of this crier's voice, crowds gathered, through the medium of whose information the intelligence spread far and wide to such a degree that when the appointed hour arrived the main saloon of the Kings County was unable to contain the rush of auditors congregated to witness this novel scene. With majestic decorum the presiding official arose, decorated with the insignia of his position, a bladder pendant from a laurel wreath encircling his capacious forehead, and spoke for half an hour or so, utterly amazing the audience, astonished to find an individual capable of delivering so long and impressive a discourse upon the subject of nothing. Then came the procession, bearing the presentation gift, headed by the marshals of the body, Gid. Austin and Capt. Gardner, in the costume of deputy sheriffs, the rear being brought up by the recipient, supported by two of the most aged villagers. The presentation document being read by the secretary in an audible voice, the Inflator General responded, and personally tested the virtues of the inflating machine. The effect of the instrument was wonderful; words at first oozed from the speaker's mouth in etherial whispers; then they gushed forth with the tones of an Æolian harp; then again they deepened to the voice of a summer breeze, until finally the orator terminated in a tornado of eloquence, followed by a universal storm of applause. Every auditor was delighted, for having understood nothing of the discourses, he was charmed with the exquisite grace and feeling with which a second edition of nothing had been reproduced.

The presentation of that bellows was the making of the Zephyrs and the salvation of the burgh, for it emphatically killed every attempt at presentation, either domestic or public. The first fruits of Zephyrism showed itself but a week subsequent to this popular burlesque, when a no less distinguished personage than the Hon. John Van Buren essayed to make a presentation speech to some leading member of the Fire Department. Prince John, in his happiest humor, was bedaubing the noble fireman with the usual amount of rhetorical flattery, when a squeaking voice, from an obscure portion of the assembly room, suggested "bellows!" The effect of the interruption was electrical, for the entire audience, calling to mind the ridiculousness of the Zephyr demonstration, involuntarily burst into roars of laughter. Without comprehending the application of the allusion, the honorable gentleman urbanely proceeded with his discourse, but had scarcely uttered another laudatory sentence before the same cry greeted his ear. "Blow that bellows," quoth John serenely, and descended from the rostrum, leaving his task unfinished.

The Zephyrs, after their inaugural success, grew to be a formidable club, comprising many of the most talented men of the burgh, who amused their leisure hours by indulgence in humorous communications to the local press, generally satires upon the doings of the governing bodies of the place, interspersed with serio-comic dissertations on political matters. The journal of their transactions, gravely written, was from time to time given to the public, unaware that these emanations were the creation of a purely ideal body. Finally, when its reputation was established, applications for membership came from numerous ambitious persons, deceived as to the misrepresentations current as to the objects, intentions and influence of this eccentric body, and many of the would be initiates were made victims of practical jokes to the immense amusement of those comprehending their foibles and weaknesses.

When George Hall, the patriarchal mayor of Brooklyn, whose administration of practice was based purely upon unwritten and domestic laws, revived the temperance crusade, some of the Zephyrs invited the cold water apostle to become patron of a model club, by them established, which they had designated the "George Hall Social Union." The invitation was, as they designed, cheerfully accepted, and his honor, accompanied by attendant luminaries, officially visited the rooms of the union, which were on the second floor of a building, entrance being only obtained through medium of a night key, the insignia of membership. The rooms were spacious and neatly furnished with round tables, each one garnished with pitchers, filled to the brim with ice water, and an ample supply of temperance tracts. His honor was received with enthusiasm by a full assembly, and in return complimented the union upon having discovered the true base of social happiness in congregating over cold water and teetotal tracts, relieved by religious discourses and popular hymns. It was, in his opinion, a glorious example for youth, and he was proud that his name had been attached to such an institution. When the mayor was on the eve of departing he was presented with the insignia of membership—a night key of formidable dimensions, and the good man went on his way rejoicing that the youth of Williamsburgh had seen a light in the midst of darkness. What would have been the patriarch's horror, had he returned an hour later, to find the ice pitchers supplanted by punch bowls, and his name an ægis for a bacchanalian temple.

The Zephrys, which was originally designed as a free and easy, to while away the tedious hours of winter evenings when access to metropolitan amusements was cut off by interrupted ferry navigation, existed as a permanent organization at the Kings County for several years, until finally the rapid growth of the burgh, converted first into a city, and then engulphed within the municipal government of Brooklyn, brought with it a change in the manners and customs of the residents, inconsistent with the habits of that portion of the population from whence were drawn the leading spirits of the Zephyr tribe. As the cabbage growers and market gardeners had melted away before the steady immigration of citizens from this district, in like manner did the intermediary inhabitants dissolve before the rapid inroad of traders and dealers, who had selected the realms of Zephyrdom as a permanent residence. In fine, the Great North Western Zephyr Association exploded with a sudden ebullition of despair, which culminated in a huge practical joke, as a sort of anti-mortem declaration of dissolution.

From time to time insidious rumors prevailed through the burgh that there was still in existence a venerable individual who had dwelt upon its soil long before streets and avenues were dreamed of or the invention of even horse boats imagined. To discover the whereabouts of this "old inhabitant," this venerable antediluvian, was a charge assumed by some patriotic citizens, who conceived it to be the duty of the municipality or of the towns folk at least, to fish him from his obscurity, and on some gala day to exhibit to him in an appropriate manner the manifold improvements the scene of his former residence had undergone beneath the sway of advancing civilization. Somewhere in the marshes and quagmires of the Jersies, it was alleged that the old inhabitant was unearthed, and the municipality failing to respond to public sentiment the Zephyrs resolved upon extending the hospitality of the city to the venerable stranger in the locality of his birth. The hour of his arrival was fixed upon, a procession was arranged, and the route of travel determined and published, so as to include the more prominent of the suburbs, whose inhabitants were earnestly invited to participate on this occasion in the festivities.

The eventful day arrived, bringing with it the old inhabitant, presumptively emerged from the Jersey wilderness, who was received by the Zephyrs with appropriate honors, and by the assembled citizens with the strongest demonstrations of fraternal delight. Windows along the thoroughfares were crowded with the fairest of the fair, who waved their kerchiefs as the procession wended its way through the principal streets, tarrying occasionally to allow the old inhabitant to slack his thirst with draughts of milk, a beverage his attendants rendered more palatable by an admixture of egg and Jamaica. The progress was a semi-regal triumph, for at many points the ancient inhabitant was received by hosts of maidens, clad in white, who showered flowers in the path of the venerable sexagenarian; at other, delegations of influential citizens welcomed him with cordial speeches, to which he was unfortunately unable to respond, through being, as his attendant guardians attested, stone deaf. Towards night the troupe of vehicles returned to the Kings County, whence the old inhabitant mysteriously disappeared, never to be again seen by the hospitable burghers.

The affair created an intense excitement, in print and out of it, when to the disgust of a humbugged community it was discovered that the old inhabitant was no other than an individual, daily to be seen at the ferry, in the humbler avocation of vending peanuts to transient passengers, but whom they had failed to recognize when costumed and tutored by his Zephyrian managers.

The King's County possessed a singular curiosity in its swinging sign-board, on which was painted the representation of a contested trot, which was pronounced by competent judges to have been the most spirited sporting sketch ever made in this country. As a matter of course, its execution was accidental, and few of thousands daily passing beneath it stopped to admire the beauties of a painting of whose history and merits they were not cognizant. Indeed instances are not rare where artists of talent have been forced to occupy their easels for seemingly insignificant purposes. Hogarth engraved business cards, and Samuel Morland, England's best animal painter, adorned the front of more than one village inn. In this case the painting was executed by Bob Clark, the well known artist of horseflesh, and nephew to the celebrated Lady Morgan. Bob was a careless, easy, reckless individual, who chanced to patronize the Kings County without means of liquidating his board bill. Neville, who knew his customer, and desirous of befriending him, simply retained him a prisoner on the premises until he executed a painting on the signboard. Bob, furnished with all the good things he desired, cheerfully complied, and the result was one of the finest of his horse sketches.

After the unfortunate decease of Mr. Neville, who committed suicide in a moment of pecuniary embarrassment, the Kings County lost its distinctive character, until finally it was demolished to make room for the commercial buildings now gracing that section of the eastern district. Like the Zephyrs, naught remains of the ancient landmark but a traditional memory of their mutual glory and greatness.

Bull Fighting in Spain.—Some interesting statistical details relative to the Tauromachian art have recently been going the rounds of the Spanish papers. It is asserted that the passion for bull fighting is by no means on the decline in Spain. The following figures will show that the art is flourishing, if not actually on the increase. In 1866 there were 101 bull rings; of these 36 belonged to the capital towns of provinces, and the remaining 65 to places of less importance. The chief towns unprovided with plazas are the Canaries, Corunna, Gerona, Huelva Leon, Lerida, Lugo, Malaga, Orense, Oviedo, Pontevedra, Tarragona, Viscaya and Zamora. The provinces which possess the greatest number of bull rings are those of Badajoz, which owns nine; Cadiz, which owns six; and Huelva, which has five. The finest bull ring in Spain is that of Valencia, which possesses 16,826 seats; next comes that of Barcelona, which has 11,972 seats; and then the chief bull ring of Madrid, which has 9,766 seats. Although this last ring is not the first in size in Spain, it is the first in importance, because therein the bull fights are more numerous and better than elsewhere in the country. Every Sunday afternoon in Madrid during the season the bull ring is, as a matter of course, as crowded as the Prado is at night. The total number of bull fights which took place in Spain in 1861 was 245, while in 1866 the number had increased to 330. But in addition to these first class *funciones* every town in the land has its "novillos," or fight with the young bulls at the end of harvest time, and in all the principal cities there exist clubs of amateur bull fighters. In Malaga, which is without a stone bull ring, the number of these societies is considerable, and there, as well as in Seville, amateur performances take place continually.

A Theatrical Grievance.—Writers upon theatrical matters are very fond of laughing at the way in which the performances at the music halls are interrupted by eating, drinking, and the touting of waiters; but the theatres have troubles connected with "refreshments," which are all the more intolerable because they yield no profit. These generally reach their greatest height in the autumn, when nuts are plentiful and cheap, and the occupants of the galleries are not to be weaned from an indulgence in their appetites by the intellectual attractions of the sensational drama. Heroes and heroines—"leading" ladies and gentlemen who play sentimental parts—have a particular horror of this season, for, in spite of the "notices" prominently posted in all theatres, the "cracking of nuts" will interfere with the effect of the most tender passages of dialogue and the most thrilling situations. Actors of a very sensitive disposition, whose command of money is great, and who are in the habit of looking after their own interests in the "front of the house," have been known to buy up all the nuts exposed for sale outside the theatre in which they were acting to save themselves from this annoyance. It is not only in the so-called minor or local theatres that nut-cracking is popular; the performances at some of the west-end houses are exposed to this running accompaniment of unauthorized music. The constable of the theatre is powerless to stop it, unless he is aided by a dramatist of all-powerful genius.—*London Express.*

A curious legal question is pending in San Francisco. In a barroom two men were engaged in "dickering" about the purchase and sale of a hen, which, at the time, was resting quietly in a corner of the room. At length a sale was effected, and immediately afterward it was discovered that the hen had just laid an egg. The purchaser claimed the egg as his; but the former owner of the fowl maintained that the egg, not being very warm when found, had been laid previous to the completion of the purchase. The purchaser, doubting the statement, is about to commence legal proceedings to recover the value of the egg!

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

A Story with a Moral.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

When the fares went down on the sound steamers that run on the routes between New York and Boston, I concluded to take a trip on to New York and enjoy myself by seeing the sights of that famous city for a few days.

By the way, I may as well introduce myself—my name is Hiram Smith—I am engaged in the grocery business in the bustling little city of Providence, Rhode Island. I am forty-five years of age; weight a hundred and sixty-five pounds, and calculate that I have about the average amount of sense and shrewdness. I have heard a great deal about the rogues of New York; now I visit that city at the least eight or ten times a year, and I never yet had my pocket picked or my watch stolen; therefore when I hear some one tell about somebody else getting robbed in New York, I always said that the victim was either a fool or else he was drunk; and also added the wish that some of these smart rascals would try some of their tricks upon me—for I had an inward conviction that I was too much for them.

So, one bright pleasant afternoon in the month of June, I took the train for Bristol, and took passage for New York in one of the steamers.

As I stepped on the plank I saw the good-natured face and English built form of the captain standing by the gangway.

"Hullo!" said he, "going to New York, Hiram?"

"Yes, Captain," replied I, "I thought I'd take a trip with you."

"That's right," he exclaimed, giving my hand a hearty shake, "we'll try and make you comfortable."

"Any news, Captain?"

"Nothing—particular," he answered, "except that we're bothered to death by a set of pickpockets that have fastened on our line. They've been robbing the passengers right and left. We've been doing all we could to stop it and catch the rascals; but, I tell you, they're smarter than lightning. The men ain't so bad as the women."

"Women!" I exclaimed; "female pickpockets?"

"Yes, and they're the hardest to deal with. But I've got a trap for them this time," and the worthy captain chuckled at the idea.

"Detectives, eh!" and I winked at the captain knowingly, just to let him see that though I did live in Providence, I was up to snuff and knew a thing or two.

"Perhaps!" said he, and he shook his head good naturedly, as much as to say, "I'm as dumb as a porpoise," and if he had said anything, of course he would have used some such nautical expression.

I secured my ticket, and strolled upon deck. I had come down by the 5.40 train, and the steamboat express from Boston had not yet arrived; so that there were but few passengers aboard.

As I walked through the upper cabin I noticed a lady, dressed in deep mourning, sitting in the forward part of it. Now, as a general thing, I don't take much notice of the women, being a confirmed old bachelor; but this woman attracted my attention. There was something so lady like about her. She was dressed so plainly and yet so neatly. She was, as I should judge, about the medium height; her face was rather long and quite pale, and she had the most innocent blue eyes I think I ever saw; they were quite a light blue and as pure looking as those of a child.

She was not a girl, but I should say on the shady side of thirty. You see I flatter myself that I'm a pretty good judge of human nature, and I set this lady down as being one of those mild tempered, contented women, that make such excellent wives. In fact, I took quite a fancy to her at the first glance, so I strolled past her two or three times, just to look at her; not, mind you, to stare her out of countenance, as some young puppies would have done, but just a shy sort of a glance, so that she shouldn't be alarmed by it.

I may as well confess it, I was impressed, decidedly, favorably impressed with this strange lady, and as she seemed all alone, I would have given a trifle, if there had been some mutual friend by to have introduced me, so that I could have acted as a protector during her journey; woman, you know, the weaker vessel, etc.; though my graceless nephew, Tom, whom I verily believe knows and practices more deviltry than any young man of his age, declares that so far from being weak, in his long experience of the female sex (he's just turned twenty-two), he has never found any weak ones yet, but that all he has run across have been devilish strong and cursed tough—his own words—he uses dreadful language sometimes.

But here now was a woman who put his theory to the blush; a woman mild and gentle, or I'm a Dutchman, which I am not.

As I have said, I was very careful not to let the lady see me stare at her, because I consider that to be rudeness, but once, I thought she looked as if she had noticed me; but a moment after her actions convinced me that it was not so, for she heaved a deep sigh. I saw at once that she did not think that there was anybody near, and let her handkerchief fall from her hand to the floor. I perceived that she did not see it fall; here then was a chance for an introduction, so I stepped forward gallantly, picked up the handkerchief and presented it to her with my very best bow, and I flatter myself that though I have sold teas, sugar, and the usual stock of a grocery store, and stood behind the counter nearly all my life, when the occasion comes for Hiram Smith to show that he understands the true politeness of a gentleman, he is not found wanting.

The lady received the handkerchief with a few grateful words. Charming, simple little thing, she seemed to imagine that I had rendered her a great service. Of course I refused all thanks, "was only too happy to oblige a lady," etc., which speech I flatter myself was neatly delivered.

Then the lady spoke of being lonely, no one on board the boat that she knew, and wondered how soon it would start. Of course I gave her the required information, and then she asked a few more questions as to what time the boat would get into New York, did I think "we would get there safe?" and half a dozen of the usual stupid questions that the weaker sex, even the most sensible of them, will sometimes ask. As I answered them, naturally I took a seat by her side, and of course the conversation continued.

I never in my life before was so interested in a woman. I mentally said to myself, "She's first chop!" an expression that I borrowed from my tea chests, and which I suppose means "first rate" "A No. 1," or something of the kind.

"You live in New York?" she said, after a while.

"Well, no; I don't exactly live there;" I replied, "but I'm there a great deal." It was evident that she had taken me to be a New Yorker, from my wide-awake look, and I felt rather flattered at the idea.

"A most superior woman!" I said to myself.

Then we conversed upon different subjects, and to show her that I was well posted—I believe that's the word Tom used when he wants to be smart—I spoke of picket-pockets that had been committing their devilish tricks upon the boats lately. She seemed quite alarmed; with a timidity that was quite natural and charming to behold, she laid her little white hand, that had such long taper fingers, upon my arm, and said:—

"Do you think they will be on the boat to-night?"

"Well I don't know," I answered, assuming an expression of profound sagacity, which, between you and me, gave a very dignified look to my face, "but if they are on board Capt. Brayton 's all ready for 'em!"

"Ready for them? how?" she asked with true feminine curiosity, and I fancied a little uneasiness; it was plain to be seen that she was a little afraid; of course that was natural.

"Well, I can't say." Of course I couldn't, for I didn't know, I was only guessing at the truth.

"Why how mysterious you are!" she said, with a charming little pout. "I suppose that there are detective officers on board?"

Now this struck me as being curious, that she, a woman, who of course knew nothing about such things, should guess the same reason that I had thought of; but there you see, that's "coincidence," a thing I've often heard of.

I shook my head, as much as to say "that's it."

"But how did you know? Now do tell me," and she looked up in my face with her innocent blue eyes. I confess that those eyes caused a sort of queer sensation about the region of where a man's heart is supposed to be located. I felt that I really was becoming deeply interested in this simple, girlish woman.

"The captain of the boat is an old friend of mine," said I, in explanation. Of course, I couldn't tell her that, in reality, I knew nothing about it and was only guessing.

Just then a tall, slim, young man, wearing a white hat all on one side of his head, just as my nephew, Tom does, and dressed in a light suit that must have cost a deal of money, came lounging by. The amount of jewelry he wore was perfectly awful. I thought to myself the thieves, if there should any come on board, would select him as a victim the first thing.

As he lounged lazily by us, staring at Mrs. De Lacy—that was the lady's name and she was a widow, as she had informed me—in a way that I didn't like at all, Mrs. De Lacy dropped her handkerchief, and with a sweet smile asked me if I wouldn't "pick it up, please." Of course I would, and I stooped for it; as I did so I heard a quick whisper that seemed right close to my ear, but though I heard every word, I couldn't make head or tail of it; the words were:—

"Ware hawk; cops on board!"

"I'm fly, cully!"

Now, when I regained my seat and gave Mrs. De Lacy her handkerchief, there wasn't any one near except Mrs. De Lacy and the puppy in the white hat. Of course the whispers did not come from them, because Mrs. DeLacy didn't know this fellow from Adam; besides, the whisper was not like her voice, which was low and musical, while the whisper was quite shrill, though the second whisper was in a man's voice. I've read somewhere that in certain cases a whisper may sometimes be heard better at a distance than near to. I suppose this was one of those cases—though what was meant by such heathen words was all Choctaw to me.

The Boston train had just come in, and we could hear the people pouring in below, and then they began to make their appearance up stairs.

I saw the young fellow with the white hat coming along towards us, and now walking quite rapidly. As he passed he had the impudence to toss a folded paper right into Mrs. De Lacy's lap. I rose and was going after him to ask him what he meant by such conduct, but Mrs. De Lacy begged I wouldn't; "he was probably a little excited." I suppose that was a delicate way of saying that he was drunk, and didn't know what he was doing. Of course I yielded to her wishes and resumed my seat.

The paper was all folded up when it fell into her lap, but in her agitation she had unfolded it, and it didn't seem to be near as large as it was before.

Just then Captain Brayton came by, accompanied by a rather smallish man dressed in dark clothes. They seemed to be looking for some one, and in a moment they accosted the young man with the white hat. Some few words, apparently not very pleasant ones, followed, when the smallish man held up something before the white hatted man's face that looked to me like a pair of handcuffs, and then all three went into one of the nearest staterooms. I thought to myself that smallish man is one of the detectives, and he's agoing to tell that young man to stop drinking, or else the pickpockets will get him—in fact, give him a talking to.

In about ten minutes all three came out again. I noticed that the detective looked quite "cut up," while the young man with the white hat seemed quite gay, and Captain Brayton looked puzzled.

As the captain and the detective passed Mrs. De Lacy and myself, the young man remained forward where he was; I noticed that the detective looked very strangely at Mrs. De Lacy; in fact, he stared at her quite hard; and he seemed quite pleased to see her. I thought to myself, even the police officer is impressed with her innocent face, and I thought what a relief it must be to a man like him that had to deal with so many hard-looking cases to refresh himself once in a while with a glance at a face so pure and free from guile as her's was.

Mrs. De Lacy did not notice him, or at least she did not seem to; and I was glad of it, because she would have thought him rude, whereas he was only, doubtless, looking at her just as he would at a picture.

The detective stopped the captain a little way down in the passage, and I could see that they were holding an earnest conversation together, and that every once in a while they looked at Mrs. De Lacy and myself.

"The detective's telling the captain what a sweet face she's got," I said to myself.

Just then the young man with a white hat began to act in a strange manner; I thought the liquor was getting into his head. He came up to a stateroom door nearly opposite to where Mrs. De Lacy and I sat; turned his back on us and began to talk "Dutch," or "Greek," or some things else—it was all the same to me—to some one inside the stateroom. Now I knew that there wasn't any one in there. He only said a few words, and then walked off without coming near where we sat, for which I was thankful. The words seemed to have some reference to the grocery business; he spoke about "sugar," so I remembered them. He said:—

"The cop is fly—stow the sugar!"

Mrs. De Lacy did not notice the man, for which I was glad, because his strange conduct might have alarmed her.

"Do you know the captain of the boat?" she said quite suddenly, just as the young man went away.

"Oh, yes! I've known him these fifteen years," I replied.

"He is an intimate friend," she said carelessly.

"Yes, quite intimate." I couldn't think what on earth she was driving at.

"By the way, Mr. Smith," she said suddenly, with a sweet smile, "I am dreadfully afraid of losing my pocket-book. Would you be so kind as to put it in one of your inside pockets for me? I know I can trust you!"

"Certainly," I replied; "I shall be delighted to oblige you."

She gave me the pocket-book, which by the bye seemed full of bills and more like a man's than a woman's, but then women have queer taste about some things, you know.

I placed the book in the inside pocket in the breast of my coat; hardly had I taken my hand down when the Captain and the Detective came up to us.

"Can I speak a few words with you, ma'am?" he said.

Mrs. De Lacy looked at him in such a way that I wouldn't have been in his shoes for anything, and then she said, "*sir!*" in a tone which ought to have frozen him on the spot, but it didn't; these detectives are terrible fellows to abash.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is John Peters; my business, Detective Officer. *I want you!*" and the manner in which he said these three simple words—well I'd rather had him kick me than speak so to me. "Don't make any trouble, or I'll put on the 'bracelets,' and parade you through the cabin." I thought to myself that he had a queer way of presenting jewelry to a lady, but these detectives are odd dogs. "It won't take ten minutes," he continued; "I think you've got the 'sugar,'" sugar again! "and I'm going to have the chambermaid 'go through you.'"

Mrs. De Lacy got up and went off with the Detective and the Captain without a word. I was never so bothered in all my life. I thought I understood my own language, but I swear the words I had heard to-night would provoke the devil himself.

What in the world did the Detective want to carry Mrs. De Lacy off for? If he had a pair of bracelets to give her, why didn't he present them at once?

In about fifteen minutes the Captain came back.

"Hiram," said he "don't you feel like a cigar?"

"Well, Captain," said I, "to tell the truth, I do."

"Come down stairs and get it."

So we went below. The captain took me into the private office, and on a high stool there sat Mr. Peters, the detective swinging his legs in a sort of an absent way, and whistling softly to himself, but horribly out of tune. His face was all puckered up, as though he had been trying to do a hard sum and missed it.

The captain handed me a cigar and then spoke to the detective. "What do you think of it?" he said.

"Well, captain, I'm floored. That white hatted fellow was the one that did the job; Hank, my partner, is certain of it, he followed him up at once, he didn't speak to any one up to the time we searched him; he passed by the woman, but didn't stop. I told Hank he might have thrown it in her lap as he passed, for both he and she are 'lightning,' but the chambermaid has searched her and found nothing. Now what the devil she's done with the 'sugar,' I don't know."

"Perhaps she didn't have it," said the captain.

"But he couldn't give it to any one else. By the way, sir," and the detective turned his searching eyes on me. "did you notice a man in a white hat speak to that lady or give her anything while you sat by her?"

"No, he didn't speak to her; but he came and talked some drunken gibberish to a door a little way off," I said.

"Clever dodge, by Jove;" and the detective rubbed his hands. What did he say? can you remember?"

"Yes," and I repeated the words.

"Did he toss anything in her lap?" asked the detective.

"No!" I answered; then I suddenly remembered, "Yes, he did; now I think of it, he threw a paper folded up into her lap."

"You see I was right, captain," said the detective in his quiet way; "but what the devil did she do with the stolen wallet? she didn't drop it by the chair, for I looked."

"You didn't mean to say," I gasped, "that that lady receives stolen wallets?"

"Yes," said the detective, "she's a dangerous woman, one of the best female pickpockets in New York."

And then the detective fixed his keen eyes upon me. I fancied he could see the stolen wallet, right through my coat, for I knew now that she had made a cats-paw of me; yet, in my heart, I couldn't have the cruelty to declare her guilty. I suppose I changed color. At any rate I did something to betray myself, for the keen detective came down upon me like a needle.

"Mr. Smith, you've got something more to tell us!"

I tried to stammer out something, but it was a failure. The detective got off his stool, came to me, opened my coat and put his hand right on the wallet and drew it out.

"You see," he said, with a quiet smile, addressing the Captain; "just as I thought. You said that there wasn't any use in searching this gentleman because he was a friend of yours, and you knew he was thoroughly honest. Captain, you ain't up to the dodges of these New York 'knucks;'" then he turned to me. "She got you to take care of this for her, didn't she? because she was afraid of losing it, eh?" All this, in his quiet, pleasant way.

I could only stare at him—this wonderful detective guessed everything.

"Well," said the officer, after a moment's thought, "I suppose the only thing now is to restore this to the owner. She's got herself and her pal out of the scrape nicely. I don't suppose that this gentleman would like to go before a court and give his evidence about this affair, and ten to one, too, they'd creep out of it, as we didn't catch 'em in the act."

I assured the officer that I would rather pay a thousand dollars than bear witness to being so easily humbugged.

"Well," said the Captain, half in excuse, "I knew Hiram was an honest man."

The detective turned away, but I heard him mutter something between his teeth about—"An honest man might, in some cases, be a d—n fool." I felt that he spoke the truth, therefore I said nothing.

Moral.—Beware of blue eyes and strange women!

A FISHING REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CARLOS.

The venerable editor of the New York *Tribune*, he whose first name is in the mouth of every itinerant minstrel, in short, Horace himself, advises everybody to "go fishing." Now, we have no grudge against Horace; we believe Horace to be an old gentleman of good intentions, but we have cursed—his advice. There is no harm, of course, in a strong *dam* in relation to fishing.

Horace *may* have had some little experience in the fishing line when he tendered that advice; but the writer of this *has* had, and with a sore heart (and not *heart* alone, as will soon appear). He says "don't go!"

It is not many years, perhaps not many weeks, since I, in company with my inseparable, whom I will style Bob (as that is not his name), arrived upon the banks of a delightful little sheet of water with the sweet sounding title of "Seven Mile Basin." It is not of the least importance to tell in what part of the globe this basin is situated.

For the benefit of those who may be ambitious of becoming Waltons, I may as well state that we went provided with twelve foot rods, "floats" and a box of worms for bait, which we had hired an early bird to dig for us. We arrived on the banks of the scene of our achievements to come about six o'clock one June morning, after a nice walk of four or five miles, and seated ourselves upon the sod brim full of the enthusiasm of verdant innocence.

Although I had never indulged in the sport before I felt intuitively that I was cut out for it, and determined to act like a long headed fellow of experience. So I didn't pop down at the first place I came to, but promenaded carefully along the shore, eyeing it with as profound a look as a young doctor does his first patient. At length I seated myself at a spot where the water looked "fishy;" at any rate it was just such a place as I would have selected had I been a fish. But perhaps I would have been but an odd fish after all; as things turned out it would have seemed so.

I took a seat, as I have said, upon the "mossy banks"—the moss being composed mainly of grass, with a sprinkling of sticks, a thorn or two, and a few sharp stones. Still I felt happy, and thankful to Horace for his sound advice. I lit a cigar, baited my hook, threw in, and, rod in hand, placidly eyed my "float," fully prepared to "jerk" as soon as I noticed any commotion about it. For that was the way to secure the finny victims, I had been told.

An hour passed by—an hour of anxiety. There hadn't been any "commotion" as yet, at least none visible to the naked vision. Several times the cork had moved, but my sagacious eye was quick to perceive that this was occasioned by the wind or water, or my own nervousness. In the meantime Bob had captured two or three prisoners, whose united lengths might have exceeded by a trifle six inches. And yet I had had never a nibble!

At last the thought struck me that some ancient sucker or other might have cozened me out of my bait.

So I drew up!

There was something on the end of the line that checked me. Aha! It was heavy—big! I kept cool; I felt that it would not do to get excited. With my intuitive shrewdness I was not simple enough to draw up my line perpendicularly, for then the whole weight of the monster would be upon it, and the cord might break. So I pulled in gently over the margin of the bank at an almost horizontal angle. It was *very* heavy.

I pulled gently at first, but gentleness would not answer; then a little harder, but the shark, or whatever it was, still hung coyly back. Then I laid on a little more muscular strain, and it came! I mean the line did; but the hook remained in the depths.

I knew the fish must have been a leviathan; but Bob was mean enough to suggest that it was of about the same diameter as the bottom of the basin!

I soon placed another hook upon the line, and again "threw in." But I could get no "bites," and began to get tired of such placid fun. So I stuck my pole in the clay bank, and stretched myself out on the greensward. The prospect was lovely, and all that. The water, the hills, the fragrant grass, the towering trees, and brousing cattle, formed a pretty landscape, of course. They always do; that's what they are for, I believe. Rural felicity, I said to myself between the whiffs of a rather rank Havana, is not so bad after all. I changed my mind when a burglarious bug insisted on forcing an entrance into my ear, dropped a (mill) dam, and arose to look after my tackle.

I was just in the nick of time. At last something had been hooked, for the float floated no longer, and the line was flying around wildly—a most ungeometrical line indeed. Notwithstanding a great natural agitation, I drew in with the same caution as before, only this time the resistance consisted of a series of jerks, which threatened once or twice to make me go to the fish, instead of *vice versa*. In the course of time (three minutes probably) I succeeded in landing upon the shore a most *outre* looking monster, which a little reflection and Bob's ever ready tongue showed to be a turtle—a real *turtle!*

I confess to a little excitement; I plead guilty to having talked somewhat rashly of soup and things, but I was finally persuaded to allow the animal to repose upon the sward, and to go on with my fishing.

I sat up now watching the cork, expecting to soon have a whole drove of turtles. But, alas! they came not, nor anything else in the fish line to my fish line. So time hung heavily, as the fishes would not "hang" in my neighborhood; and after a wearisome interval, I again sought my refreshing bed on the sward.

By this time the sun was well overhead and had begun to act like a warming-pan on the atmosphere. I have a great admiration for the sun, and a very high respect indeed for Sol. I like to see him making windows in distant houses flash like fire, which was what he was doing now. Then there is a dreamy pleasure in seeing distant shadowy herds moving snail-like over the far off meadows. In truth the pleasure was too dreamy. My eyes closed, and recollections of Bob and the turtle began to confuse in my mind. The last distinct remembrance I had was the turtle sitting with my pole in his flipper, pulling up Bob. I believe I was almost asleep.

Sleeping is not bad fun on a warm day, stretched out on the grass, with the shade of a friendly tree thrown over you. Hence I feel authorized to state that I could have enjoyed myself very well in this thoughtful way, had not a most unfeeling interruption occurred, ending at once this joy of my childhood.

"I never loved a dear gazelle,"

and never want to, and besides it wasn't a gazelle this time—would that it had been! But I digress.

Events to a person just aroused from slumbers are apt to be somewhat confused; but I shall endeavor to be clear. By the time that I became fully awakened I was so aware that somebody was executing a most determined and energetic hornpipe in my immediate neighborhood. This graceful dance was being accompanied by yells, howls, and as Bob expressed it, "regular *yowls!*"

I think that I might have recognized the performer of these antics to be myself, but for the natural exhilaration of the moment. When the thing did clearly strike me, I felt a stinging, sharp pain somewhere; was sure that it was neither from my hat nor boots, but that it arose from a happy medium between them. One feels backward about being more minute.

Had the satisfaction of learning from Bob a few minutes afterwards that it must have been a *snapping* turtle; also, that I needn't get a new pair of breeches; they could easily be mended, as a patch wouldn't show *there!*

It didn't rain that day; we had no slips, and we didn't fall in the water, neither Bob nor I. Still do I most emphatically adjure innocent young men not to be led astray by the insidious words of the philosopher of the bad hat. *Don't* go fishing! No, don't—unless you wish to sit on cushions for the next week!

THE BRIDE'S DREAM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

The young bride she is dreaming,
Ah! who that dream can tell?
It may be of some loved one
Ere falsehood broke the spell;
It may be of the bridegroom
Who watches by her side,
And deems she *must* be happy
Because she is his bride.
Oh! if that be her dreaming
May time ne'er break the spell;
But the tears flow in her slumber,
And who that dream can tell?

The young bride she is dreaming!
Of the future or the past?
But she'll wake, and smiles around her
Like a ray of sunshine cast;
Her pride will keep her silent,
She may speak of other themes,
But her lips will never whisper
What she wept for in her dreams.
Oh! if those dreams were happy
May time ne'er break the spell;
But the tears fell in her slumber,
And who that dream can tell?

MULLIGAN'S WAKE;

OR,

The Humors of the Races.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Many a day has gone by and the waters of Lethe roll over the spot immortalized—I was almost on the point of saying "hallowed"—by the incidents here narrated, but more than one reader will be able at the bare suggestion to form in his mind's eye a picture of a locality once famous in the sporting annals of "old Manhattan," although many of those who held its classic precincts in renown have gone the way of all flesh, and the walls of a growing city are beginning to flank it on either side. Not a very long time since I rode over the immemorial ground. The sight was provocative of anything but lively reflections, although a smile would steal to the lips as memory conjured up the numerous pranks and joyous sallies of which the Old Race Course had been the theatre. A number of tumble-down shanties have encroached upon the vacated enclosure—now an enclosure no longer—and the old buildings are tottering and leaning to one side, as if bending to the stroke of the executioner, typified by the contractor on his march of demolition. Yonder I could identify the very hillock under which rest the remains of "Scratchgravel," who, after winning many a race, was beaten on the last quarterstretch with death at last; and in what used to be the social hall of the adjoining public I have even found on the wall, where they were drawn in charcoal by the artistic hand of no less a master spirit than Frank Forrester himself, the profile of mine host, taken from him surreptitiously as he happily snoozed off the fumes at the head of the table at a meeting of the "Tansy Club" which there was wont to congregate.

That old tavern was a remarkable institution in its way—a relic of the days when rugged simplicity was in fashion there, and there were still such things as stages, and when men did not go altogether by steam, as they now do. Its frequenters were usually of the quiet, steady paced sort, who took life easily and enjoyed the moments as they passed. It was a model of comfort from top to bottom. The tap room in front, paved with tiles, was the usual resort of methodical droppers in; the Social Hall was just the cosiest place for select parties to dine in you ever saw; the rooms were few but commodious; prints of the chase, the trout brook and the turf relieved the monotony of the papered walls, and over all there brooded a sort of Sleepy Hollow quietude, suggestive of repose and easy consciences, except upon race days, when it was the centre of attraction to sportsmen and lovers of pleasure from far and near through all the country round. He who kept it was in all respects a model landlord, being so fat that, like Falstaff, he seemed to "lard the lean earth as he walked," and when he laughed—which was all the time—he shook all over like a jelly. "Old Pop Truslow," as he was styled by his familiars, had a most efficient ally and assistant in a merry, song singing Irishman, Dennis Mulligan by name; a sort of walking text book on matters relating to the horse, and a marvel of general information which rendered him a favorite with the guests. The Mulligan was usually to be found at his post in or about the stables, rubbing down horses, or training them to put them in order for use when not otherwise occupied. As he was fond of reminding his hearers, he was "wanse a gintleman," and the owner of a snug property, but his fondness for "the cratur" had overcome his prudence, and so considerably reduced him in the social scale that we found him at last not above accepting a shilling or two for watering gentlemen's horses.

On race days old Pop Truslow and Dennis, his adjutant, were in their glory, and if Sam Wright, cricketer, were consulted, many's the side-splitting yarn he could tell you of the doings and sayings of the roystering fellows who used at such times to make the halls of "mine inn" to resound with their mirth. How lively everything then was, with horses and wagons and all kinds of equipages coming and going, and waiters bustling about with their promiscuous orders, guests conversing merrily in the little parlors, champagne corks popping and animated discussions in progress at the bar. On one of these special occasions a great match had been made, in which our jovial Boniface himself took an interest, and Dennis was deputed to keep an eye upon "Scratchgravel" and his jockey as well. For some reason or other the steed upon whose performance so much had been predicated, and who had behaved remarkably well up to the time in question, on that morning took it into his head to be fractious; to use the phrase of his groom, he acted like as if the devil was in him, and at the very outset of the race signalized himself by throwing his jockey and nearly stamping the life out of him. The boy was borne from the field, and it was a moot question whether or not to withdraw "Scratchgravel," when Dennis—who was perfectly sober—stepped forward and volunteered to ride him.

Knowing that Dennis was not to be beaten as a rider, the owners consented for once to forego their scruples, and Dennis was speedily invested with jockey's colors and mounted on Scratchgravel—the sagacious animal evincing his gratification at the change (for Dennis was his trainer) by the most unmistakable signs. The spirit of the past came over Dennis and all the blood of the Mulligans was aroused in him. The horse had apparently forgotten his vicious tricks and started at the word in the most spirited manner, without a shy or a balk. In spite of what had transpired he was still the favorite and might have easily won, but just as they were rounding the track to return, amid the wildest hurrahs and excitement, Scratchgravel being ahead, the genius of ill-luck would have it that Dennis in his exhilaration must give vent to a Ballingarry yell, sufficient to be heard at the distance of a mile. Notwithstanding this style of language, Scratchgravel sprang upward, pawing at the air, as though the cry of a pack of wolves had broken upon his ear, wheeled half round and bounding over the rail, fell headlong to earth, sending Dennis, senseless and bleeding, half a dozen yards farther. Upon which a wag—one of those knowing ones who always attend the races—remarked that if Scrathgravel had not the qualifications of a first class racer, he was at any rate, just now, *hors(e) du combat.*

Anyhow, the poor brute was so badly injured that it was necessary to shoot him. They buried him on the inner side of the track, and Dennis was conducted home in a hurry by some of his friends, in a limping condition. It was insisted by the horse's backers that Dennis had lost the race purposely, though it is but fair to say that Old Pop Truslow entirely exhonorated him, and left the blame altogether with the beast. The public, however, was unable to stem the current of public indignation. From certain hints that were dropped it became evident that a mob was being organized to inflict summary punishment upon Dennis, who prudently disappeared to await a lull in the storm. In the midst of the excitement it was given out that Dennis was suddenly dead, from injuries received at the race, and also that, according to old Irish custom, a "wake" would be held over his corpse, the expense of which would be defrayed by Truslow himself, as a mark of respect to his deceased auxiliary.

All the friends and relatives of the unhappy man, to the forty-second cousin, were there to partake of the last ceremonies. All the regular frequenters of the hotel were there also. The corpse was laid out in a commodious coffin, in the great parlor, and everybody that came in stopped to take a last look at the face, remarking:—"Poor boy! and is it him lying there? and so natural as he looks, too!" and passing to the sideboard, took a liberal swig to the memory of the defunct. The candles at the head and feet glimmered and sputtered fitfully, and cast but a dismal glow, for they were the only light in the room. A reflecting stranger *might* have thought the mourning a little overstrained, but that need be nothing against its sincerity. An occasional howl was thrown in by the people sitting against the wall, to vary the effect. Meanwhile a continual stream was passing to and from the sideboard. The owners of poor Scratchgravel came in and took a look at the corpse.

"Poor devil!" said one of them, shaking his cane in Mulligan's face; "it was a miserable trick he served us, but death squares all accounts, and I forgive him."

"That's ginerous—take a dhrink!" said a voice that might have come from the coffin, but was probably that of one of the mourners.

"If he meets Scratchgravel on the other side of Jordan, there 'll be a fine settling of accounts," said another, "for Dennis was heavy on the muscle."

During all this while dancing was going on in the room adjoining, and was kept up with all the more energy from the fact that several young blades from the bar-room had dropped in on a lark and were slashing about with their arms around 'cushla-machrees and Nora Creinas at a rate to kill.

"Dennis ahone!" exclaimed a sorrowing relative, gazing sadly in the immovable face of the person whose obsequies they were celebrating. "Sure it is the longest spell ye ever had without drinkin' intirely. It's moighty dhry ye must be." And I heard a distinct "guggle, guggle," as the contents of a flask went down his own throat. I even fancied I could detect a wry (rye) twitch on Dennis' mouth, but I was too far off to see closely.

"If Dinnis was alive now to luk on, it's not very well pleased he'd be to see the way Mick Maloy is ranging around the room yonder wid his arms round Biddy Noonan's waist, that he used to be sweet on," said another sympathizing acquaintance.

The corpse did seem to be uneasy just then; but perhaps 'twas fancy only. The merriment increased with every moment; the affair receiving an infusion of very questionable solemnity from the proceedings of the members of the Tansy Club, on which Dennis had so often waited and of which his master was president. These individuals proceeded in a body to the coffin, where Old Pop Truslow delivered a glowing eulogy upon the deceased, in which all the virtues of all the saints in the calendar were distributed upon his shoulders. If he had been anything but a corpse, he must have blushed scarlet. The officers appointed to arrest Dennis as a swindler came, as was expected, but were satisfied that, as far as the Mulligan was concerned, their services would no longer be required.

"Well," said one; "he's really gone, and for my part I'm glad of it. He was a hard old boy and was always giving us trouble, in one way or another."

"He was the hardest case I ever handled, especially when he was in his cups," said the other.

"That's a lie!" exclaimed a muffled voice, from the direction of the coffin.

The policemen looked startled, but could not discover the owner of the voice.

Two new arrivals came in and were ushered up to the corpse. These were full of reminiscences that were anything but complimentary to the subject.

"Well, it's all over now, poor fellow, but I forgive him," said the last speaker. "If I had any fault to find with him, it is that he was in the habit of mixing too much water in his whiskey."

This was too much for even a dead man to smart under. Heedless of the consequences, Dennis, who had been shamming death to get out of harm's way, and was to have been spirited off by old Pop's connivance early next morning, suddenly bounced from his coffin and began laying about him indiscriminately with one of the candlesticks, whooping and yelling like mad. There was a general stampede for the next apartment, but Dennis was there in his winding sheet as soon as they. Dancers fell over each other, shouting and screaming in the most indiscriminate confusion in their haste to reach the door of egress. Some one had taken the precaution to pull the bolt, and a regular Kilkenny row was in progress when "old Pop" made his appearance, and, calling for "order," explained the trick. "But it's all past and gone," he added, turning to Dennis; "Mr. Morrison, who was the owner of Scratchgravel, died this evening, with the words of forgiveness on his lips, and the action is discontinued." It might be proper for me to say that it was *his* character which my poor Dennis heard his friends discussing, and which so suddenly provoked his anger. Having lived to hear his own funeral eulogy, I think it but right that Dennis should be permitted to get as much fun as he can out of his own wake."

The victim's clothes were speedily changed, and the walls and rafters of the old hostelry echoed that night to more genuine merriment than had ever been elicited within them during the memory of the oldest roadsters. Bob O'Gotham.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 2. The Penny Press.

It is now thirty-six years since *The Sun* raised its head above the newspaper horizon in an apparently hopeless endeavor to establish successfully the permanence of a penny press. Little did the original projectors of the, to us, insignificant sheet, which they sent forth, a sheet of four quarto pages, dream of the immense revolution it was destined to inaugurate in the world of journalism. Not that they were the original projectors of the theory of a cheap press, for such they were not, for others before them had not only advocated the possibility of making a penny paper self sustaining, but had actually tried the experiment, which unfortunately resulted in their failure, as have failed a bevy of others succeeding the first appearance of *The Sun.* But that from a most insignificant commencement a class of journals should have sprung up have, through their mutual rivalry, actually driven out of existence a race of before established newspapers possessing the confidence and patronage of the mercantile community, is a marvel that the advocates of a penny press neither comprehended nor anticipated. Nevertheless this fact is one accomplished, for the *Express* and *Commercial Advertiser* having adapted themselves, as well as they are able, to the emergencies of the case, the *Journal of Commerce* lingers the sole exponent of a class of journals which, proud in their own lordliness, derided the idea of having their prerogatives encroached upon by petty upstarts. And much as we lament the demise of ancient friends, we cannot mourn the loss of those who, possessing nothing in common with the great body of the people, adhered to the errors of their way, without progress in competition with journals who, created for the masses, have attained circulation, influence and wealth.

The *Sun* was sent forth upon its venturesome mission by Benjamin H. Day & Co. It was a quarto sheet, each page containing three columns, their contents a selected story, a few local items, a short editorial, some scraps of poetry, and a couple of advertisements. Assuredly this would be deemed at this day a contemptible penny's worth, but the paper was well calculated for family reading among the poorer classes, and as such it suited the chief aim of the proprietors for the first year or two. Once having a foothold among the working people, whose interest it has ever been the policy of the *Sun* to sustain, advertisements drawn from that source would naturally pour into the counting room, and Mr. Day was practical enough to be aware that in receipt of advertisements would consist the main sustenance of a cheap sheet.

Passing into the possession of Moses Y. Beach, the *Sun* received at his hand fresh embellishment; in fact, beneath his direction it assumed all the elements of a newspaper, while gradually augmenting in circulation. As the means of obtaining information increased, Mr. Beach strengthened his reportorial corps, enlarged his establishment, and entered into strong competition with the Wall street journals. Yielding the direction of the paper to his son, Mr. Beach, flushed with success, retired to his country residence in Connecticut, and spent the balance of his life in the quietude of an agricultural life.

Once during the existence of the *Sun* was its prosperity jeopardized through change in administration, and its popularity only restored by its return to the direction of Mr. Beach. Some members of an evangelical association, desirous of sandwiching scraps of religion between editorials and news items, conceived the idea of publishing a religious daily, and Mr. Beach was induced to part with control of the *Sun* in order that the experiment might be tried fairly and upon a large scale. The paper was transferred to the editorial management of a Mr. Church, under whose administration the circulation decreased so rapidly as to require its retransfer to its original proprietor in order to save it from total destruction.

The Sun, in its younger days, gained an immense notoriety through the publication of the Moon Hoax, the work of Richard Adams Locke, subsequently editor of the *New Era.* The ingenuity of this mammoth joke will exhibit the talent and acquirements of the author who so artfully contrived its details. It was at the time of the erection of Lord Rosse's gigantic telescope in Europe, and immense wonders were expected from its use in sweeping the sky. Taking advantage of this general curiosity, *The Sun* pretended to copy from a supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* a report of the discoveries made in the moon by means of the Rosse instrument by a party of astronomers headed by Herschell. It described minutely the instrument, the manner of its adjustment, and other details in so scientific a manner as to deceive the learned professors in this country, who might otherwise be sceptical as to the narrative. Then the report proceeded to describe the marvellous discoveries, that the moon was inhabited by a wonderful race of human beings, and as wonderful a species of animals, that the men in the moon inhabited singular temple-like dwellings, and so on with a long tale well worthy the author of Gulliver. Inasmuch as steamers did not traverse the Atlantic in those days, and a communication could not reach Edinburgh and return under two months, at the shortest, the learned world indulged in a deal of cogitation before the vexed question as to the possibility of such discoveries was finally determined, while the masses of the people gave full credence to the entire imposture.

Mr. Locke is the author of another hoax, quite as ingenious and much more plausible, which has deceived those learned men of the European capitals who have examined the so-called marvels—the Aztec Children, owing in reality their nationality to the fertility of Mr. Locke's imagination. They are simply idiotic children of the common Indians of Nicaragua, brought originally either for exhibition by a returned Californian, when, failing as a showman, he transferred them to another party, who employed Locke to write a pamplet giving a discription of his animated wares. The moon hoaxer was too fond of displaying his deceptive ability to allow a chance to escape him, so he composed an elaborate account of imaginary Aztec ruins in Mexico in which these children were discovered in a semi-miraculous manner.

Soon after Mr. Day lost possession of *The Sun*, which he charged to some deceit upon the part of Mr. Beach, his brother-in-law, he started a rival to it—the *Morning Dispatch*, to which he attached as a weekly appendage, a veritable blanket sheet, double the size of the largest weekly then printed, which he patriotically christened the *Brother Jonathan*, placing them beneath the editorial charge of H. Hastings Wild. This gentleman was in every way qualified for the task, and applied himself assiduously to the work, but Mr. Day, through putting too many irons in the fire, spoiled his entire labor. Among other things Day entered upon cheap publication of standard English novelists, in this wise incurring the enmity of the Harpers, who vended those same works at four times the price of Day's issue; hence, during the general war of newspaper men and publishers, the *Dispatch* succumbed, while the *Brother Jonathan* lingered under various hands until its publication ceased. It was revived years after to serve as an advertising sheet for Mr. Day's commission business. Mr. Wild retired from editorship, studied for the ministry, and was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. This gentleman subsequently became author of a life of Franklin, beautifully illustrated by Chapman.

Another dispute in *The Sun* office produced the *True Sun*, a paper established upon a principle of co-operation among some printers, formerly working upon *The Sun*, but who had left Mr. Beach's employment in accordance with certain regulations of the Typographical Union. The printers were excellent workmen, and carried with them the sympathy of the public for the success of their enterprise, the editorial charge of which they committed to Joseph Barbour, a prolific and able contributor to the weeklies, a gentleman in every way competent for the position allotted him. Unfortunately, dissensions broke out among the co-operators, which led to a transferal of the paper to the Democratic party, in whose charge it ultimately deceased.

Almost cotemporary with the *Dispatch* arose a clever, lively sheet, the *Penny Press*, edited by Thomas L. Nichols, who had been the editor of several newspapers, remarkable more for their humor than their decency. Being without capital, the enterprise was speedily abandoned by Nichols, who afterwards became connected with the *Herald*, the *Aurora* and the *Arena*, which last sheet he sent forth to the public with a rather egotistical declaration of its being designed to kill off the *Herald.* The *Arena* was, in fact, a very exact reproduction of the *Herald* in its flashiest features, but with so erratic a genius as its editor at its head the fallacy of his prediction was apparent. Nichols subsequently altered his style of writing, elevated himself to the study of medicine, became momentarily a shining light among free lovers, spiritualists and such like reformers, then experienced religion, and finally subsided within the bosom of the Catholic Church. As an offset to the *Morning Dispatch* and its hebdomidal appendage, Gen. Winchester gave to the universe the *Evening Signal*, and, as its weekly, the *New World*, a sheet quite rivaling Mr. Day's bantling in formidable dimensions. Both were entrusted to the literary tutilage of Mr. Park Benjamin, who had made no little noise in the sphere of letters as a poet, a critic, a lecturer and magazine writer. Under this gentleman's conduct the *New World* was expected to attain an immense circulation, quite equal to that of the *Flag of Our Union* and other Boston literary gazettes, which, at that time, completely glutted the market. None of these hopes were in the least realized, for Mr. Benjamin possessed a remarkable fancy for quarreling with everybody and everything, so the *Signal*, although ably edited, failed to prove self-sustaining, and was consequently a short lived affair. With the *New World*, wherein he confined himself to literary topics, Mr. Benjamin proved more successful, inasmuch as he had the wide field of British publications to draw upon. His publisher, however, being smitten with a passion for cheap publishing collapsed in consequence thereof, carrying with him the *New World* among other dead weights upon his shoulders.

An endeavor was made about this time, when the shower of penny papers was descending in torrents upon the heads of New Yorkers, to establish an evening journal devoted wholly to town talk and general gossip. The *Evening Tattler* was a neatly printed sheet of diminutive dimensions, designed to present the public with an ample supply of tea table chit chat done up in neatly turned paragraphs, to which pabulum was added dramatic criticisms, art notices and the gossip of the greenroom. Although the editor, Mr. Charles McLachlan, a well known theatrical critic, furnished all the specialties he promised, his little paper flourished but a brief period, and then disappeared beneath the waters of Lethe.

Mr. John M. Moore, about the same flood-time, ventured a penny sheet, devoted almost wholly to the recording of law reports and criminal trials. Mr. Moore had achieved an excellent reputation as a humorous writer through publication of his "Watch Returns," a series of imaginary trials of persons apprehended over night and brought before the magistrates in the morning. A continuation of similar articles, commingled with an honest record of crime, he conceived would give his *Morning Chronicle* a fair basis for success, especially as he was a terse and vigorous writer, amply able to supply other deficiencies required to make a paper popular with the masses. After issuing a sufficient number of the *Chronicle* to realize the fallacy of his idea, Mr. Moore sagely discontinued its publication.

But as one penny paper disappeard another speedily arose to take its place, for allured by the undisputed success of the *Herald* and *Sun*, each succeeding aspirant attributed the failure of his neighbor to the lack of some essential quality by him possessed. Stimulated by this phantasy Mr. Marshal J. Bacon, a lawyer of some repute, associated with himself James F. Otis to astound New York with the sight of *The Planet*, which after a determined resistance eventually passed beneath the clouds obscuring the destiny of its predecessors. Mr. Bacon returned to the practice of his profession as a lawyer, and obtained a position of honor and profit. Mr. Otis subsequently became one of the editors of the *Express*, and contributed, as a theatrical critic, to other journals, as in that department of the press he was held in high repute. Afterwards Mr. Otis was induced to leave the city to accept an editorial position on the *New Orleans Picayune*, a paper then edited entirely by gentlemen from New York.

Just before the collapse of the old Whig party, some friends of Harry Clay conceived the notion that it would prove an excellent enterprise to start a daily penny paper, in which covertly to advocate the principles of that great statesman. Politicians of means were hunted up sufficient to contribute to embark the enterprise, which commenced by creating an office large enough to compose a half a dozen forms of the kind proposed to be used. The paper was christened *The New Yorker*, and its editorship entrusted to Carlos D. Stuart, who had formerly been connected with the *Sun*, and whose abilities as a poet and essayist were well known to the literary world. Nevertheless the journal did not succeed in attracting popular attention sufficient to attain a circulation adequate to induce an amount of advertising to cover cost of its publication, and, consequently, as its projectors declined further contributions, the *New Yorker* descended with its predecessors to the tomb of the Capulets, a martyr to misplaced confidence.

A final and momentarily successful attempt to establish a penny journal to dispute the field with *The Sun*, which had by this time attained a conspicuous financial altitude, was made by the Brothers Williams, two practical printers of experience, heretofore connected with the press in the utilitarian departments. In commencing the *Morning Star* they called to their assistance the editorial services of the veteran Major Noah, the nestor of the fraternity, while relying upon the passion of the multitude for light literature as the more potent means for gaining a circulation. In this respect the Williams' were not mistaken, for the sensational stories, which appeared in their daily issue, proved a source of attraction, which counterbalanced in a great measure the dearth of intelligence, procured by their contemporaries at an expense which consumed the revenue of papers vended at the price of the white sheet upon which they are printed. Their venture attained a good circulation when, as the public became more and more greedy of news, and

the cost of its procurement augmented through the expense of expresses, of telegraphic dispatches and of special correspondence, the *Morning Star*, debarred the facilities of the Associated Press, an association of journals bearing in common the burden of expenses incurred in collecting information from every quarter of the Union, began gradually to lose its popularity until finally its carcase was transferred to Caspar C. Childs, who incorporated it with the *True National Democrat*, a paper supported by contributions from the Soft Shell Democracy.

Of all city editors none had ever enjoyed a more varied experience than had Major Noah, passing, as he did, through all the transitions of journalism, from the blanket sheeted period to the era of penny paper triumph, and being successively connected with representatives of each class. In the earlier portion of his public career, Major Noah had been a playwright, an author, and a politician, and in each department had been comparatively successful. His theatrical productions had been represented upon the boards of the Park Theatre; his political tracts received public favor, while his services to the Democratic party were rewarded by a consulate abroad. Subsequently, it must be admitted, he indulged in personal eccentricities, harmless if not somewhat ludicrous, but then a frank, honest, good natured man, every reflective being knew that whatever he said or did came through the conviction of a candid mind. For instance, after publication of a treatise attempting to demonstrate the American Indians to be the descendants of the lost Tribes of Israel, he, as an Israelite, issued a proclamation to his co-religionists to assemble upon Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, to take measures to secure promised recovery of their heritage. This was possibly the only public act of the worthy Major which subjected him to censure or sarcasm.

Major Noah was the editor of the *Courier* at the time of its amalgamation with the *Enquirer*, edited by Col. James Watson Webb, our present minister at the court of Brazil. Both papers had previously supported the Democratic party, and when, during the excitement consequent upon the veto of the charter of extension granted to the United States Bank at Philadelphia, Webb tempted, it is said, by a discount of fifty-two thousand dollars, proposed to somersault to the anti-Jackson party, Noah, true to his political proclivities, dissolved his connection with the concern, disposing of his share in the establishment at a financial sacrifice.

The major after dissolving his connection with the *Courier and Enquirer*, united his newspaper fortunes with those of Thomas Gill in the publication of the *Evening Star*, a political and commercial paper, which flourished with rapid and stable prosperity until the occurrence of the death of Mr. Gill, who had been the business man of the enterprise. After this untoward event the *Star* was merged into a journal of a similar character called *The Times*, which had been recently called into existence by a Mr. Eldridge, when the combined papers, published as *The Star and Times*, lingered until crushed out of existence by the Great Panic in the monetary world.

The rapid growth of the *Herald*, *Sun* and *Tribune*, their accumulation of wealth and their comparative monopoly of news, renders any future idea of a penny press utopian, unless like the *Times* and *World*, it is inaugurated with a capital which few would like to hazard upon the quicksands of journalism, especially at a price so far below that to which its competitors have by degrees ascended.

HOW EPH TOLLEY WAS HUNG.

Not many years ago the sheriff of River County, Mississippi, invited me to attend an execution. The "invite" was given verbally, as I give it here verbatim.

"Come over and see me strangulate that durned cuss, Eph Tolley, for arson and setting old man Odum's house afire—durn him!"

Accordingly, on the appointed day, "Uncle Bob," an eccentric old genius, and myself rode over to the place of execution.

The sheriff of River County was, to use the expressive phraseology of that section, "the durndest, ugliest, funniest little cuss in the county." He stood about five feet in his shoes, was quite as broad as he was long, and had a face that would frighten a catamount.

Bustling about, big with the importance of his position, he waddled up to Uncle Bob, and pompously offered his hand.

"Colonel, I'm durned glad you've cum. These cusses here ain't gin me no peace since sun up, axin me when I was gwine to begin. It's none of their durned bizness; I'd invited you to see the hangin', for I knew you'd like sport, and I wasn't gwine to begin till you arrive ef I had to put off the execution."

Mounting the steps of the court house, he then sung out in a tremendous voice:—

"O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! I'm now gwine to proceed to carry out the sentence of the law on Eph Tolley, which was to be hung for arson and settin' of a man's house afire! Whare's Bill Simmons, my depity?"

"He's over at Jim Beard's, playin' seven-up with Banty Corrigan, and a beatin' of him like sikes," answered a little pot-bellied, yellow-faced specimen of a dirt eater. "He wants me to take his place——"

"You take his place! You take," indignantly interrupted the sheriff; "durn you, you'd look a heap better a takin' Eph Tolley's place. Call Bill Simmons."

After some delay Bill Simmons appeared, and Mr Sheriff, taking a piece of clothes-line about four feet long out of his pocket, tossed it to him and said:—

"Mr. Depity, go fetch Tolley out here."

Up to this time I had been vainly looking to find some preparation for the fatal scene, but the only thing visible was an enclosure about forty foot square, five feet high, made of rails laid in the fashion of a "worm fence," and resembling a suspicious pig-pen more than anything else. In the centre of the enclosure stood a pole of black jack, forked at the top, and lying beside it was another pole, about twelve feet long, peeled of its bark.

"Mr. Sheriff," said I, "are not these proceedings rather irregular? The law says an execution must take place within an enclosure, and—"

"Well, ain't that an enclosure, sa-ay? The law don't say I am to build a stone wall, nor't I've got to chunk up the cracks, nuther!"

"Where is the gallows?" I ventured to ask.

"Squire," said the sheriff, with impressive dignity, "Squire, don't you fret your gizzard. I know my bizness, and you'll oblige me by tendin' to your'n. Hold your hosses and you'll see. I hain't been Sheriff of River County for twenty-two years for nothing."

Enter Bill Simmons with Tolley. He had tied the bit of the clothes-line round the culprit's neck, and was leading him along as you would a horse to water. Tolley was almost as short in stature as the Sheriff, very stoutly built, and had a sulky, don't-care-a-cuss sort of look on his stolid face. He was quite complacently chewing a bit of wheat straw. He nodded familiarly to all hands, spoke to two or three in the party, and asked me for a chew of tobacco, informing me at the same time that he was "dry as a meeting-house." I carry two kinds—one for myself, and the other for tobacco-beggars, but thinking it a shame to send a man into eternity with a wad of niggerhead in his mouth, I pulled out my choice honey-dew and handed it over. That was the last I saw of it. Tolley deposited an enormous quid in his cheek, and coolly handed the plug to the little pot-bellied dirt-eater, and it went from one to the other as long as it lasted. Lord! to think a man with one foot in the grave should be capable of an act of ingratitude and downright robbery.

The Sheriff now read a document to Tolley informing him that he was to be hung by the neck, &c., winding up with the addition:—

"And now, Tolley, you're a durned pretty looking skunk, ain't you? I'll teach you, durn you, to set a gentleman's house afire, and be guilty of arson. Come along here!" and he took the rope from the deputy's hand and led Tolley, who followed like a lamb to the slaughter, into the enclosure.

Old Bob whispered to me, "Frank, give the poor devil a drink." But the fate of my honey-dew steeled my heart against the appeal.

Arrived at the fatal pole, the Sheriff ordered the doomed man to "set down thar," which he did. The end of the rope was then tied around the peeled sapling on the ground.

"Now, Tolley, get up;" and Tolley, with apparently stolid indifference, slowly rose to his feet. The sheriff then put one end of the sapling into the fork of the upright, and pulling out his watch handed it to Bill Simmons, saying:—"Now, dep'ty, you time 'im, while I hold 'im up.

Judge of my horror when I saw this old devil thus coolly prepare to choke the wretch to death with no more compunction than if drowning a blind puppy. I begged Uncle Bob to interfere, but he declined doing so.

"All ready! Now, Bill Simmons, you time 'im edzackley; mind you, five minits; nary minit more nor less."

With this he mounted a low stump, and with a herculean effort raised the small end of the sapling at arm's length over his head. The tension of the rope just raised Tolley to his tiptoes, and didn't seem to inconvenience him much; but the Sheriff—you should have seen him. At the end of about the second minute he was absolutely purple in the face.

"Bill Simmons," he gasped, "how long's 'e bin hangin'—ain't time up?"

"Two minits."

"Durn it!" panted the Sheriff

I ventured to suggest to the Sheriff that he was proceeding in an unlawful manner.

"Who asked for your durned lip?" he retorted. "I know what the law says. It says after a gentleman's been hanging a certain time—and I think five minutes is the time—he's got a right to live if he kin stan' it, and I think he orter."

Tolley was dancing on his toes, and his face was fast becoming as purple as that of the Sheriff.

"Time's up!" shouted the deputy, and the Sheriff flung the pole away from him with a vim that jerked the pendant Tolley sprawling upon the ground. He picked himself up, and the sheriff untied the clothes line from his neck; then cramming Tolley's hat over his eyes, he thus addressed him:—

"Now, Eph Tolley, you've escaped hanging by a kibble of the law; but if you know what's good for you, you'll leave this county mighty suddint!" Saying which, he applied to Tolley, *a la posteriori*, a tremendous thwack of his No. 10 pegged boot, ejaculating with each kick, "Durn you, scoot, scoot! I'll teach you to commit arson and set a man's house afire! And ef I ketch you in these diggins agin, I'll shoot you, you cussed scalliwag!" With one final kick and "scoot," he turned Tolley loose, and invited the whole party to "licker."

We did so, and I instantly recognized the bottle. Old Bob, regardless of the ties of consanguinity, had stolen it from my saddle-bags and presented it to the Sheriff as a reward for his humanity and faithful discharge of duty.

How a Woman Frightened a Tiger.—It was proverbial among the ancients that "as the peacock is the most beautiful among birds, so is the tiger among quadrupeds." Nothing can be more beautiful than this animal. The glossy smoothness of his hair, the extreme blackness of the streaks with which he is marked and the bright color of the ground which they diversify, cannot fail to excite the admiration of every beholder; while his slender, delicate and truly elegant form bespeak extreme swiftness and agility. Unhappily, however, this animal's disposition is as mischievous as its form is admirable, for it is fierce without provocation and cruel without necessity. In attacking a flock or herd it gives no quarter, but levels all indiscriminately, and scarcely finds time to appease its appetite, while intent upon satisfying the malignity of his nature. The beasts, both wild and tame, become victims of his insatiable fury, and it not unfrequently ventures even to attack the lion, the "king of the forest." The tiger's method of taking his prey is, in general, by concealing himself, and springing suddenly on his victim, with a voice or roar horrible beyond description. Mr. Pennant relates "that a company seated under some shady trees near the banks of a river in Bengal were alarmed by the unexpected sight of a tiger preparing for its fatal spring, when a lady, with great presence of mind, quickly unfurled an umbrella in the animal's face, which, being confounded by so extraordinary and sudden an appearance, instantly retired, and thus gave the party an opportunity of escaping."

The Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountain ranges have been crossed by the locomotive this summer. Five years of patient drilling and blasting and thirty odd millions of money have been required to cross the Sierra Nevadas; but on the 20th of June last the miners of the far-famed Washoe Region were for the first time placed within twenty-four hours' ride of San Francisco. Once emerged from the granite mountain excavations, the Central Pacific Company, who have in charge that end of the railroad line, have made remarkable headway along the Truckee and Humboldt Valleys, the two streams traversing the Salt Lake Basin in a general east and west direction. The track is already laid 200 miles east of the mountains, and it is still extending at the rate of sixty to seventy-five miles a month. Twelve thousand men are employed at the work, getting out the needful crossties and bridge timbers, grading, track laying and hauling the substance forward. The prospect seems fair that we shall have the continuous rail laid between the two oceans before the close of next year, and possibly within twelve months hence.

☞ Welling's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, constipation, with flatulency, headache, languor and all weaknesses of the digestive organs; pleasant to the taste and convenient to carry. Sold by the druggists. 25-1t

A Great Patron of the Turf.—Old Scratch.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

When do ladies carry fire? When they have taper fingers.

When is coffee real estate? When it's ground.

What is the next thing to hen stealing? Why, cock robin, of course.

Why should a chimney sweeper be a good whist player? Because he's always following soot.

"Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I dunno, but I guess they dried themselves."

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its root upwards? An icicle.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and jailor? The one sells watches and the other watches cells.

BREVITIES.

Changeable Garments—Turn coats.

Spirits Over Proof—Printers' devils.

Gold Beaters—The Wall street bears.

The Field for Flirtation—Fair grounds.

A Fee Common to Everybody—Cof-fee.

A Man in the Write Place—An editor

Board Wages—Directors' fees.

The King of Fun—Jo-king

Hugly Customers—Bears.

Good Hay Weather—When it rains pitchforks.

Beastly Weather—When it rains cats and dogs.

Transported for Life—The man who marries happily.

Can the secrets of nature be learned from babbling brooks?

Seaside Sentiment—The Atlantic ocean; long may it wave!

Can an elegant rogue ever be called a graceless scamp?

Battles painted by artists are invariably drawn battles.

Take care of your plow and your plow will take care of you.

Extraordinary Feat of Nature—Jumping from winter to summer without a *spring*.

Two Sides—The difference between a young lady and a night-cap—One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed.

Cure for Dyspepsia.—Give a hungry dog a piece of meat and chase him till he drops it.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said, when he held out his arm for the baby.

Piety, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick up a great many stones.

Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath most need of it.

The shortness of life is very often owing to the irregularity of the liver.

It has been ascertained that some ladies use paint as fiddlers use rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

It is not pleasant when you call upon an acquaintance and expect a good dinner, to be offered nothing but cold shoulder.

In our battle with temptation let us especially beware of the first assaults.

Philosophers tell us that Nature never errs. They certainly cannot mean human nature.

If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.

Emerson says that the weight of a sentence depends on whether there is a man back of it.

Kissing.—We have heard but of one old woman that kissed her cow, but there are thousands of young ones that kiss great calves.

It is said that the Englishmen in Canada patriotically avoid placing green spectacles on their noses, lest it be construed into hoisting "the green above the red."

It seems no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the old fellow sooner or later pulls all their hair out.

It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. The lawyers must be excepted—they sell theirs.

What we lack in natural abilities may usually be made up in industry. A dwarf will keep pace with a giant if he will but move his legs fast enough.

Youth and Age.—As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.—*Cicero.*

Liberty is not a proclamation which may be read at the corners of the streets. It is a living power which men feel in and around themselves—the protecting genius of the domestic hearth—the guarantee of social rights, among which it is itself the principal.—*Lamennais.*

MERRY MOMENTS.

Not in a Favorable Posish.—A western editor, when in durance for libeling a justice of the peace, was requested by the jailor to give the prison a favorable notice.

Got Mixed.—A person named Porter, being very drunk, a friend asked him what he had been about. "Only turning a little gin into Porter," replied he.

Cannibals.—"Pa, are cannibals those that live on other folks?" "Yes, my dear." "Then, pa, uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always living on somebody."

Falling Out.—Dr. Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said:—"If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

A Good Reason Why.—"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh, yah," replied Hans, "the reason of dat is because my mother was a voomans."

Young Adders.—A Boston teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

A crusty old bachelor, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball, to which the young lady was invited. She stayed home in consequence.

Adding Insult to Injury.—The Des Moines *Register* says the grasshoppers recently ate up half an acre of tobacco for a man, near that place, and when the owner went out to look at it they sat on the fence and squirted tobacco juice in his face.

Didn't Care Which.—"Sister," said one of the brethren at a love feast, "are you happy?" "Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom." "Not in Beelzebub's bosom?" "Well, in some of the patriarch's, I don't care which."

Cool.—"Bridget, I told you to let me have my hot water the first thing in the morning." "Sure," replied Bridget, "and didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night so as to be in time, sir?"

Conjugal Solicitude in a Car.—"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "are you comfortable in the corner there?" "Oh, yes, snug." "Don't you feel cold?" "Not in the least." "Does your window shut close?" "Yes, very, thank you." "Well, come, let us swap seats."

A Settlement.—"When are you going to settle this bill?" "We've had a settlement already." "When?" "The last time you called." "How so?" "Didn't I then tell you that I *meant* to settle the bill?" "Yes." "Very well, then, wasn't that a *settle meant?*"

To be Known by their Horns.—"How am I to know who are the members of the society?" asked a young man of a friend who had invited him to attend a festival of the Order of Elks at a lager beer garden. "Oh," replied the Elk, "you can tell us by the size of our *horns!*"

Signs of Guilt.—In a recent case of assault the defendant plead guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and me were the only ones in the room, and the first thing I knew I was standing up and he was doubled over the stove. You'd better call it guilty."

"Who is he?" said a passer by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman, "he can give no account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

Patriotic.—In Alabama a little boy eight years old was seized by a large eagle, which attempted to carry him off, but was frightened away by the child's father. "Was that the *American* eagle, Pa?" asked the child. "Yes," said the father. "Then I go in for him, if he did try to carry me off!" exclaimed Young America.

A Thoughtful Husband.—A sailor's wife at Portpatrick had just received intelligence that her husband had perished at sea. She was visited by a neighbor, who sympathized with her on her loss and expressed a fear that she would be poorly off. "Deed will I," said the widow; "but he did all he could for me—he's saved me the expense of his buryin'."

A Springy Chicken.—"Walter, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, sir, nice spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?" Customer realises the sad fact; and after a half hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash

Henry the Eighth appointed Sir Thomas Moore to carry an angry message to Francis the First, of France. Sir Thomas told him "He feared if he carried so violent a message to so violent a King as Francis it might cost him his head." "Never fear," said the King, "if Francis should cut off your head, I will make every Frenchman in London a head shorter." "I am obliged to your majesty," replied Sir Thomas, "but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders."

Skewering the Stars.—A gentleman of the Temple received his laundress' bill made out in the style of spelling and handwriting peculiar to that class; but there was one item of 1s. 6d. which defied even his practiced comprehension. It was for "skewering the stars." After wondering for some time how such a work could ever have been performed, and still more why it should have been executed, particularly at his expense, the debtor sent for Mrs. Pearlash, when the reading turned out to be for "scouring the stairs."

Calm Philosophy.—One of the most calmly philosophical speeches I ever heard I heard the other day from the mouth of an urchin. The scene was a play field attached to a most respectable academical establishment. Boys were busy cricketing, and engaged in other sports. Espying one solitary little fellow stretched out on the grass in listless abandonment of all control over his limbs:—"Find the weather too warm for exertion?" I remarked. "No," he said; "but when I bore myself doing nothing, playtime seems so much longer." I have not yet recovered from the stupendous depth of this answer.

A Definition.—Pat's idea of sympathy was a good one. He had long been trying to get Bridget to give him a parting kiss. Finally, as a last resort, he turned away, saying, "Good by, Biddy. Sure you haven't any sympathy for me at all, at all." "Sympathy, is it? And what d'ye mane by that, Patrick?" "Come here, Biddy, and I'll be after telling ye. When I love ye so that I'd like to bite a piece right out of your swate cheek, and ye feels as if ye'd like to have me do so—that's sympathy, be jabers!" "Ah, Patrick! you know my wakeness! Take a piece; but be sure and leave it, so that ye can take it again when ye come!"

Lovely Blonde Hair.—A young artist at the Tenth street Studio Building, became very much enamored with a beautiful lady who sat at a window on the opposite side of the street. He sent most thrilling eye glances up to her window whenever he passed in or out of his studio. At length, one day he saw her on the street, and running in breathless haste he reached her all panting, and gasped out, "Oh, miss, your lovely blonde hair. I am dying to paint it." The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out with her hair at arm's length, exclaimed:—"Take it! there it is! send it back when you are through with it, and stop staring at my window; my husband is dreadfully jealous, and will thrash you for your impudence." The poor artist took the "lovely blonde hair," braids, curls, and all, to his studio, and next day sent them to their owner. He has not been on a chase for "blonde hair" since.

BASE BALL.

ATLANTIC vs. UNION OF LANSINGBURGH.

A CLOSE AND EXCITING GAME—THE HAYMAKERS DEFEATED.

On the 29th ult. the Atlantics visited Troy, for the second time this season. The occasion of this second trip of the Brooklyn club was the return game of their match with the famous Union "Haymakers," of Lansingburgh, at the Rensselaer Driving Park, Troy, where that club play all their home matches. On their first trip to Troy, last July, the Atlantics were represented by their best players, including their captain, Charley Smith. They were in the best possible condition for play, and were prepared to astonish the "Haymakers" by their batting. And they did astonish them, too, as they walked away from them from the word go, scoring ten runs in the first three innings, while the "Haymakers" only obtained one, and that they made on a scratch. Unfortunately for the Atlantics, however, a heavy rainstorm burst over the field while the fourth innings was in progress, and when they had made five runs without the loss of a hand and had two men on bases. On the present occasion Charley Smith was not with the nine, and the Atlantics played an inferior game. The "Haymakers," on the contrary, had out their best nine, though they did not play as good a game as they generally do on their own ground. Charley Bearman, formerly of the Mutual Club, pitched all through the game, and bothered the Atlantics not a little. As an evidence of how they did not bat him, it is only necessary to say that very few balls were hit to the outfield. Of the twenty-seven hands lost, twenty-three were out on bases—nineteen on first, three on second and one on third. The "Haymakers" were equally unable to hit Zettlein to any extent, though in the first five innings their batting was decidedly superior to that of their opponents The attendance was very large, everything considered; in fact, it always is when a game is announced between the "Haymakers" and any other first class club. The ladies, who are admitted free, generally turn out in large numbers, and as Troy is a great manufacturing city, and abounds in collar manufactories and woollen mills, there is no lack of pretty girls at the ball games. On the occasion of the first match it was estimated that 10,000 persons were within the enclosure. As the season advances, however, the attendance is not so large, and on the day in question not more than half that number were present. The ladies, as usual, were out in full force, and among the representatives of the fair sex present we noticed the wife of the Hon. John Morrissey, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Levi Smith, of Troy. Mrs. M. and her mother were seated in an open barouche, and the former attracted much attention by her *distingue* appearance. Ex-Mayor Flagg was also present, speeding a pair of quick stepping trotters round the track.

At 2.20 o'clock, Mr. John Wildey—President of the Mutual Club—having consented to act as umpire, the game commenced. The Atlantics won the toss, and took the field. Craver, the first batter for the Unions, was flied by McDonald; Ward made his base on a scratch, the ball being badly thrown by Kenny and carelessly handled by Start; Bonker hit sharply past second base, and Ward, having worked round to third, came home; McAtee sent a liner to Zettlein, which was too hot for George to hold, but he managed to get it to first in time, and McAtee took a back seat; Flynn gave Start a chance to get him out at first, and Joe accepted it, and the innings closed for the one run made by Ward. Pearce, who led off for the Atlantics, had a life given him by Ward, who threw the ball wildly to first; Kenny struck to Penfield and went out at first, Pearce having in the meantime taken second base on a passed ball; Start sent a high one to S. King, but Steve dropped it; Chapman sent him to second on an easy grounder to McAtee, and the batter was fielded out; Crane was third out, with Start left, as he gave a chance to Bonker, who threw him out at first—one run. In the second innings M. King, after being missed by Mills on a foul fly, hit safely to the outer field, on which he made second; Bearman, after being missed by Mills on a foul bound, took his first on a muff by Kenny; he was forced out at second, however, on S. King's hit to Pearce, Kenny not being quick enough for the double play; King went to second on a passed ball and came in on Penfield's slashing hit between second and third, who went to second; Craver brought him home by a similar stroke, but was left at third, as Ward fouled out to Mills, and Bonker flew out to Kenny—three runs. A single was all the Atlantics could muster, Ferguson being the lucky individual. Mills struck out, Bearman and McAtee attended to Zettlein; and McDonald was assisted to a back seat by Ward and McAtee. The "Haymakers" were also restricted to a single in the third innings, M. King scoring on a passed ball after two hands were out. McAtee fouled to Mills, Flynn flew to Start, and Bearman was halted at first by Pearce's throw. The Atlantics took the lead in this innings, scoring four runs, mostly on good hits. Pearce was muffed by McAtee, and came home on an overpitch by Bearman; Kenny, Chapman and Crane followed on good hits, all scoring. Start and Zettlein were fielded out by Bonker and McAtee; Ferguson by Penfield and Mac, Mills being left. Score 6 to 5, with the Atlantics ahead. In the fourth innings S. King, Penfield and Craver made their runs on safe hits; Ward and Bonker were cared for by Kenny, Pearce and Start; McAtee made his base on a wild throw of Ferguson's, and, working round to third, came home on Flynn's stroke to left field; M. King was third out by Ferguson's throw to Start, Flynn being left; the sharp fielding kept the Atlantics from making more than one run on their turn at the bat. McDonald, after getting his base on called balls, came home on Kenny's safe hit to left field, on which he made his second; but in trying to get to third, he was neatly put out by Penfield, the ball being nicely thrown by S. King; Pearce had previously gone out on a fly to Ward, who backed well out for it, and Chapman closed the innings by hitting to Bearman, who threw the ball to first Score 11 to 9, and the "Haymakers" again in the van. The fifth innings opened with Bearman at the bat, but Charley again hitting an easy one through the infield, Kenny threw him out at first; S. King and Penfield, as in the second and fourth innings, made their bases on clean hits and scored; Craver went out at first, and Ward, hitting a short fly, was captured by "The Charmer." The Atlantics, for the fourth time, were restricted to a single, Mills getting his base on a wild throw of Penfield's. Crane, first to the bat, was halted at first by Ward; Ferguson made his base on a safe hit, and on trying to get home on Zettlein's long stroke to centre field, was neatly put out at the home base by M. King's fine throw to Craver; McDonald sent "The Charmer" round to third, and took second on a slashing stroke to the outer field, but they were both left, as Bearman threw Pearce out at first. Score, 11 to 8, with the "Haymakers" still ahead. Bonker opened the ball on the sixth innings by a sharp hit between first and second; he was forced out at second by McAtee; Flynn was flied by McDonald; M. King hit to Kenny at third, who had changed off with Ferguson; McAtee, who was on second, in his anxiety to make his third, got too far off, and Kenny, thinking it was easier to put him out than the striker, threw to Ferguson, and McAtee was prettily caught, thus ending the innings rather unexpectedly, with no runs—the first whitewash. The Atlantics went into the finish of the sixth innings with a determination to take the lead if possible. Two runs were all they could make, however, although they batted well. Kenny made his base on a wild throw of Penfield's, and eventually scored, as also did Start; Chapman, after getting to his base on a safe hit, went out on Crane's stroke to Ward, who touched him, but owing to Jack's cunning play was unable to put both out; Mills sent Crane to third on a slashing hit, but was put out in the same way that Chapman was on Ferguson's hit, the double play being again prevented by Mills' foxiness; Zettlein finished the innings and left Crane and Ferguson on bases by hitting lightly to Bearman, who threw to McAtee—making the fourth victim to Charley and McAtee. Score, 11 to 10, with the Haymakers still ahead. In the seventh innings, however, the Atlantics scored three, while their opponents only made one. This gave them the lead by one run. The next innings was a repetition of the last—three to one—leaving the score 16 to 13. In the ninth innings the "Haymakers" were again whitewashed, Kenny, Pearce and Crane being entitled to the credit. The Atlantics went into the close of the ninth innings with a will, and it looked as though they were going to make a brilliant finish to the game. Crane and Mills hit safely for their bases; Ferguson flew out to M. King; Zettlein went to second on a grounder between second and third; McDonald hit a fair ball close to the home plate, which Craver, who was playing close up to the bat, threw to second, cutting off "The Charmer," and from thence it was passed to first in time to cut off the striker—a brilliant double play—with Crane and Mills left. Thus ended a close and exciting game with the small score of 16 to 13, and a very narrow escape of the Atlantics from defeat. In fact they owe their victory more to the poor play of their adversaries than to any effect of their own. The umpire had a very arduous duty to perform. We do not recollect a game where there were more close points to decide, and where the gentleman occupying the thankless position seemed to work harder to please everybody; but he made several errors on both sides. The "Haymakers" claimed that one or two of his decisions lost them the game, and on the seventh innings, M. King even went so far as to say that they "could beat nine men, but when it came to playing against ten, it was hard work." This was too open an insult for Mr. Wildey to pass by unnoticed, so he plainly said that he had endeavored to do his duty to both clubs, and that if they did not like his decisions they could get some one else. Craver, the captain of the "Haymakers," very properly rebuked King for his uncalled for remark, and the game went on. The score of the game is as follows:—

Union.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	Atlantic.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Craver, c	4	1	1	1	Pearce, s s	3	3	0	0
Ward, 2d b	4	1	0	1	Kenny, 2d b	3	3	0	1
Bonker, s s	4	0	1	0	Start, 1st b	1	2	3	2
McAtee, 1st b	3	2	0	0	Chapman, l f	4	2	0	0
Flynn, r f	4	0	2	0	Crane, c f	2	1	3	1
M. King, c f	3	2	0	1	Mills, c	3	1	2	2
Bearman, p	4	1	0	0	Ferguson, 3d b	3	2	1	0
S. King, l f	0	3	2	1	Zettlein, p	5	0	1	0
Penfield, 3d b	1	3	1	0	McDonald, r f	3	2	1	2
Totals	27	13	7	4	Totals	27	16	11	10

Innings	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Union	1	3	1	4	2	0	1	1	0	—13
Atlantic	1	1	4	1	1	2	3	3	0	—16

Out on bases—Union, 13; Atlantic, 24. Foul bound catches—Mills, 2. Double play—Craver, Ward and McAtee. Outs on foul balls—Union, 4 times; Atlantic, 1 time. Umpire—Mr. John Wildey, of the Mutual Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Scofield and Delaney. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. ACTIVE.

The result of the return game of this match was the success of the Mutuals by the decided score of 37 to 17. Aside from the heavy batting of the Mutuals the contest calls for very little comment. It opened favorably for a sharp game, the score standing even at the end of the second innings. In the third innings, after disposing of their adversaries for a single, the Mutuals hit Walker for 18 runs, which virtually decided the game. It is but justice to the Actives, however, to state that an oversight of the umpire gave the Mutuals 13 runs more in this innings than they were entitled to, a foul bound catch from Flanly's bat having been overlooked by him. From the third innings out the game was more evenly contested, the Mutuals scoring 13 and the Actives 10. Neither side exhibited anything remarkable in the fielding line, if we may except a foul fly tip, sharp from the bat, which Dockney took. The reappearance of Duffy, the old third baseman of the Mutuals, after so long an absence and under such peculiar circumstances, seemed to afford great satisfaction to the friends of the club. It will be recollected that Duffy, in connection with Wansley and Devyr, was expelled from the club for conspiring to throw the game between the Mutuals and Eckfords. Devyr was afterwards reinstated, and his case subsequently became one of the *causes celebre* of the National Game. Duffy has been so long out of practice that not much was expected of him in the way of fielding. At the bat, however, and in stealing bases, he appeared to good advantage. Jewett essayed base playing for the first time, and succeeded in disposing of ten men at the first. At the bat he was immense, leading the score; in the third innings, by a long hit to right field, he brought in three from the bases and went to third himself. Flanly was in excellent play, capturing five flies, putting out four at second, and assisting four times at first. Of the Actives Ebbetts was the most successful with the willow, Collins being next. Haines and T. F. Kelly excelled in fielding. The score follows:—

Active.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	Mutual.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
H. C. Kelly, 1st b	3	3	0	3	McMahon, c f	4	4	0	2
Lyons, r f	3	3	0	2	Dockney, c	2	5	1	1
Ebbetts, c f	2	3	3	1	Wolters, p	3	4	1	0
W. J. Kelly, c	3	0	1	3	Hunt, l f	3	4	0	1
Haines, s s	3	3	0	3	Jewett, 1st b	1	6	1	0
Collins, 3d b	2	3	0	1	Devyr, s s	3	4	1	0
Rogers, l f	4	0	1	1	Duffy, 3d b	3	4	1	0
T. F. Kelly, 2d b	3	1	0	1	Swandel, r f	3	5	1	0
Walker, p	4	1	0	0	Flanly, 2d b	5	3	1	5
Totals	27	17	6	15	Totals	27	37	6	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Active	0	6	1	0	2	4	3	0	1	—17
Mutual	0	6	18	0	2	7	2	0	2	—37

Out on bases—Active, 11; Mutual, 11. Foul bound catches—W. J. Kelly, 1; Dockney, 1. Struck out—H. C. Kelly, 1; Lyons, 1; Rogers, 1. Umpire, Mr. Draper, of the Cincinnati Club, of Cincinnati. Scorers, Messrs. Brill and McCarthy. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

The Alabama Association.—The ball tossers of Alabama are called upon to assemble in convention at Estells Hall, Montgomery, on the 19th inst., when a full representation from all the clubs in the State is hoped for, as business of the utmost importance will be transacted, including the selection of delegates to the National Convention in December next.

BASE BALL BETWEEN ENGLISH CRICKETERS AND A SELECT NINE OF BOSTON.

To finish out the allotted time of the stay of the English Cricketers in Boston, a base ball match was arranged to come off at the Riverside Park on Oct. 1st, the competitors on the English side being given George Wright as pitcher, the other nine being taken from the Tri-Mountain, Harvard and Lowell clubs, of Boston, and vicinity. There were not more than fifteen hundred persons in the enclosure. There was some little betting among the friends of the two contending parties, the Boston nine being the favorites at odds of six to four, and after the close of the third innings bets of three to one were made on them with very few takers. In the field Rogers, of the Boston nine, particularly distinguished himself by a couple of fly catches, while Barrows and O'Brien, on the same side, did excellent service in keeping down the score of the Englishmen. On the English side George Wright did especially well in his pitching and fielding, his knowledge of the game making up in a great degree for what his associates did not know. Pooley, the wicket-keeper, was noticeably weak at the second base, and it seemed as though he had been forced to play the game against his inclination, so marked were his omissions. On the fourth innings it appeared to be the game of either of the contesting sides, although the knowing ones in their betting were for once right, they going in strong for the local nine, who proved their superiority in the next innings and continued cutting down their opponents in every one to the end of the game. It is unnecessary to give a detailed account of the play, as the game was so much on one side, but we give the following summary for reference:—

The Boston Nine.	H.L.	R.	The English Nine.	H.L.	R.
Rogers, c f	2	4	Wright	3	1
Pratt, s s	3	3	Smith	3	1
Bush, c	5	2	Rowbotham	3	1
Barrows, 2d b	4	2	Tarrant	3	1
Shaw, 1st b	4	1	Jupp	4	0
Jewell, 3d b	2	3	Pooley	3	0
O'Brien, p	3	2	Charlwood	3	0
Smith, l f	2	2	Shaw	3	0
Conant, r f	2	2	Humphrey	3	0
Total		21	Total		4

The umpire was Mr. John A. Lowell, and the Scorer Mr. H. K. Bushnell.

LOWELL vs. TUFT'S COLLEGE.

The newly organised first nine of Tuft's College and the Lowell, of Boston, Mass., were opposed to each other in a friendly game at College Hill on the 26th ult., the score of which we subjoin:—

Lowell.	H.L.	R.	Tuft's College.	H.L.	R.
Lovett, p	1	6	Burton, c	3	1
Joslin, 3d b	5	4	Noble, c f	4	0
Rogers, c f	5	5	Stearns, p	4	1
Briggs, r f	4	4	Cornell, s s	3	1
Hawes, 1st b	4	5	Sumner, r f	2	2
Bradbury, c	2	4	Severy, 1st b	4	0
Conant, s s	3	4	Knowlton, 2d b	1	1
Sumner, 2d b	2	5	Denison, l f	3	1
Newton, l f	3	4	Stetson, 3d b	3	1
Total		39	Total		9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Lowell	7	1	12	2	6	4	3	2	2	—39
Tuft's	0	1	1	1	0	6	0	0	0	— 9

Flies caught—Bradbury, 2; Sumner, 1; Briggs, 1; Conant, 3; Rogers, 2; Lovett, 2—total, 11. Burton, 4; Stearns, 1; Noble, 4; Cornell, 3; Sumner, 2; Severy, 2—total, 16. Home run—Lovett, 1. Umpire—Geo. R. Rogers. Scorers—Ed. C. Nickels and F. H. White. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

COLLEGIATE.

An interesting game was played in the vicinity of the metropolis on the 1st inst., between the Ninth and Tenth Sections of the Introductory Class of the College of the City of New York, which resulted in a well earned victory for the Tenth Section, with the following score:—

Tenth Section.	H.L.	R.	Ninth Section.	H.L.	R.
Recht, l f	4	3	Mather, 1st b	2	5
Ruhl, c	8	2	Meday, p	5	3
Rosenfield, p	2	7	Shail, 2d b	5	3
Robert, 2d b	0	5	Marshal, c	4	4
Pearce, 1st b	6	4	Manat, l f	3	5
Overton, 3d b	3	6	Mout, 3d b	3	4
Ruton, r f	4	3	MacGowen, r f	7	1
Total		30	Total		25

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Section Ten	1	0	6	2	1	5	10	1	4	—30
Section Nine	5	7	1	1	1	2	3	4	1	—25

Umpire—W. Riley. Scorers—Mandon and Love. Time of game—Three hours.

ANCIENT CITY vs. BUCKSKIN.

On the 26th ult. the Ancient City Club, of Schenectady, N. Y., paid a visit to Gloversville and played the Buckskin Club for a ball, which the former won, after a close and sharp contest of ten innings. We append the score:—

Buckskin.	H.L.	R.	Ancient City.	H.L.	R.
Haggert, 1st b	5	1	Lawrence, 2d b	5	0
Beach, r f	3	1	Elliott, p	3	2
Allen, 3d b	5	2	Thayer, 1st b	3	3
Ballentine, p	1	5	Anthony, r f	2	2
Lord, c f	2	3	Yates, l f	5	0
Peck, l f	4	1	Swartinger, 3d b	3	1
E. Mills, 2d b	4	0	Groot, c f	1	4
Earl, s s	4	0	Gardner, c	3	2
P. Mills, c	3	1	Clement, s s	2	2
Total		16	Total		17

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Buckskin	4	1	2	3	0	0	0	4	1	1	—16
Ancient City	0	0	0	2	1	7	0	2	3	2	—17

Umpire—J. Van Slyke. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

THE ILLINOIS JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Atlantic and Excelsior juniors played a match for the championship of the State on the 26th ult., the former winning by the score appended:—

Atlantic.	H.L.	R.	Excelsior.	H.L.	R.
Taylor, s s	0	4	Miller, l f	1	2
Graves, l f	4	2	Fleming, 2d b	1	2
Boardman, p	0	5	Babcock, s s	3	0
Kinyon, c	1	4	Marvin, c f	3	2
Ward, 3d b	2	5	Foley, c	2	0
Dorgan, r f	4	1	Dean, 3d b	3	1
Mears, 2d b	3	2	Hollingworth, 1st b	2	1
Bredberg, c f	1	3	Bloomfield, r f	2	1
Reynolds, 1st b	2	3	Foley, p	1	2
Total		27	Total		13

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Atlantic, Jr	8	1	7	5	1	5	—27
Excelsior, Jr	0	1	3	0	1	8	—13

Umpire—T. Foley.

RESCUE vs. EXPERT.

The above Philadelphia clubs played a match on the grounds at Eleventh and Wharton streets, on the 28th ult., resulting as below:—

Rescue.	H.L.	R.	Expert.	H.L.	R.
S. Pugh, 2d b	2	1	McDonald, r f	1	5
Goldman, 3d b	4	0	James, 3d b	2	2
Montgomery, c	5	0	Burleigh, s s	2	3
P. Pugh, 1st b	4	0	McTague, 2d b	4	2
Bushton, s s	4	1	McKenna, 1st b	4	2
McGowan, p	2	1	Douglass, l f	3	3
Johnson, l f	3	1	Palmer, c f	3	3
Bales, r f	3	1	O'Brien, c	4	1
Houghton, c f	3	1	Jacob, p	3	3
Total		6	Total		24

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Rescue	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	— 6
Expert	2	4	2	0	9	3	3	1	0	—24

Umpire—Mr. S. Hawley, of the Excelsior.

ATLANTIC vs. BUFFALO.

The first nine of the Buffalo Club, and the second nine of the Atlantics played a match at Buffalo on the 26th ult., the score of which we give:—

Atlantic.	H.L.	R.	Buffalo.	H.L.	R.
H. Coit, 1st b	2	5	Oliver, p	3	4
Fox, c	4	3	Mix, l f	4	2
Whitbeck, 3d b	4	2	Gold, c	2	4
Nims, p	5	2	Walsh, r f	4	2
Chandler, s s	5	1	Lyman, 1st b	3	3
A. Ingersoll, r f	2	4	N. Vanslyke, 3d b	3	2
Barr, c f	2	3	G. Coit, s s	3	2
Wells, 2d b	3	3	Jones, 2d b	2	3
Holloway, l f	3	3	Turner, c f	5	1
Total		28	Total		23

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	10	0	4	3	3	2	3	0	3	—28
Buffalo	6	9	1	2	1	1	1	2	0	—23

Fly catches—Fox, 3; Nims, 1; Whitbeck, 3; Chandler, 5; Barr, 1; Ingersoll, 1—12. Oliver, 2; Gold, 1; Jones, 3; Turner, 1—7. Umpire—Mr. L. Vanslyke. Scorer—Harry Ingersoll. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

GREAT WESTERN vs. COLUMBIA.

The Columbia (Ohio) Club played the Great Westerns, of Cincinnati, on the Buckeye Grounds on Thursday, the 24th ult. The ground was bad and there were showers of rain at intervals, but, notwithstanding, eight innings were played, and there was a very good attendance. The Cincinnati boys proved decidedly too much for their visitors, as the score will show:—

Columbia.	H.L.	R.	Great Western.	H.L.	R.
W. Totten, p	1	3	Taylor, c	3	3
S. Wratten, s s	3	2	Garlick, c f	4	3
G. Totten, c f	4	1	Arnold, s s	3	3
A. Wratten, 1st b	2	3	Stiles, p	2	5
J. Wratten, 2d b	4	0	Black, 3d b	2	4
Brooks, 3d b	2	2	Holabird, 2d b	1	5
C. Totten, r f	3	1	Mussey, r f	2	4
Neider, l f	3	1	Seibern, l f	3	3
Bird, c	2	0	Reimeyer, 1st b	5	1
Total		13	Total		32

Flies caught—Columbia, 3; Great Western, 5. Flies missed—Columbia, 4; Great Western, 3. Umpire—Mr. Meagher, of Buckeye Club. Time of game—Two hours.

Wide Awake vs. Union.—These clubs, of Providence, R. I., played a match game on the Cranston lot recently, which terminated as follows:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Wide Awake	0	5	4	6	4	—19
Union	0	6	0	4	2	—12

Umpire—J. McCaughley. Scorers—F. Hughes and M. McCabe.

Junior Batting.—The first game of a home-and-home series between the Williston Club, of East Hampton, Mass., and the Woronocos, of Westfield, contested at the former place on the 26th ult., resulted thuswise:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Williston	10	0	3	2	2	0	3	2	4	—26
Woronoco	7	0	2	2	4	5	0	1	0	—21

Seniors vs. Juniors.—The third game of a series was played between the Seniors and Juniors of Princeton College, N. J., on the 19th ult., the result of which was as below, giving the Juniors the championship of the college:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Class of '69	1	3	1	0	0	2	1	2	3	—13
Class of '70	5	1	7	8	1	2	3	6	0	—33

On the 30th ult., the first game of a new series was played on the college grounds, when the Seniors turned the tables as follows:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Class of '69	0	12	0	3	4	2	3	1	—25
Class of '70	1	0	6	4	5	0	3		—13

A College Game.—The Senior and Sophomore nines of Princeton College, N. J., tried their skill with the bat and ball on the 28th ult., the Sophs being vanquished by the following count:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Class of '69	0	4	0	1	0	2	2	0	2	—11
Class of '71	1	4	0	2	1	0	1	1	0	—10

Comet vs. Only Star.—These organizations hail from that portion of the Mound City known as Frenchtown, and on the 27th ult., they had a trial of prowess, which, after an exciting struggle, resulted as follows:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Comet	2	2	1	0	0	13	1	5	0	—24
Only Star	3	0	6	2	4	0	2	1	2	—20

Junior Ball Tossing.—The concluding game of the series between the Perew and Independent Clubs, of Buffalo, N. Y., for the championship of the city, took place on Sept. 29th, the former securing a triumph as below:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Perew	6	4	3	12	2	3	0	17	6	—52
Independent	1	5	1	7	7	7	0	0	6	—31

Flies caught—Perews, 8; Independents, 7. Double plays—Forster and O'Donald, 1; O'Connor, Forester and McVicar, 1; O'Connor, Forester and W. Higham, 1—3. Donovan and Jordan, 1—1. Umpire—W. Tunnison. Scorers—R. Patchen and J. Welsh. Time of game—Three hours and forty minutes.

A Sore Defeat.—On the 26th ult. the Washington and Fair Play Clubs, of Columbia, Pa., were pitted against each other, the former club being vanquished by a total of 65 to 15.

The Crystal Varieties, Philadelphia, is advertised to rent for sparring exhibitions and benefits.

☞ Holloway's Ointment.—Asthma and Quinsy, frightful diseases! exclaims the reader. We admit they were frightful thirty years ago; but Holloway's Ointment has disarmed them of their danger; by its use they can now be quickly and permanently cured; it never fails.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

Geo. Groves.—Your note from Rutland is to hand; your requests shall be duly attended to.

B. Henry, Philad'a.—You are cordially welcomed to our long roll of contributors. Of Mr. Tinney's recent problem you doubtless saw a correction last week. White P at Q B 2d instead of 3d. Let us know the two or three of our Prob's or Enig's that have "bothered and interested you the most," and, if not too far back, we will give you a clue to their mysteries. Finally, your very neat contribution yields to the following treatment:—1..R to K B 7, P to K R 5 (*best*); 2..Q to K 3, and 3..Mates.

Chas. Porter.—Solution correct. "*Inter utrumque tene*" was found faulty, but precisely to what extent we can not now remember. Your contribution No. 4 has been pronounced correct, and will accordingly be used in due time. Address Miron, Campton Vill, N. H.

A. Z. H.—Many thanks for your prompt and kind response; also in behalf of Mr. Carpenter. We are delighted that the problem proved amenable. To our liking it is improved, even, and shall appear as your next. Wasn't that solution of Carpenter's, as old as it was, ingenious?

Geo. E. Carpenter.—We have forwarded you a missive and dedication from "A. Z. H.," which we trust will be acceptable, and commence an agreeable acquaintance.

E. H. C., Washington.—We have proposed to you some propositions to which we hope you will alike find leisure and inclination to accede.

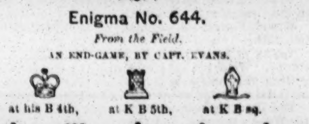
James Patterson.—Is your address still at the "Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting?" We wish to address you; in short, we propose to re-recruit you yourself.

We regret to hear of the demise of Prof. Duncan Forbes, L. L. D., the versatile Orientalist, the ardent devotee of Caissa, the erudite and exhaustive historian of our scholarly game. We have at present no particulars, but are promised them and shall not fail to lay them before our readers. A Prince in Chess has fallen.

Enigma No. 644.

From the Field.

AN END-GAME, BY CAPT. EVANS.



at his B 4th, at K B 5th, at K B sq.

at Q Kt sq, Q B 2, K R 8, Q R 2, Q Kt 2d.

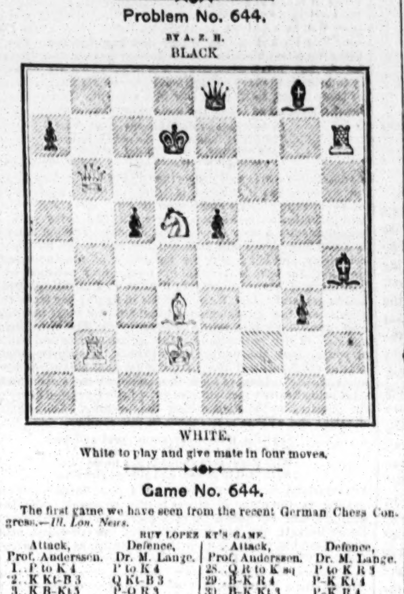
White, with the move, to draw the *partie*.

It is also a pleasing and instructive study to find how, if the White King were at K Kt 4th, instead of B 4th, Black could win by force.

Problem No. 644.

BY A. Z. H.

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 644.

The first game we have seen from the recent German Chess Congress.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Prof. Anderssen.	Defence, Dr. M. Lange.	Attack, Prof. Anderssen.	Defence, Dr. M. Lange.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	28..Q R to K sq	P to K R 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	29..B-Kt 3	P-K Kt 4
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	30..B-K Kt 3	P-K R 4
4..B-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	31..Q R-K 2	Q R-Q sq
5..P-Q 3	P-Q 3	32..B-K R sq	K R-K Kt 3
6..K B × Kt +	Kt P × B	33..B-K R 4	Q R-Q 6
7..P-K R 3	P-K Kt 3	34..B × Kt P	R × R P
8..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 2	35..Q R-Kt 2	K-his R 2
9..Q B-K 3	Castles	36..K-Q sq	Q B home
10..P-K Kt 4 (a)	K R-K sq	37..Q B-Q 8	B-K Kt 5 +
11..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q 4	38..K R-Q B 2	K R-Q B 3
12..Q Kt-Kt 3	Kt × Kt P (b)	39..Kt-K B sq	K R-Q B 6 +
13..Q B-Kt 5 (c)	K B-B 3	40..K-Q Kt 2	K R-B 8
14..Q-K 2	Q-her 3	41..K-Q Kt 3	Q R-B 8
15..Q-her 2	Q Kt-K sq	42..Q R-Q 3	Q R-K 3
16..P-Q Kt 3	P-Q B 4	43..Q R-Q 5	Q R-K 7 +
17..P-Q B 4	Q P × K P	44..K R-Q sq	R × K P
18..Q P × P	Q B-Kt 2	45..Kt-K Kt 3	K R-Q 5 (h)
19..Q-K 3	Kt × K P (d)	46..Q R × R	K P × R
20..Q Kt × Kt	Q-her B 3	47..K Kt-K 4	K B-Kt 2
21..K Kt-Q 2	P-K B 4	48..K-Q Kt 3	P-Q 6
22..P-K B 3 (e)	B P × Kt	49..K-Q B sq	K B-R 3 +
23..B P × P (f)	K R-K 3	50..K-Q Kt 2	P-Q 7
24..Castles, Q R	P-Q R 4	51..Kt-B 6 +	K R × Kt
25..P-Q R 4	Q-her Kt 3	52..Q B × R	P Queens
26..Q-her B 3	Q-Kt 5 (g)	53..Q B × Q	Q B × R
27..Q × Q	B P × Q	54..Q B-Q 8	K B-his 5,

and Prof. Anderssen resigned.

(*a*) This looks premature. It certainly involved the Attack in trouble which might have been avoided.

(*b*) Bold; but, as we shall soon see, perfectly sound.

(*c*) Taking the Kt would have been still more injurious.

(*d*) This is very finely played, indeed.

(*e*) The piece was evidently not to be preserved. If 22..Kt to K Kt 3d, then followed P to K B 5th, etc.

(*f*) Even now, as regards force, Prof. A. is not much inferior to his antagonist; but his position is dangerously exposed.

(*g*) By this advance the learned Dr. undoubles and consolidates his Pawns on the Queens wing, and thus adds greatly to the strength of his game.

(*h*) The culminating move; victory is now assured.

Another interesting Russian game, in which Mr. Schumoff gives Prince W. the odds of Q Kt.—*Bell's Life.*

CENTRE GAMBIT IN KT'S OPENING.

Mr. Schumoff.	Prince W.	Mr. Schumoff.	Prince W.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..K R to K 6	Q to her 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	19..Q R-K 7	P-Q B 3 (*)
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..K R-K 7	P-Q Kt 5
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 5 +	21..Q-her Kt 3 + (l)	Kt-Q 4
5..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	22..K R-K Kt 3	Q-her 5
6..Castles	P-Q 3	23..P-K R 3	P-Q R 4
7..Kt P × P	K B × P	24..K R-K 4	Q-K B 3
8..B × B P +	K × B	25..K R-K 6	Q-her B 6
9..Q her Kt 2 +	K-home (i)	26..Q-home	Q R-Q sq
10..Q × K B	K Kt-B 3	27..K R × Q	Q R-Q sq
11..Q B-Kt 5	K R-B sq	28..K R × K 8	Q R-Q sq
12..K R-K sq	K-his B 2	29..Q R-K B 5	K R-K B 5
13..Q R-Q sq	Q B-Kt 5	30..Q-her Kt sq	Q-her 7
14..P-K 5	Q B × Kt	31..K R-K 7	Q R-Q 2
15..B × Q B (k)	P-K R 3	32..Q B × Kt	K R × B
16..B-K R 4	Q Kt × P	33..K R-K 8 +	K-his B 2
17..K R × Kt	K-his Kt sq	34..Q-K R 7	K R × P, and

Mr. Schumoff announced mate in six moves.

(*i*) Q B to K 3d followed by P to K R 3d would have rendered his game perfectly safe.

(*k*) Taking Kt with P would not have been good play.

(*l*) 21..B × Kt would have been more efficacious.

(*) We think Q R to K sq would have interfered with his great antagonist's plans.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

J., Philadelphia.—The work you mention is not out of print. We consider it a fine book.

W. D. Holt, Trenton, N. J.—Address Mr. Spayth, Buffalo, New York.

Melancthon, Washington, D. C.—O. K. Send along anything you have on hand.

W. B., New York City.—Thanks.

A. J. Blanchard, Burlington, Vt.—1. We do not know where Anderson's Work can be procured. We have no works on hand. 2. We are not acquainted with the gentleman, and therefore cannot decide.

Isaac H. Turrell, Harrison, O.—We cannot undertake to reply to correspondents by mail. We know of no better work on draughts than the one referred to. We are unable to state the price. We have not the time to obtain Mr. Spayth's book or we would do so with pleasure. Your note is one of ten received this week inquiring for works on draughts. Why don't the publishers of draught books advertise?

B. N. Ross, Cincinnati, O.—1. We do not know where Drummond's work can be found. 2. We do not at present. The book does not contain these as positions, they are taken from games.

Game No. 26.—Vol. XVI.

Played between Messrs. Weed and Thomas.

Black. Mr. Weed.	White. Mr. Thomas.	Black. Mr. Weed.	White. Mr. Thomas.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..14 to 17(a)	2? to 18
2..15 22	25 18	12..17 21	27 23
3..8 11	29 25	13..6 9	13 6
4..4 8	24 20	14..2 9	23 19(b)
5..10 15	25 22	15..16 23	26 19
6..12 16	21 17	16..10 14	19 10
7..8 12	17 13	17..14 23	24 19
8..7 10	27 24	18..9 13	22 18(c)
9..9 14	18 9	19..13 17	31 26
10..5 14	32 27	White wins.	

(*a*) Drummond and Martin consider this to be a losing move. (*b*) There is more "vitality" in this than 24 to 19. (*c*) Black has "no show" after this.

Solution of Position No. 48.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..14 to 18	19 to 16	4..24 to 27	10 to 6
2..12 19	11 16	5..19 24	28 19
3..18 23	15 10	6..27 24, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 49.—Vol. XVI.

BY DR. SAXTON.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..13 to 9	11 to 4	3..14 to 17	21 to 14
2..20 24	27 20	4..13 11, and wins.	

Position No. 50.—Vol. 16.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 51.—Vol. 16.

BY J. BRONSON.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

A French Belle a Hundred Years Ago.—Madame de Genlis, in her memoirs, describes the training she underwent to fit her for Parisian society in the last century:—"I had two teeth pulled out; I had whalebone stays that pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curl papers on my head; and I wore for the first time in my life a hoop. In order to get rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar put on my neck; and as I squinted a little at times, I was obliged to put on goggles as soon as I awoke in the morning, and these I wore four hours; I was, moreover, not a little surprised, when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew well enough already—to walk. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A BASHFUL LOVER RESORTS TO PLANCHETTE.

A few evenings since a young gentleman made a purchase of one of these tell tale machines, and repaired to the residence of a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses, with the hope that planchette would reveal to him what he had failed, for want of courage, to obtain from his fair dulcina. After arriving at the house with the little joker concealed, and spending a few moments in the parlor in ordinary commonplaces with the young lady who had so drawn upon his affections, he managed to introduce planchette, and stated that he had one with him, and if the young lady had no objections they would wile away a short time in testing the powers of the invincible. Accordingly they arranged themselves at the table, and after spending some length of time in serious effort, they succeeded in receiving answers that satisfied their minds that planchette was but too well acquainted with the affairs of the world and what lies in the future. Emboldened by success the lady propounded, mentally, sundry questions, and prompt answers were returned.

The sequel to this interview we give to our readers, as related to us by a female friend to whom it had been confided, giving the questions and responses in the order in which they occurred. As a matter of course, the manipulator being a young lady, her first inquiry was, "Shall I ever marry?" "Yes," promptly came from Planchette. "When?" "Two years." "To whom?" "S—— B——." This was entirely satisfactory, as it included both the parties present, and was the consummation both devoutly wished, except as to time, which appeared to be unreasonably delayed. "Shall we be happy?" "Perfectly." Now followed a question to which the young lady desired a faithful solution, as it appeared to her the consummation of earthly bliss. "Shall we have children?" "Yes." "Girls and boys?" "Certainly." "How many?" The answer to this the young lady was anxious to note carefully, as much depended upon the result. Planchette was deliberate, evincing no haste, desirous of making no mistake in his figures, but wrote with considerable distinctness, "S-e-v-e-n-t," when the young lady shoved the instrument from her with such force that it fell upon the floor, and it divided in halves by the fall. Whether Planchette intended "seventeen" or "seventy" was not determined, and we presume time alone can discover the entire answer.—*New Albany (Ind.) Ledger.*

AN AMOROUS DOCTOR GETS HIS DESERTS AND IS ARRESTED.

The *Chicago Journal* of the 29th ult., says:—This morning the arrest was made by Sergeant George Miller of a man for whose capture a document in the shape of a State warrant was issued by one of the city magistrates several months ago. The prisoner is no less a personage than a "doctor" lately doing business on Archer avenue, who rendered himself infamous about the time the warrant was issued for his arrest, by violating the person of a Miss Auerbach, whom he was attending in the capacity of a medical adviser. The outrage was perpetrated by Miller during the temporary absence of the patient's parents from the sick room. Miss Auerbach informed her father of the treatment to which she had been subjected, and a warrant was taken out for the "doctor's" arrest. The "professional gentleman" hearing this unpleasant piece of intelligence, picked up his baggage and left the town, leaving his wife and family. The "doctor" traveled to St. Charles, Indiana, where, after a short stay, he made the acquaintance of a young lady, and proposed marriage to her. The offer was accepted, the day appointed, and every preparation made for the approaching ceremony. But the friends of the bride elect discovered that the pleasing doctor had a wife and family living in Chicago. The intelligence spread like wild fire, and the indignant villagers of St. Charles seized the devoted doctor, and, conducting him to a quiet spot, stripped him of his apparel, and then again performed his toilet for him, attiring him in a graceful suit of tar and feathers. They then treated him to a protracted ride on a rail possessing a very narrow surface and unpleasantly sharp edges. After the operation had been performed to the delight of the villagers, the blubbering doctor was turned loose to take care of himself. Where he went after this has not been learned, but this morning he turned up in this city, and was captured, as stated.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

LOVE OUTLIVES ADVERSITY.

The Salem (Ill.) *Gazette* relates an incident which grew out of the financial crisis of 1857. A wealthy retired merchant was then living at Lyons, New York, with his wife and an only daughter, who was young, handsome and accomplished. The young lady was engaged to a talented young lawyer. The merchant's property was swept away in the general wreck, and he was obliged to sell his fine mansion, plate, horses and carriages, and remove to New York, where he obtained a clerkship on a small salary, which proved insufficient to support his family. The daughter procured a situation as seamstress. At the end of a year she heard of the marriage of her affianced, and left home, father and mother. Seven years later her father caught a glimpse of her in company with her former lover on a train just leaving the Hudson River depot. The father had partially restored his fortune and employed a detective to seek her out, and he was three years in working up the case. The man to whom she was to have been married lost his wife shortly after he was married, and either from sorrow for her loss or remorse for having betrayed the confidence of his early love, he became dissipated, and, losing his practice, step by step descended to the occupation of a comic singer in a low dance house, where he met the woman whose life he had blasted. They were married and endeavored to reform. They were traced to Montreal, where he taught school. Subsequently he kept store in New York, where he seems to have accumulated some money, as the next that was heard of them they were negotiating for a farm at Shullsburg. At that point trace of them was lost, and the detective is still in search of them.

A HENPECKED HUSBAND.

At the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the morning of the 1st inst., George Wethers, of No. 208 West Sixteenth street, came up to the bar. His wife was shown up as a prisoner.

"What has she done?" asked the Judge.

"She whipped me, Shudge, very pad, and makes me sick," and George commenced bellowing like a five year old.

"Stop your crying. Tell me what she did."

"She run me up mid von corner of der room, buts me against der wall and bounds me mit her fists until I pes so very seik."

"Is that true, Mrs. Wethers?"

"Yes, sir; I was washing for another man, when George came in, and approaching me, attempted to take the shirt out of my hands. I merely pushed him back in the corner."

"You love him, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, if he will behave himself."

"And you don't want him punished?"

"No, I am not particular."

"Did she ever whip you before?"

"Yaw, Shudge, many dimes since our marriage."

"How long have you been married?"

"Me pe marry last Shanuary, and happy Life we have till she peats me, oso cruel. She say last night I no pe marry to her. That greeve me so very much I most cry."

"Well, Mrs. Wethers, take your husband; love, honor and obey him."

BACHELOR MINISTERS BEWARE.

We yesterday heard rather a good story on one of our city ministers. During last winter a revival was in progress in one of our country churches near the city. Among the attendants of the meeting was a beautiful and estimable, but rather unsophisticated young lady, whose friends were very anxious to have her unite with the church. She seemed, however, reluctant to do so, and the minister in question was requested to "talk to her." This he did several times, on one occasion saying in a jocular manner, "Miss M——, if you'll join the church I'll marry you," meaning he would perform the ceremony. The girl seemed pleased with the proposition, and a few evenings after came up to the altar and united with the church. Several weeks after this the minister preached at the church, and after services met the young lady. "Bro——," she said, "you know you promised to marry me if I'd join the church. Are you going to do so? I don't want to wait any longer." The minister saw his dilemma, and attempted to explain. "I meant I would perform the ceremony," he said, "that's all. I can't marry you myself, for I am already married, and love my wife too much to swap her off for another." The young lady became indignant, declared that she'd leave the church, and that she "never have had much faith in these town preachers." Our ministerial friend declares that he will never again use any other than Scriptural argument to induce a young lady to join the church.—*Evansville Journal.*

A Naughty Nymph Du Pave.—Josephine St. Clair, on the 2d inst., was committed to prison for being grossly intoxicated and chawing the seat of an officer's pants off. He testified that he jumped away too quickly to allow her to get a mouthful of flesh.

Important Wrestling Match in England.

A grand wrestling match for £50 a side was fixed to take place on September 14th, between John Graham, of London, and Robert Irving, of Liverpool, England, for the best of five falls, Cumberland and Westmoreland style. The match has excited great interest for some time past amongst the local admirers of wrestlers, especially those from the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, who are peculiarly fond of this athletic sport. The whole of the money, together with £5 expenses paid to Graham to wrestle in Liverpool, were duly posted, and the match was appointed to take place on the bowling green attached to W. L. Duckett's Derby Hotel, West Derby road. Some dispute arose as to the gate money before the public were admitted on the ground, but soon this point was settled, and the green became filled with spectators. Great difficulty now arose in appointing a referee. At half-past five, however, it was agreed to toss for choice, and Irving's umpire having won the toss he selected William Thornthwaite. William Graham was umpire for Irving, and James Scott (champion), of Carlisle, for John Graham. Both men were well under the stipulated weight—9st 7lb—Irving having an advantage of about 4lb. over his opponent. Both stripped in first class condition, and they appeared a couple of fine athletes, with no perceptible difference in height between them. A little after half-past five o'clock they commenced the first round, but it was not until one hour and thirty-two minutes had expired, and after some capital play and slip hold, did they get together. The struggle was of short duration, and appeared to be anyone's fall; at length, however, Graham was brought to grass, amidst loud cheers, by the left buttock. On again getting together little time was lost in getting into holds, when Graham brought his opponent down in splendid style by the inside click. Both now played with the utmost caution, and they seemed to be afraid of each other, and the time occupied in futile attempts at getting together sorely tried the patience of the spectators. Several good attempts were made on both sides, and cleverly stopped, amidst loud applause. After two "slips" Irving attempted the hipe, and almost lifted his man, but Graham, perceiving the danger, at once put on the inside click and forced Irving down, the referee giving it as a dog-fall. By this time it was eight o'clock, and so dark that the match could not be concluded. Later on in the evening the men and their backers held a meeting, when several arguments were adduced, among others a suggestion that hostilities should be resumed on the following day, but the men themselves declared that they would not throw away a chance. It was decided that each draw their own money. The match was one of the most equal we have ever witnessed; indeed, so evenly were their qualifications balanced that it was the opinion of many old wrestlers that it would occupy a whole day to bring the match to a close. Before concluding these remarks we cannot avoid alluding to the very reprehensible conduct of the referee at the early stage of the match, namely, crossing over the ring several times to whisper advice to Irving, and to this fact we attribute the delay in the first fall, as spectators showed their entire disapproval of such conduct by hissing and groaning, whilst the Londoners were very much afraid of throwing away half a chance, and at one time it seemed odds that they would never have one fall.—*The Sportsman.*

Recent investigations reveal the fact that the coasts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Land, New Jersey, and a portion of the eastern Atlantic shore are gradually rising, while those of the Bay of Fundy and Greenland are slowly sinking. Should this phenomenon continue for ten centuries, the map of the American continent would in 2960 present an entirely different appearance. The Hudson Bay and Jersey shores would become fruitful valleys, with countless island seas. Where now the banks of Newfoundland lie, there would then be peninsulas connected with the mainland, as the banks of St. George are at present. The passage from Ireland to America would then take only four days. The whole Atlantic coast line of the United States would be advanced as far as the bend made by the Gulf Stream, and the small islands, banks and rocks of the Bahamas would fuse into larger islands, resembling those of the West India group.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed each and every letter sent for.

Robert Jones,
Frank Newhall,
B. Macauley,
Tom Deverell,
Robert Lane,
Wm. Morgan,
W. R. Hayden,
Tragedian,
Alphonse Leroux,
James Collins,
Sol Smith Russell (2),
J. D. Persse,
Mace Morris (2),
Wm. H. Bowen,
Wm. Richards,
Alex. McCormick,
J. H. Carter (2),
Harry Eytinge,
Lew Hallett,
T. C. Howard,
John Denier,
John Burke,
C. W. Couldock,
Wm. Conrad,
Tony Benton,
Watson & Wells,
James Fish,
Harry Robinson,
Ben Cotton,
C. W. Kidder (2),
J. A. Oates,
Harry Eades,
Jas. Corbett,
Chas. Seeley,
Chas. E. Howard,
Fred Lawrence (3),
Chas. D. Jones,
Geo. Gaston,
Alex. Fitzgerald,
Hank Mudge,
W. H. Seymour,
Chas. L. Church (2),
Carby Sutton,
Willie Budd,
Jos. Brandisi,
George Shaffner,
J. B. Murphy,
Fanny Forrest,
Pauline Cushman (2),
Jennie Sloat,
Leona Cavender,
Rosa St. Clair,
Ada Gray,
Anna Leak,
Lobeide Luie,
Ellen Hughes,
Lizzie Mahon,
Fanny B. Price,
Annie Hyatt,
Katie Bradford,
Chas. Dickinson,
R. Colburn,
David Frew,
Richard Burns,
Wm. H. Young,
N. Hilton,
Julian Breban (2),
A. B. Addis,
Alfred Brooks,
J. C. Wilder,
J. O. Conner,
Harry Clifford,
Chas. Gardner,
T. H. Jefferson,
Frank Newhall,
J. W. Allinson (2),
Jos. Pickering,
S. W. McNeil,
W. K. Linyard,
Geo. Barton (2),
Brookes & Fyffe (2),
Antony Benoit,
C. Davis,
Barker Family,
Louis Montaldi (2),
James Blamphin,
Thomas Brennan,
F. Watson (2),
Chas. Latour,
F. H. Bailey,
John P. Smith,
Frank Barry,
Frank Campbell,
William Phelps,
James L. Bruce,
Collins & Parkhurst,
Cotton & Sharpley,
T. J. Langdon,
Edwin Beach,
Eugene Gorman,
W. H. Briggs,
Thos. Warhurst,
Philo Bush,
Walter Benn,
Gustave Bidaux,
Harry Rice,
John Britt,
Ella Sands,
Caroline Hayes,
Hattie O'Brien,
Jssie Booth,
Signorita Lopez.
Ettie Berger,
Susan Denin,
Ada Wray,
Belle Jefferson,
Charlotte Crampton,
Isadore Odlorne,
Mlle. Tournaire,
J. W. Carner,
Robert Buch,
Lewis Baker,
Josiah Bartlett,
H. M. Wickes,
J. C. Murry,
John Berner,
W. H. Lee,
Louis Morrison,
Jim Baker,
M. Cody,
Lew Ballard,
John B. Syllit,
Ned Bennett,
C. F. Bailey,
Stuart Craven,
T. F. Brennan,
J. M. Boulard,
J. G. Saville,
Cool Burgess,
Stiles, Phelps & Co.,
Chas. DeVerde (2),
John T. Brett,
Robert Lindley,
Lorenzo Maya,
Chas. Pennington,
D. H. Harkins,
P. B.,
Comedian,
James DeMott,
Wm. S. Irving,
Harry French,
G. S. Grady,
Geo. Edwards,
Richard Ball,
T. W. Keene,
Joe Gaylord,
Philo Mathews,
W. F. Leggett,
Harry Hale,
Jos. Withers,
Harry Duncan,
Yankee Robinson,
John Cross,
Nicolo Norton,
Edmund Coles,
Chas. Melville,
Albertine Miller,
Sallie Western,
Pet Celeste,
Josephine Parker,
Kate Buslay,
Annie Blake,
Mad. Macarte,
Mary Gardner,
Annie Yeamans,
Mlle. Bouquet,
Annie Litten,
Ida Wallace.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 5th, '68.

RING up the *curtain*—of the mind—that's it—the CLIPPER'S readers greet this introduction to our weekly feast, and one which shall be *curt an'* sweet, but, when we talk of feasts remember 'tis not of feasts of Soyer-kind; the Intellect is king for once, at least, so let your stomachs, friends, be *under-mind*. And yet it is a royal feast—the guests are all of lordly mein; the CLIPPER is our banquet stage—its promptor is the Queen. What more can heart of man desire? The jokes fly fast around the board—the "table groans," nay, even swears beneath its weight of good things stored. Who have we here? Our friend, "H. D."—our Foxy friend, we here may say—the funny chap is still on deck, and of Olympic the main *stay*. And here is Grau, the facile Grau, the bold, the man of mettle, downy as the beard that grows on chins of stinging nettle; a banquet he's prepared for us at the house near Avenue Six, and it is slyly hinted he'll put Bateman in a fix; for "Barber Blue" to western fields will soon take his departure; at this, however, none will grieve, or any break their hearts, sure. Here's *Gaylor*, too, a man of words, who's writ another play; to see it he invites his friends to spend a *gala* day. The New York Cirque, with prospects fair, is once more in full swing, and Lent will act upon the *square*, although within the *ring;* while at the Comique pleasure gain, for Lingard fun will tender; since in a song he'll go—or feign—upon a "Grecian bender." Of minstrelsy no lack there'll be; for Bryant and Leon's sable *role* much sport will give; while 'frican glee will smile to Bachus in the bowl; and well-timed aid may e'er be found within our well-tried Pastor's hall, where mirth and music still abound to cure weary souls withal. But we've no time to rhyme about the shows that all New York rejoice, elsewhere you'll see them all laid out—we leave you then to take your choice......Lydia Thompson's burlesque troupe have made a hit, yes, a ten strike, at Wood's Metropolitan Theatre, and Mr. Samuel Colville is to be congratulated on his success in enticing to our shores such a flock of foreign birds of song and birds of prey, for they bid fair, with their golden hair, to make sad havoc with the tender hearts of our susceptible youth. We cannot resist the temptation to inflict upon our readers a tender line in return for Mr. Colville's rare bit of foreign produce:—

LYDIA AT THE MUSEUM.

Of all the maids that charm the town
With song or declamation,
Or 'mong the lads the seats that fill
Create profound sensation,
We hold her first who makes the sons
Of New York become giddy
With "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"
There's no one like our Liddy.

How stirs the blood as passing through
The parts so glorious rendered,
She sings those joyous songs, or shows
Us how the Grecian bended;
Or, with Ixion's well-earned bays,
Is frequently made giddy—
Say what you will, we echo still,
There's no one like our Liddy.

......"Our Jim" went to the Museum the other day, but it being one of Lydia's days out he didn't see *her*, but he *did* see some of the *other* curiosities, as he phrased it. There is no danger of Jim not getting through the world in ship-shape order, for he is never at a loss for a question to ask; he's been so accustomed to getting off conundrums, that to ask questions has become a fixed habit with him. After he returned from the Museum, he came into the sanctum, and we could see at once that something troubled him. "Didn't they let you in?" we ventured to ask. "Oh, yes. I got *in* fast enough, but the trouble was to git *out* unless a feller wants to *stay* out, cause they don't give no checks, as they pervide their own refreshments." "What went wrong with you, then?" "Well, I seen a owl up there, and I've been puzzlin' me head ever since about somethin' a young English chap said t'other night. Did *you* ever see a owl?" We replied that we had seen numbers of owls. "Did you ever know one of 'em to wear *hair*?" "Hair? Oh, no, James; feathers form its proper tegument." "Teg you what?" We explained; James scratched his head a moment, and then informed us how it was that he had become so bewildered He had gone to a "spout shop" performance with a newly-picked-up friend, fresh from England, to witness the play of "Othello." When it came to Desdemona's dying scream, as the nigger was about to smother her, James' cockney friend cried out earnestly; "That *'owl* calls for *hair!*" James very innocently asked, "*What* owl?" The only answer he got from his English companion was an indignant glance; and it was this reticence on the part of Johnny Bull that impelled him to seek an explanation at our hands....... The Water street entertainments have not been productive of much good; on the contrary, the wicked people down that way seem to have become wickeder since the "conversion" of the "Wickedest Man in New York," some of the keepers of dance houses thereaway offering to give up their own business and "go into the prayer meeting business, as it offers more profitable inducements!" We fear that this is the only motive that has actuated the wicked creatures in taking hold of this "reform" movement, which was no doubt a move meant well in the beginning, but which has been permitted to drop off into a business of dollars and cents. It is nothing new, however, for men to make religion a means by which to feather their own nests. Some men are Professors of Languages, some Professors of Mathematics, some are Professors of Astronomy, some of Law, and some are professors of religion in exactly the same sense. But *nous verrons*, as a learned Professor of Languages once very cogently remarked.......But they don't have *all* the curiosities in Water street; though they have nearly all sorts of women down in that region, they have none to compare with the little body at Wood's Museum. "Jimmy, turn the crank a moment:"

BABY WOMAN.

At Wood's New Museum they have
A living curiosity,
A baby woman, one they call
A natural precocity;
To tell the truth, though, we don't think
She's very much to talk about,
Since we can hundreds see each day
As on the streets they walk about;
For slender, stout, or short or tall,
Most woman babies are—that's all.

......We could not help smiling audibly, a few days ago, while listening to a conversation on animated nature between a couple of boys who were taking in a menagerie exhibiting in one of our suburban towns. We give the confab verbatim:—

"Say, Jake, what kind of a cat is that air," (pointing to one in a cage).

"That air's a Maltees cat," said Jake, who had attended night school, it appeared, and felt no little pride in the information he had picked up. "You see, Bob, the folks what lives at Malty is called *Malteese*, and the cats what comes from there is called Malteese cats."

"Well, Jake, I spose cats what belongs to Chiny is called Chinee cats, because the people is called Chinese! Yes?"

"*Of course*, that's it exactly."

"Then pole-cats must be cats what comes from Poland."

The indignant night scholar threatened to mash the untutored Bob for a stupid skunk.......An actor's life is a puzzle difficult of solution. He plays many parts on the mimic stage, just as we play our parts on the stage of life; he must seem to be what he is not, and be not what he is; his life is a contradiction from beginning to end, and his ways are as unfathomable as the depths of Our Jim's pockets, which have no bottom. As we are inspired by the muse of our poetic machine, suppose in verse we tell you:—

WHAT WE WONDER AT.

We wonder if our actors mean
One tithe of what they say—
And when one says "I drink to you,"
He thinks it is no play.
We wonder if, when lovingly
He "blesses his dear children,"
He never in his heart means damn?
The thought is most bewilderin'.

We wonder when he says "She comes
As lightly as the fawn,"
He really thinks, as he has said,
She's lightly tripping on;
Or whether he does really know—
With nothing picturesque
About her—she is standing
Talking at the prompter's desk?

We wonder, also, when he says
"I'd legions brave for thee,"
If legions came he really would,
Or if he'd quickly flee.
A source of wonderment it is,
If his mind is so free,
That he a legion really thinks
The three poor supers be?

We wonder, when the lover is
"Borne off to wild duress,"
If his sweet lady when she faints
Thinks of her new silk dress?
And more perplexing is the thought
Than any other was,
If, when she says "Alas! I die!"
She really thinks she does.

We wish some one versed in the art—
The histrionic one—
Would tell us all that we could ask
Of every Thespian son!
Of whether—when they're playing parts,
And so absorbed they seem—
The boys would like ein glass of beer,
The girls a plate of cream?

......"Our Jim," while in official attendance at a down town concert saloon—concert halls being specialties with James—heard a young man sing: "I saw her but a moment," and we sorrow to say that Jim was so rude as to ask the point blank question, before all the company: "*Where was you?*"...... And talking of singing, reminds us that the young military man who sang so pathetically, "Write Me a Letter from Home," has just added another line—forced upon him by the hard times—"and enclose stamps for replies!"......What a varied feast of good things is to be offered for our sustenance during the season we have just entered upon! We are to have tragedy, opera bouffe, burlesque, spectacle, pantomime, horse opera, minstrelsy, *ballet*, sensational drama, standard comedy, blood and thunder plays; in fact, our managers have determined to give us ample variety for all to choose from, and by which every taste may be gratified. The rival buffers of the houses of Grau and Bateman will make things lively in Fourteenth street, where Grau is to give us some fresh voices and faces, while Bateman, over on the Eighth avenue slope, will hang on to the indisposed "Tostee" and the far-famed "Verdigris" singer Aujac. Grau, we take it, will have the best of the buffers' fight.

THEATRICALS were pretty lively during the past week, nearly every place of amusement in the city being exceedingly well attended, and this, too, notwithstanding the political canvass now agitating the public mind and emptying the public purse.

WALLACK'S THEATRE has not done very well with its new plays "Dearer than Life," and "Simon Bernard," and in consequence they will be withdrawn at an early day to make room for plays with which the public are already familiar. Mr. Wallack cannot expect people to patronize his theatre unless he gives them plays possessing some interest.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE CASE still hangs fire. It has been again postponed until the 29th inst. People are beginning to forget what it is all about.

SIGNOR BLITZ is worrying out a season in this city, but the speculation is not likely to prove profitable, as the attendance is very light. We have had so many better magicians in this city than Blitz that we are not surprised at the lonesome appearance of his audiences.

MLLE. BLASINI, *danseuse*, sailed for Europe on the 3d inst., in the steamship St. Laurent.

EDWIN FORREST'S engagement at Niblo's Garden begins on Oct. 12th.

THERE IS SOME TALK of De Pol organizing an Italian opera troupe. We don't believe he will experience much difficulty in getting the necessary people, for there is plenty of the raw material scattered about waiting for some manager to turn up.

THE BURLESQUE COMPANY engaged in England by Mr. Colville for Wood's Museum and Theatre, consisting of Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham, Lisa Weber, Ada Harland, Harry Beckett, and M. Connelly, musical director, made their *debut* at the above mentioned place on Sept. 28th, in the burlesque of "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel." This same burlesque was originally produced in this country at Williamsburgh, L. I., in June, 1866, by E. Warden, but owing to the warm weather and other drawbacks, it failed to attract. At the Museum it has been put upon the stage in a careful manner, and has the good fortune of being presented by a quartet of beautiful ladies, viz:—Lydia Thompson, Miss Markham, Lisa Weber and Miss Harland. The three first are perfect blondes, whose flowing golden hair charms all beholders. This burlesque appears to have been written expressly to bring into play the histrionic powers and fatal fascinations of these ladies, setting the city in a ferment. Lydia Thompson looks charming as Ixion, the male character, and

In breeches so well she played the cheat,
The pretty fellow, and the rake complete,
Each sex was, with different passions mov'd:
The men grew envious, and the women lov'd.

Lydia Thompson is well proportioned; her face, rather pleasing, but by no means handsome, is lighted up by the expressiveness of sweet sunny smiles and merry humor. Her voice, plaintive and pathetic in the highest degree, thrilled every pulse and communicated a strong feeling of pleasure. Pauline Markham is a real blonde, tall and commanding and of the most perfect symmetry, and her face is the perfection of sweetness and expression; her form is graceful by nature and polished by art. The tones of her voice are very flexible and pleasing, and her action graceful. Lisa Weber is *petite* in figure; her features are regular and her countenance illuminated by most bewitching eyes, exceedingly fascinating and expressive. The open, ingenuous style of her performance, the girlish gaiety and wildness of youth, took the audience completely by surprise, and she became *the* favorite of the performance; her singing of several songs similar to Lingard took the audience by storm, and besides being heartily recalled, she got a little reception every time she appeared on the stage during the evening. She is brimful of talent and will make her mark in this country.

See little Weber, gay, saucy, pert and free,
The liveliest lass of all the company;
With talent rare and industry unceasing,
With skill to please, and always pleasing.

Ada Harland is a clever actress and a most finished *danseuse*, rivaling in the latter all others in the company. She dances with *abandon* and does a jig in a pleasing and taking manner. Harry Beckett, who is a most excellent low comedian, made a very favorable impression in the burlesque, as well as in the farce of "To Oblige Benson." He possesses a fund of humor, and knows the difference between low comedy and buffoonery. "Ixion," as a burlesque, is a success, and as regards construction and the provision of effective situations, deserves praise. It is exceedingly close and well written. The couplets, easy, tripping and jocund, ripple and sparkle from beginning to end without flagging, thickly strewed with puns, jokes and parodies upon the present times; and though the puns are made up, as is usual with that article, of good, bad and indifferent, still the good, both as regards quantity and quality, cut a respectable figure in proportion to the remainder. The costumes of the four principal ladies are handsome, while some are of that lavish gorgeousness which is deemed to be so very important a concomitant to success in burlesques generally. The acting is good throughout. Miss Alice Logan plays the part of Juno, the wife of Jupiter and love of Ixion, with considerable spirit. Sol Smith, Jr., who was added to the company, appeared to advantage. The burlesque was received throughout with marks of favor, all the songs and dances being *encored* two to three times, while the four ladies who made their *debut* were showered with bouquets and huge baskets of flowers during the performance. The house was densely crowded and continued so during the week. "Ixion" and the ladies of the party have made a most favorable impression, and will continue the leading feature in the amusement line in this city for some time.

THE WIFE of Dan Bryant gave birth to a boy on Sunday morning, Sept. 20th. His name is Daniel.

THE ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY lately performing at Wood's Museum in the afternoon, commence at the Theatre Comique on the 12th inst., with Susan Galton as the *prima donna*. Lingard will continue with his comic songs and sketches. Last week he appeared in two new comic sketches called "Fifth Avenue" and the "Grecian Bend," neither of which can be said to equal any one of those he has heretofore given us. The former bears a slight resemblance to "Capt. Jinks," but is not as good. The latter is a take off on a prevailing mania, and no matter how poor the act might be it would "take," more particularly on a subject that is so generally burlesqued. It is perfectly innocent of rhyme or metre, but his make up, which is very laughable, creates considerable fun. His sketch of "On the Beach at Long Branch"—not on the bills last week—is, so far, his best impersonation. "A Day After the Wedding" commenced the performance last week, and was very well performed by Alice Dunning, McKee Rankin and John T. Raymond.

HARRY RAYNOR, an Ethiopian comedian, who has traveled all over California, Australia, East and West Indies, South Africa and Queensland, makes his *debut* in this city at the San Francisco Minstrel's Hall this evening. Mr. Raynor is spoken of as one of the funniest and most original comedians in the business. He performs on several string instruments, that of his Japanese fiddle being very funny. "Barber Brown" will continue on the bills so long as it continues to please as it has the past four weeks.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS commences its regular fall and winter season in this city, after a highly successful tenting season, on the 6th inst. During their perambulations through the east and west, the building on Fourteenth street has undergone a regular overhauling, and now presents a clean and healthful appearance. A complete set of new trappings have been made, and the general appointments are all new. When the company give their first show everything will be in a splendid condition. Among the artists engaged is Caroline Rolland, a bare back equestrienne, who makes her first appearance in this city on this occasion. She arrived from England the past spring, and has been traveling with the concern a few months. We saw her ride in Harlem a few weeks ago, when the company was exhibiting there; she is one of the most finished riders we ever saw. She possesses a wonderful balance, and rides with great ease and elegance. Nat Austin will be equestrian director. There are also in the company Burnell Runnells and sons, Robert Stickney—who is riding better than ever—William Ducrow, Ferd Sagrino, the Conrad Brothers, the Levantin Brothers, H. B. Williams, clown; Jeannette Ellsler, and a number of lady *entree* riders, gymnasts, acrobats and equestrians, making one of the best circus companies ever seen in this country.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS continue to be well attended. The programme offered the past week was a diversified one, presenting to advantage the particular capabilities of each member of this troupe. The ballad singing of C. Henry and Dempster was deservedly applauded. The second part of the programme comprised quite a variety of entertainments—a double song and dance by Hogan and Hughes, the Julien Concert, a sketch by Eph Horn, Nelse Seymour and Rockefeller, a stump speech and a banjo solo by Unsworth, and Dan Bryant as "Captain Jinks." The burlesque on "Lucrezia Borgia" is received nightly with cordial approval.

"BARBER BLU" remains on the bills at Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Hall, and, with such a performance, who can wonder that the audience increases nightly, and the visitors go home at a reasonable hour in the best of humor? The burlesque, although almost too faithful a copy of the original, is received each evening with screams of laughter and applause. The adaptor has shown great talent to present the opera bouffe in its present shape. It is highly diverting and the dialogue sparkles with local witticisms. In the first part Talbot has the bones and J. C. Campbell tambourine.

"NO THOROUGHFARE" was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Sept. 28th by W. J. Florence, but not for the first time in this country, as stated on the bills. It was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 6th of last January, and was a dead failure. It was also produced at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, one week later, and was a failure there. Excepting the acting of Mr. Florence, very little if anything can be said of its present performance in this city. The cheap manner in which it has been gotten up seems to be characteristic of this down-town place of amusement. The scenery is poor, the mechanical arrangements badly worked, the acting with but one or two exceptions below mediocrity, and the general production bad. The last scene, which is supposed to be a representation of the "Gallery in the Alps," is a disgrace to any theatre. The play has faults in abundance—faults of construction, arrangement and dialogue. Two or three causes render it a weak and almost a bad drama. In the first place it is too long, being strung out to six acts, the plot being too small for the edifice reared upon it. There is so much extraneous matter mixed up with the story that it is not easy to determine how much is, and how much is not, a necessary portion of the plot. Then there is the extreme improbability of the whole. Three acts are the most into which this piece should be allowed to extend. If it is not a failure, it certainly is not a success. The attendance the past week has not been great, for while the parquet, orchestra and dress circle have been about two-thirds filled, the family circle has been almost deserted. If the management of this house would study their own interests as well as the comfort of their patrons, they would put a stop to some of the *attaches* of the box office and others in front of the house sitting on the steps leading from the lobby to the parquet, and annoying the audience by entering into an argument about some trivial affair. It is a nuisance and should be abated.

MLLE. AUGUSTA, a pleasing *danseuse*, returned to this city on Oct. 1st, after an extended starring tour.

AGNES ETHEL is the name of a young lady who, for some time past, has been preparing herself—under the able tuition of Matilda Heron Stoepel—for the stage. She has chosen the arduous *role* of "Camille" for her *debut*, which will take place on Oct. 10th, before a few invited friends and members of the press at Jerome's Theatre.

MILLIE TURNOUR, a young lady who has lately been creating quite a *furore* in Baltimore, Washington, and last at Boston, by her daring performances on the single bar trapeze at an altitude of sixty feet, commences an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. Alice Siedler, a clever comic vocalist, has also been engaged in place of Jennie Engel, who goes to New Orleans. All the other old favorites appear. Little Nell closed her engagement on Sept. 26th.

LLOYD VS. WORRELL.—It will be remembered by many of our readers that some two months ago one Lloyd, who had been and is now in the map publishing business, leased from the business manager of the Worrell Sisters the New York Theatre for the production of "Foul Play" for four weeks, with the privilege of extending it so long as it should be "mutually profitable" to himself and Mr. Worrell, the latter becoming a partner after the four weeks. The Worrell Sisters becoming tired of Lloyd as the lessee, and wishing to regain possession of the theatre, sought through the special term of the Court of Common Pleas to break the contract and eject the said Lloyd. Judge Barrett decided on Sept. 30th that the lease is void, as being too indefinite as to the time and too uncertain as to the amount, and, therefore, vacated the injunction before granted of restraining Worrell from ejecting Lloyd. The following is the judge's decision:—"The covenant to extend the time so long as it proves 'mutually profitable' is indefinite as to the term and uncertain as to the amount. The term 'mutually profitable' does not contemplate a mere excess of receipts over expenditures, nor even a fair and ordinary profit, but the absolute satisfaction of both parties. The law can lay down no fixed rule upon the subject, for that only is mutually profitable which each party esteems to be such. What is profitable to one may be unprofitable to another and there is no happy medium in such matters for the satisfaction of the ordinary mind. But were it possible to define a fair and reasonable profit for to-day, that would be no criterion for to-morrow. Here we are asked to construe the term mutually profitable as having reference to a reasonable profit, to be ascertained by outside evidence, and to specifically enforce the contract so long as such reasonable profit shall continue during the joint lives of the parties. This would involve our decreeing that to be reasonably profitable which one of the parties declares to be unprofitable. Apart from the difficulties suggested and from certain legal difficulties which need not be discussed, it would require us to take proof from time to time of the fluctuations in the theatrical market, and to keep up a running adjudication upon the subject of reasonable managerial profits. Before anything approximating to a correct or certain result could be arrived at, the inquiry would necessarily extend over a variety of subjects, such as the location of the theatre, the character of the pieces and artistes, the business transacted at rival establishments, and a comparison of counter attractions, the bare mention of which demonstrates the complete impracticability of the course pursued. I have considered the question in every point of view, and the more I reflect over it the clearer is my opinion that this covenant is void for uncertainty The injunction must therefore be dissolved."

THE PISTOL AGAIN.—It appears of late that members of the minstrel profession are constantly getting themselves in trouble by the use of the pistol. The latest is that of Hughey Dougherty, an end man now performing with Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn, who took a trip across the river on Thursday, the 1st inst., and while indulging in some refreshments at Peter Mitchell's saloon, Bleecker street corner of Greene, got into an altercation with some parties present, when a pistol shot was fired, but fortunately without any serious injury. It is singular that minstrel performers should be so much mixed up with shooting affairs of late, in this city as well as elsewhere.

LEVY, the Cornet Player, is announced by Mr. Seguin to shortly appear in this city in a series of concerts with Parepa Rosa. This is the same Levy who, out of jealousy, we are told, was the cause of having Charles E. Dobson hissed off the stage at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, Eng., about a year ago, as stated in our columns at the time. Shortly after this Levy and Dobson were both engaged by the Manager of the Alhambra, London, for a tour through the provinces, and on Mr. Dobson's appearance in London he was again hissed, through, it is said, the influence of Levy; but quite a scrimmage took place, Frank Dobson and Levy having a lively set-to. Charles E. Dobson jumped from the stage, joined in the affray, and for several minutes quite an excitement took place. Among those who were spectators of the *emeute* were Neil Bryant and Sherry Corbyn. This affair broke the Dobson Brothers' engagement in London, and they had to return home. We have heard it rumored that Mr. Levy's *debut* here will be attended by a similar disturbance, and an attempt will be made to hiss him from the stage.

A DIVORCE SUIT.—Charlotte V. Hoffman has sued Edward Hoffman in the Superior Court for a divorce, on the ground of adultery. The case was heard on Oct. 3d, before Judge Jones, who appointed a referee to inquire into the pecuniary condition of the parties and report. Both parties are musical people, the former a *prima donna* and the latter a pianist. Mrs. Hoffman was formerly known as Varian James, but her right name is Charlotte Bartlett. Mr. Hoffman is well known in musical circles as a composer and performer. About eight years ago he traveled as musical director for the Cooper English Opera Troupe. Soon after this he commenced a traveling tour with Mrs. Varian James, to whom he was married in Providence, R. I., in April, 1863. Since then they have traveled throughout the country giving concerts, and have lived together until last March. Mrs. Hoffman charges him with having committed adultery at divers times and places. In support of the motion, the plaintiff's affidavit was read that she had mainly supported herself by giving lessons in music, but that for several weeks past she had no income of professional engagements; that defendant was a professor of music, and also a composer, and was in receipt of a large income. The defendant states, in an affidavit read in opposition to the motion, that the charges of adultery against him are entirely false; that since his marriage to plaintiff, through his professional efforts and labors, he had succeeded in establishing for her a reputation and position as a first-class concert singer, by means of which she had heretofore secured engagements with Ole Bull, and with Posnanski, both celebrated violinists, and others, and that she had received as compensation large salaries, reaching during some of her engagements to $200 a week; defendant had, till their separation, uniformly paid out of his own earnings for the support of plaintiff, though she had now as much as $3,000 invested on interest; she was twice married, her first husband being Mr. Varian, who is dead, and her second, Leopold James, who is still living. Rebecca Schenck testifies that in April, 1868, while coming out of Dr. Hutton's church, after church services, with plaintiff, the latter stated in the course of conversation that she didn't marry the defendant out of any sentiment of love, but simply to form an alliance in a business point of view—defendant being an eminent artist while she had acquired a position as a concert singer; the plaintiff was engaged to sing in the choir in Dr. Hutton's church, while the defendant was organist there. The plaintiff also said that she was usually paid twice as much as her husband at concerts, and could make more money. E. G. Locke, one of the proprietors of the Conservatory of Music in Eighth street, in his affidavit states that he is acquainted with the parties, and that plaintiff told him she married defendant from no sentiment of love, but simply as a business transaction; that soon after she had commenced this divorce suit she stated that her object was not to secure support or alimony, but that she might be clear of defendant.

ALF. BURNETT sails for California on the 16th inst., accompanied by Miss Nash and his two children.

HENRY B. FARNIE, who advertises in this week's CLIPPER, should be addressed care of Pond and Co., 547 Broadway, in place of 11 University place.

MAX STRAKOSCH gives his first concert in this city, with Clara Louise Kellogg, on Oct. 19th, at the Academy of Music.

JOHN E. OWENS does not sail for Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, as he intended. Maguire, we are told, failed to show the $5,000, in gold, that he promised to give Owens before he sailed, so after considerable telegraphing by Maguire, Owens threw up the engagement. He plays at the Broadway, in this city first, opening January 12th, and shortly after sails for California, for Barrett and McCullough's theatre, now building.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RIGGS, of 189 Bowery, this city, have a number of advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER, to which the attention of professionals and managers is directed. They are agents for the Risarelli Brothers, gymnasts; Robert Nickle, prestidigitateur, and many others. They advertise a copy of "Trodden Down, or Under two Flags," for sale, and they are in want of a number of *danseuses*.

Dramatic.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY commenced an engagement of two weeks at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 28th ultimo, but did not open in "Crown Diamonds," as announced, owing to the indisposition of Mr. S. C. Campbell. The management presented, however, as the initial performance, the opera of the "Bohemian Girl," with Mr. H. C. Peakes as Devilshoof and Mr. Seguin as Count Arnheim. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"The cause of Mr. Campbell's absence from the stage on the opening night was the presence of a large and painful boil on the bridge of his nose. 'Fra Diavolo' drew a fashionable and brilliant audience on the following evening. Mr. Campbell appeared, although not entirely over his affliction, and was received with that hearty applause which always notes his popularity. The appearance of Mrs. Seguin, however, was the signal for the most continued manifestation of delight. Mrs. S. looks as winning as ever and seems to have lost none of those easy and natural ways which enable her to creep so easily into the affections of our opera goers. Miss Edith Abell—who, I understand, is a Washingtonian—appeared as Zerlina, and was well received. Miss Abell has considerable talent, besides possessing a pleasant face and an agreeable figure. With encouragement and practice she will certainly prove a needed acquisition to the troupe. Flotow's charming opera of 'Martha' was given on Wednesday evening, with the usual cast and exquisitely rendered. Last evening, October 1st, 'Maritana' was presented, Miss Abell appearing for the first time in the title *role*. This evening, October 2d, Mr. Campbell receives a benefit, the opera of the 'Czar and Carpenter' being announced for the occasion. 'Crown Diamonds' will be produced on to-morrow evening. 'Crispino' and the Fairy,' having been translated from the Italian and adapted to the English stage, by Mrs. Caroline Richings Bernard, will be given for the first time in this city, and second time in America, on the 5th instant. Just previous to the commencement of the opera season, there appeared a card in one of our morning papers, evidently written by a dyspeptic opera goer, in which the writer remarked that after a patience of several seasons, we had a right to expect the company (alluding to the Richings troupe) would give us something beside the five or six operas which alone seem to form their *repertoire;* and that however pleasant 'Martha,' 'Fra Diavolo' and the 'Bohemian Girl' may be, it is almost too much to ask us to endure them forever. The managers, Messrs. Spalding & Rapley, in the next issue of the paper, replied to the card and informed the writer that the Richings company have sung in this city *sixteen* different operas, nearly twice as many as any foreign troupe ever sang in a full season in New York city itself; that the people of Washington, by their persistent attendance on some and non-attendance on other operas, declared what they wanted, and that the desire of the public is the law which governs the management. They expressed the opinion that the music of Flotow, Auber, Bellini and Gounod will be fresh after the complaining writer is in his grave, and conclude by remaking that the Richings were the first to produce the 'Lily of Killarney,' the 'Czar and Carpenter,' 'Prairie Flower' and 'Faust,' in English; that during the present season 'Trovatore' and 'Traviata' will be produced. No other opera troupe, the management contended, in any country, in the same limits of time, produced in new dress so many operas; that when new productions are written worth singing, the Richings troupe will sing them."

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for a season of eight months, also eight good looking *ballet* girls. See B. H. G.'s card.

LANERGAN'S COMPANY opened in Springfield, Ohio, on Oct. 1st.

EDWIN BOOTH opened a five nights' engagement in Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 28th, under the management of Barney Macauley, supported by W. C. Pope, A. W. Church, H. C. Barton, H. H. Wood, F. Basworth, Messrs. Hurst, Fleming, Richards, Stewart, Broadwell and Lewis, Cordelia Cappell, Hattie Arnold, Lee, Mrs. Moore and the Misses Edwards and Price. A correspondent says:—"The pieces for the week were 'Hamlet,' 'Richelieu,' 'Brutus,' 'Richard' and 'Much Ado About Nothing,' with Booth as Benedict, Rachel Johnson as Beatrice, and Macauley as Dogberry. A *matinee* was given October 2d, on which occasion the 'Lady of Lyons' was presented, with Rachel Johnson as Pauline, and Booth as Claude. Business was excellent. Mr. Devere, the leading man of the company, was unable to perform owing to illness, and remained at Toledo, Ohio, where Manager Macauley will open Oct. 12th."

BATEMAN'S FRENCH OPERA TROUPE occupied the National Theatre in Cincinnati last week, giving the "Grand Duchess" on the first three evenings and for the *matinee* on Saturday, and "La Belle Helene" on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The attendance was generally good. A number of the artists familiar to the city, having, with Lambele at their head, and Decre as Fritz, produced the "Duchess" in Cincinnati last spring. The new troupe, so far as dresses, strength of chorus and scenery was concerned, was an improvement on the first one. Duchesne as Boum was well liked—he did not burlesque to too great an extreme. The Paul, Puck and Grog were excellent, but no better than their predecessors of the former company. Decre gave Fritz in his usual rollicking style, and was the recipient of great applause. Nepomuc was hardly equal to him of the first troupe. With Tostee a great deal of disappointment was felt, and few of the audiences considered her as good as Lambele, who played the secondary part of Wanda charmingly. The Duchess had plenty of life and spirit and is blessed with a good voice, but she lacks the grace and beauty of Mlle. Lambele, and above all the latter's expressive, mobile countenance......The National company accompanied Miss and Mr. Couldock to Columbus, O., supporting him there while their theatre was occupied by the opera troupe.

MR. JAMES HOLLOWAY, tragedian, desires an engagement. Of his merits a notice appears in another column, to which we invite the attention of managers.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., is in want of twenty *ballet* ladies and other first class performers. See card elsewhere.

THE FOURTH STREET THEATRE, Cincinnati, was opened on Friday evening, the 2d inst., for the benefit of the "Gunboat Squad" of the Grant Guards. The entertainment consisted of two farces, "A Momentous Question" and "Toodles," and a number of tableaux. T. Homer and W. H. Munson, two well known amateurs, appeared.

MRS. BOWERS was expected in Salt Lake City by the end of September.

MADAME SCHELLER continues at the Helena Theatre. A correspondent says:—"'Cinderella' has been produced to large houses, with new scenery, painted by J. Guido Methua, and his assistant, Mr. Howe. The opening scene, the Fairy Bower, is one of the neatest and most novel scenes I have ever seen. The flat represents a lake, from the placid surface of which rise coral islands sparkling in every imaginable hue. The stage represents a huge bower composed of glided and frosted leaves, and a quantity of large, bright red buds, dotted with golden points. The fountain in the centre is also surrounded by these buds. At once, when Cinderella rises through the fountain, and the red fires blaze upon the scene, these buds all spring open, changing to a bower of large white flowers, shaded in purple tints and gilded veins running through the leaves, producing an effect of the most startling and dazzling beauty. It is one of the finest scenes I ever beheld. The theatre possesses in Mr. J. Griffith a property-man who has few rivals, and all his contrivances are very ingenious. Mr. Chapter, the machinist, has also exerted himself with great credit in the mechanical contrivances of the piece. The choruses were sung in an excellent manner. Madame Scheller has prolonged her engagement in Helena."

THE BOSTON MUSEUM produced, on Sept. 28th, "Black Sheep." Our correspondent, "Penfold," says:—"L. R. Shewell and Annie Clark fill the leading *roles*. The piece received but four representations this week, 'Foul Play' and 'Time and the Hour' having filled the stage on the off nights. 'Henry Dunbar' is underlined for speedy production....... Selwyn has not changed his bill this (last) week. 'Follies of a Night' and 'Foul Play' continuing to hold the stage. 'Daddy Grey,' a serio-comic drama by Andrew Halliday, will follow the above. Mrs Chanfrau makes her first appearance this season on Oct. 5th, and she will doubtless be greeted by a large and fashionable audience, for she is a great favorite. ......Lotta closed at the Boston Theatre on Oct. 3d. She has been playing 'Fire Fly' to large audiences. Edwin Booth opens on Oct. 5th.......The Howard is filled nightly, and it is not to be wondered at. Jennie Benson, the lady clog dancer, appeared this week and made a hit. Walter Brown remained and gave club exercises nightly.......Willard, after having a blow up with his company, Zoe, Fiske's opera troupe and everybody else who has any connection with his theatre, has since announced the positive appearance of Zoe for Oct. 1st. It is rumored that Willard is to sell his theatre to C. R. Thorne, Sr., but it is only a rumor.......The Comique open their regular season on Oct. 5, and the old favorites Maffit and Bartholomew, will, no doubt, be greeted with a big house."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY appeared in Augusta, Me., the past week. The Kennebeck *Reporter* says:—"We have never been more gratified with any theatrical entertainment than with that given by McKean Buchanan and his company last evening. The rendition of Hamlet by Mr. Buchanan was grand, realizing our fullest idea of the unfortunate Prince of Denmark. The character of Ophelia, as sustained by Miss Buchanan, was also very fine. They were excellently supported by the company. We would advise all our readers not to miss the opportunity of listening to this great actor and actress."

ANNIE SEFTON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a two weeks' engagement at Pleasantville, Pa., on Sept. 26th, and were to open in Corry on the 28th for one week, and go thence to Petroleum Centre on Oct. 5th.

THE NEW THEATRE in San Francisco, to be managed by Barrett and McCullough, which is fast approaching completion, will be ready for occupancy, it is thought, by January 1st. Emilie Melville, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. C. R. Saunders, Harry Edwards and S. Leach are already engaged.

D. K. RUSSELL opened Frank's Hall, Kansas City, Mo., on Sept. 26th, with the following dramatic company:—Amelia Watts, Millie Bridges, Millie Aubra, Mrs. J. Biddles, Miss M. E. Hill, Edwin Clifford, Edwin Clarke, George Fisher, S. Stafford, O. B. Brace, J. Biddles, J. H. Thorne, T. W. Drudy and D. K. Russell. "All That Glitters is not Gold" and "Jenny Lind" were the opening pieces.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Norfolk, Va., opens on Oct. 12th under John T. Ford's management.

"IXION."—This clever burlesque, which has been so successfully produced at Wood's Museum, in this city, but originally presented in this country by E. Warden, two years ago, can be secured by managers throughout the country from Mr. Warden; who will furnish the score, together with all the parts, business, etc., by addressing him as per advertisement elsewhere.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" was presented at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week. Morlacchi, *premier danseuse*, was favorably received. This week Mark Smith is the star.

THE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN CHICAGO, Ill., are reported to have done a most excellent business the past week. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," under date of Sept. 30th, says:—"The closing performance of Bateman's Troupe occurred Sept. 26th. The company left for Cincinnati on Sunday, Sept. 27th, and on the same day Max Maretzek, with his company, arrived. 'Trovatore' was the opening, followed, last night, by 'Faust' in German, 'Ernani' to-night in Italian, 'Fidelio' to-morrow night in German, and so alternating throughout the *repertoire*. Pecuniarily they are a success; musically speaking I have seen better balanced opera troupes here in Chicago.......'Humpty Dumpty' follows on Oct. 19th, with the Tony Denier party, Pepita and Alexandrina being in the cast.......At the Museum the 'Veteran' still holds the boards and has proved a success; and it deserves it, for never was a play presented to the Chicago public in a more comprehensive style. Mr. Kelly appears to better advantage as the Colonel than any other character he has assumed here. ......Joe Jefferson has evidently concluded to give Schneider a rest and Gretchen a little peace, for this week he does Bob Acres and Hugh De Brass, which is sufficiently convincing that he can play something besides 'Rip,' and the attendance fully attests the fact. On Oct. 5th the long expected 'Midsummer Night's Dream' will be presented. Joe was advertised in a prominent morning journal on Sept. 28th as follows:—'Last week of the Great Comedian, Mr. *Thomas* Jefferson.' It is needless to refer to the politics of the paper. ......Mr. Jefferson and Wm. Warren open the Milwaukie Music Hall on Oct. 26 for one week with 'Rip Van Winkle,' and proceed thence to Detroit for another week.......In your report of the Vernon-Russell affair, as copied from the Chicago *Evening Journal*, the woman Russell was designated as an actress. It is due the profession at large to state that she has never been connected with the stage in any capacity."

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Portland, Me., last week, and, notwithstanding the State Fair was postponed one week in consequence of the weather, business is said to have been good with them, playing "Lucretia Borgia," "Nobody's Daughter," "Hidden Hand" and "French Spy." The company are in Gloucester, Mass., this week.

"THE GOLDEN FARMER" was presented at the Salt Lake Theatre on Sept. 24th, with J. C. Graham as Jemmy Twitcher.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE talked about so much in Portland, Me., has finally ended in a fizzle, the stockholders not being able to "see it clearly." It is rumored that Deering Hall is to be remodled and made a first class place.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" continues the attraction offered at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio. Our correspondent, "Claude," says:—"The pantomime has been well placed upon the stage, praise being due Simon Moesta for his new and beautiful scenery. The machinery, by Fleming and King, worked well, and was gotten up with a view to a hard traveling campaign. Tony Denier, as clown, fully sustains his reputation as one of the best clowns in the country, while Sloan as Pantaloon, Harry Leslie as Harlequin, Mlle. Auriol as Columbine, and Louisa Sylvester are all that could be desired. Pepita is winning hosts of friends by her dancing; her style is new in Cleveland and takes well. The *premiere danseuses*, Alexandrina, Ella Sheri Bellini, Hastings, Minnie Weigel and Sarah Murray, make the best *ballet corps* we ever had here. St. Ody, an old favorite here, as *maitre de ballet* is well received nightly. E. T. Goodrich astonishes us by his skating. Much credit is due Tony Denier for the excellence displayed in producing this pantomime; everything has worked smoothly, there being no hitches of any kind."

AT THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Chanfrau gave "Sam" for his benefit on Sept. 25th. On the 28th "The Ticket of Leave Man" was given, with Chanfrau as Brierly; Dolly Davenport, Jem Dalton; Frank Evans as Hawkshaw, and Sheldon as Melter Moss; Mary Mitchell as May Edwards, and Fanny Stocqueler as Sam. Our correspondent says:—"The play was finely rendered, especially Chanfrau's Brierly and Miss Mitchell's May Edwards. 'The Ticket of Leave Man' was withdrawn on Sept. 30th, and on Oct. 1st 'Solon Shingle,' 'The Debutante' and 'Day After the Wedding' were substituted, with Chanfrau as Solon Shingle and Mons. Dufard, also J. W. Albaugh as Col. Freelove, and Miss Mitchell as Lady Elizabeth in 'Day After the Wedding.'...... Bateman's Opera Bouffe Troupe commence on the 5th in 'La Grand Duchesse.'......At De Bar's on Sept. 25th, Helen Western appeared in the 'Actress of Padua' and 'Pet of the Petticoats' for her benefit. On the 26th the Crew of the Constitution, a Democratic Club, had a benefit, Miss Western playing in 'Satan in Paris,' and Ben De Bar in 'Toodles.' The net proceeds were $600. The house was packed. On Sept. 28th Miss Western gave 'Medea' and 'Jenny Lind,' 29th 'Corsican Brothers,' 30th 'Capt. Kid,' and Oct 1st 'Oliver Twist.' C. W. Couldock and daughter follow Miss Western on the 5th for two weeks. Business next week will, no doubt, be very good on account of many strangers being here to attend our State Fair."

MR. AND MRS. D. MYRON do not travel this season with Myers' Company. They were only engaged during the Forrest season with J. C. Myers.

ALADDIN was produced at the Academy of Music, Omaha, Nebraska, on Sept. 29th. A correspondent says:—"M'lle Hernandez and her juvenile troupe did the dancing. There are about fifty people in the piece. The cave scene is a creditable affair, and the flying palace worked smoothly. Mrs. Germon does Aladdin. There seems to be an impression that Miss Ward should have played the part; she is the *soubrette*, and a favorite. Irwin is the Abernzac, Rainforth, Kassrac, and Nobles, Azac. Mrs. De Bar was funny as the widow Mustaphe, and seemed to know her lines, which cannot be said of the other two leading parts. This latter fault will probably be amended upon a second representation. Mr. Rainforth makes a fair Kassrac. One of the hits of the piece was the comic combat between Azac and Kassrac."

GEORGE JAMIESON, well known in the dramatic profession, and more particularly for the notoriety he gained in connection with the celebrated Consuelo letter in the Forrest divorce case, met with a sudden death on Oct. 3d, near Yonkers, by being run over by a Hudson River Railroad train. Mr. J. was born in New York in 1812, where he made his first appearance on any stage. Previous to his adopting the stage as a profession he was in the jewelry business. Was attached to the National Theatre, Church street, New York, in September, 1839, when it was destroyed by fire. First appeared in Philadelphia Oct. 9th, 1840, at the National Theatre, sustaining five different characters in the "Cameleon;" he also gave imitations of Messrs. Forrest, Booth, Vandenhoff, Hamblin, Kean and Rice. During the winter of 1861 he went to England, where he remained for some time. Returning to this country he appeared with much success at the Winter Garden Theatre, in this city, as Pete in "The Octoroon." He was married to Carrie Elwood, an actress. His funeral takes place on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6th.

THE MOBILE THEATRE opens its regular season on Oct. 19th, and the improvements made in the interior during the summer vacation make it look almost like a new place.

THE BRYAN CITY, TEXAS, THEATRE, played a succession of stock pieces during the week ending Sept. 26th. Our correspondent writes as follows:—"We have had during the week 'Wm. Tell,' 'Golden Farmer,' 'Merry Cobbler,' a repetition on Friday evening of 'Wm Tell,' and on Sept. 26th 'Ingomar' and 'Merry Cobbler.' On Sept. 22d we were promised 'Don Cæsar,' but owing to the inclemency of the weather there was no performance. We were also promised 'The Wife,' with John English, an old favorite, as 'Leonardo,' but for some reason or other the piece was changed—hence the repetitions. Billy Wallace took his farewell of the Bryanites on Sept. 24th, and left for Galveston the following day. Since my last they have made an addition of C. J. Foster to the company."

THE WORRELL SISTERS were to have commenced an engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 5th inst. with their entire New York Company. They open with Offenbach's Opera of "the Grand Duchess" in English.

"FOUL PLAY" was produced at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on 28th ult., to one of the largest audiences of the season, with the following cast:—Mr. Barron as Robt. Penfold, Miss De Bar as Helen, Mr. Healy as Joe Wylie, Mr. W. H. Meeker as Robt. Burt, Mr. Parker as Capt. Hudson, Mr. Kennedy as Arthur Wardlaw, Mr. Gallagher as Gen. Rolleston, Mr. Turner as John Wardlaw, and Mrs. G. C. Germon as Nancy. Our correspondent says:—"The Robt. Penfold of Mr. Barron is admirably enacted, especially in the island scene, where his talents are well tested. Miss De Bar does well throughout the play, and deserves especial notice in the parting scene on the island between her and Penfold, where the tenderest feelings of nature are well portrayed by both. The Joe Wylie of Mr. Healy and the Hiram Hudson of Mr. Parker are both capital pieces of acting and could not be cast in better hands. The part of Arthur Wardlaw we consider too heavy for Mr. Kennedy, but his rendition is acceptable. Nancy gives scope for Mrs. G. C. Germon's peculiar talents. The scenery and stage effects, especially those of the sinking ship and the island scene, reflect much credit on Mr. Hall, the stage manager, and Mr. Getz, the scenic artist, and cannot be commended too highly. The piece was withdrawn on the 3d inst. The entire company left on the 4th inst. for Norfolk and Richmond, where they will remain for four weeks and then return to this theatre."

THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., has been playing the stock company the past week, who appeared on September 28th in "Black Sheep, with John Davis as Stewart Routh, T. J. Herndon as Jim Swaine, Miss Llewellyn as Harriet, and Imogene Tracy as Sally. The piece is condemned by our correspondent "Mose." "Black Sheep" held the boards two nights, and was followed with "The Octoroon" on September 30th and October 1st, and "Rob Roy" October 2d. For the *Matinee* on October 3d, the "Octoroon" was to be presented.

A. O. MILLER'S Dramatic company opened in Dubuque, Iowa, on September 28th, for the fall and winter season with the following company:—A. O. Miller, Yankee Miller, J. W. Wilson, H. A. Kendall, D. E. Townsend, J. S. Murphy, C. L. Hunter, C. H. Devlin, J. Edwards, Mrs. A. O. Miller, Mrs. R. J. Miller, Mrs. D. E. Townsend, Fannie Peak, Abbie Suttler and Miss Hastings.

SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE opened at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 29th ult, producing the "Colleen Bawn." It being the week of the State Fair, the houses have been crowded to suffocation. On Thursday night, Oct. 1st, "East Lynne" was produced to the largest audience ever assembled in that city, over 1,100 persons being present, the receipts amounting to nearly $600, while for the week the total must have reached the handsome figure of $3,000, a harvest Manager Sherry ought to feel proud of. The company open in Chambersburg, Pa., on the 5th.

LIZZIE AND WELCH EDWARDS can be engaged for juveniles and comedy, first old men and character business. See their card elsewhere. This week they are at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, performing in "Foul Play."

HELEN WESTERN commences a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Corry, Pa., on October 6th.

THE VICKSBURG THEATRE is advertised to rent in another column. A correspondent says that from present indications a good business may be done there.

THE STOCK COMPANY were the attraction at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week, appearing in "Eustache Baudin" and "Under the Gaslight." This week the "White Fawn" is the attraction.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY from the National, Cincinnati, Ohio, appeared in Columbus last week, with the Couldocks as the stars. Their opening bill was "The Willow Copse," which the Couldocks have made their specialty, and which was well received by a crowded audience. Halks and Staggers were played by Guion and Lowery, and Augustus as portrayed by H. Lindley, an old favorite there, met with an enthusiastic reception. Miss Ada Monk played Meg. On the 29th, Richelieu; 30th, Louis XI

A DRAMATIC COMPANY under the management of Frank Mayo opened in Lowell, Mass., on Sept. 28th, in "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" and "Stage Struck." In the latter piece Mr. Mayo gave imitations of Forrest, Booth, J. D. Rice and others.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY gave the "Ticket of Leave Man" in Lowell, Mass., on Oct. 3d.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY LINDEN can be engaged for low comedy and leading business.

WILLARD'S THEATRE, Boston, has come to another abrupt termination. As stated in our last issue, the regular dramatic season closed on Sept. 26th, and the company was discharged at a moment's notice. On Tuesday, Sept. 29th—salary day—Willard could not be found, consequently the "ghost" did not walk. On Sept. 28th Fiske's English Opera Bouffe Company opened and continued for three nights, under the management of C. R. Thorne, Sr., in the absence of Mr. Willard. On Thursday morning, Oct. 1st., the opera troupe retired in consequence of bad business, and that evening Zoe—whose engagement ought to have commenced on Sept. 28th, according to her contract—appeared in the "French Spy," supported by a dramatic company, some of whom would not strut the boards until a portion of their back "sal." was forthcoming, which was acceded to. On Friday evening, the 2d inst., the anticipations of dissolution were realized. Before the curtain rose the comedian demanded his last week's salary. This not being forthcoming, he refused to appear and the prompter went on and read his part, Zoe having first explained matters and begged the indulgence of the audience. During the first "wait" the carpenters struck and Zoe, again appearing, told the audience the play could not go on, and they could have their money refunded at the box office. Early in the evening the treasurer had been removed from the office, and Zoe's manager had taken possession. When the audience rushed out in confusion, the box office, we understand, was empty. Some of the victims were noisy and turbulent, and besieged the stage door on Harvard street, where, we hear, Zoe made another pacificatory speech. The police were called meantime, and they cleared the house, shut it up and dispersed the crowd. Thus ended the season at Willard's Theatre.

LAURA KEENE and her dramatic company appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on Sept. 28th and 29th, to large houses—standing room being at a premium on the opening night. "Our American Cousin" was given on the 28th; Laura announces on the posters that she has played it over one thousand times, which one would suppose would be sufficient to play it out entirely. It attracted the largest audience of the season. Miss Keene enacted Florence Trenchard, George Boniface appeared as Asa Trenchard. George Parkes did Lord Dundreary, while the remaining characters were creditably handled by B. F. McNulty, L. F. Rand, J. T. Fanning, J. Davies, W. M. Wood, Mrs. J. Rogers, Jennie Anderson, Jessie Rogers and Lizzie Couran. "Hunted Down," with the new title of, "A Woman's Secret," and the farce of "Turn him Out" were presented on the 29th

FROM GALVESTON, Texas, we are advised of the doings in the theatrical world up to September 28th, under which date a correspondent says:—"On Sept. 21st at the Galveston Theatre was presented "Don Cæsar De Bazan" and the farce of "Marriage at any Price," followed on the 22d by "Romance of a Poor Young Man," with R. D. Ogden as Manuel; Mr. and Mrs. Eberle as the Doctor and Mad. Laroque were excellent. On Sept. 23d "A Romance of a Poor Young Man" was repeated, and the "Irish Schoolmaster," with Sam Ryan as Dr. O'Toole; George Morton was successful as the Beadle. "Still Water Runs Deep" was presented on the 24th. The first *matinee* was given on Sept. 26th, when children were admitted free. "Married Rake" and "Hidden Hand" were performed on the evening of the 26th.

MISS MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN AND COMPANY appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d, to fair houses. "Cynthia" and "Loan of a Lover" were the opening pieces. "Perfection," "Betsy Baker" and "A Trip to Richmond" were given on the 2d; "The Union Spy" and "Toodles" on the 3d, with George Pardey in the title *role*. In the company are Mr. and Mrs. Pardey, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hayden, H. S. Clarke, G. Malmburgh, Charles Henri, Adelie Clarke and Miss Carlton. The company perform in Woonsocket on the 5th and 6th, and in Worcester, 7th, 8th and 9th; after which Mr. and Mrs. Pardey, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hayden and Mr. Henri leave the company and start for Mobile, where they are engaged for the season.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S COMPANY, consisting of Kate Estelle, Mary Estelle, Annie Mortimer, E. W. Beattie, Chas. F. Stafford, George E. Wilson, George Hayward, Josie Mason, Lottie Ward, Emma Morrison, La Petite Mai Estelle, E. Sands, C. H. Clarke, J. B. Howard, J. L. Conner and A. Wyatt, opened their season in Bath, Me., on Oct. 3d.

"FOUL PLAY," after a run of two weeks at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., closed on Sept. 26th. During the last evening of its performance Miss Jennie Wilton is said to have made a hit as Nancy Rouse, and was frequently applauded. The state fair was in session the past week and the theatre was well attended nightly. Miss Jean Hosmer appears on the 5th inst. in "Elizabeth."

LEFFINGWELL was playing the past week at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

N. C. FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY have been performing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the past three weeks to good business. A benefit was tendered Mrs. Forrester on Sept. 28th, and the receipts are said to have been $719.

MARRIED, on the 28th ult., in Baltimore, Mr. Jos. B. Polk to Miss Julia A. Parker, both of Baltimore. The happy couple immediately after the ceremony, which was performed at the bride's residence, left for New York. Mr. Polk has an engagement at Wallack's Theatre for the season, we understand. The bride, who is a great favorite in Baltimore, just closed an engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, and will in all probability retire to the shades of private life.

J. C. MYERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY are said to have done a big business with Forrest in Rochester, N. Y., three nights and Buffalo nine nights. The company open in Utica, N. Y., on the 8th for one night. On the 9th J. H. Hackett commences a two weeks' engagement with the company, playing back over the same route.

LAURA KEENE and her company performed Oct. 2d in New Haven, Conn., to good business. "Our American Cousin" was the attraction.

MAGGIE MITCHELL appeared under the management of Lowell and Simmonds in New Haven, Conn., on Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st, supported by James W. Collier. "Fanchon" was produced the first night and "Lorle" the second and last night.

MRS. F. W. LANDER, who opened at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept 28th, and played "Queen Elizabeth" and "Mary Stuart" during the week, is in her last week in the Quaker City. and appears this week in "Macbeth," "Marie Antoinette" and "School for Scandal." She has been well supported by James H. Taylor.

OLD COMEDIES held the boards at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week, in which Mrs. John Drew appeared to advantage. Her Mrs. Oakley and Lady Teazle have few if any superiors on the American stage. This week Lotta is the attraction, opening on the 5th inst. in "Little Nell."

"FOUL PLAY" is produced this week at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, with nearly the same cast as at the Worrel Sisters' Theatre in this city.

"FOUL PLAY" is the attraction at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

OUR CALIFORNIA ADVICES are by the overland mail up to Sept. 19th. The subscription season of Italian opera was announced to terminate on Sept. 23d...... Mrs. Bowers continued her engagement at the Opera House, and was to appear in the "Jewess of Madrid" on Sept. 19th......."Jeems Pipes" gave his "Sixty Minutes in China and Japan" on Sept. 15th.......The receipts of the places of amusement for the month of August were as follows:—Alhambra, $13,226; Metropolitan, $23,781; Maguire's Opera House, $10,877; Olympic, $3,557; Anatomical Museum, $1,013......."La Belle Helene," after a week's postponement, was to be produced at the Alhambra on Sept. 21st......Otto Reiffarth, late of the Stadt Theatre, New York, made his *debut* at the German Theatre, on Sept. 15th, as Schulze in "Pechschulze." ......Joe Murphy, Lew Rattler, Lew Parker, (a recent arrival), Carrie Brykel, Miss Solidad, Amanda Lee, Kelly, *et als.*, are performing at the Olympic.

R. M. DE WITT, who has lately made the publication of stage plays in a cheap form a specialty, has an advertisement in another column giving a list of some of the most popular plays of the day, which he has published for the exceedingly low price of fifteen cents each. Several of these plays he has lately received from London, where they have proved very attractive. "Dearer Than Life" and "Daddy Gray," "Maud's Peril," "Caste" and others of note are in the list.

Music Halls.

THE FLORENCE SISTERS—Annie, Rosa and Lillie; Belle Miller and Early Miller, opened at the Exchange, Indianapolis, Ind., on Sept. 28th.

THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES, New Orleans, last year called the Olympic Theatre, opened for a third season on September 28th, under the lesseeship of J. Fredrics. This place is in a hall over a carriage repository, on St. Charles street. From the stage to the ceiling it is apparently about twelve to fourteen feet. The seats of the auditorium, which are all on the floor, there being not height enough for dress circle or galleries, will contain about five hundred persons. The orchestra (?) was composed of five performers, the leader of which seemed to take things easy, and during the performances enjoyed a fragrant cigar, and in this he was seconded by many in the audience. A correspondent says:—"The performances, which were of the variety kind, must have surprised even those who know what may be expected in a fifth rate music hall. The opening chorus by the female minstrels was done by two men in burnt cork, two in white faces, three females in long dresses, and two or three others in male costume. There was more vigor than harmony, but these performances are for the roughest of rough crowds, and so are not objects of criticism fortunately. One female did a song and dance in burnt cork, in imitation of Billy Emerson, and created *screams* of approbation. There seemed to be a good understanding between some of the audience and the performers on the stage, for they often shouted back and forth at each other. The house was full. There were no females in the front of the house, except those who went about taking commissions for cigars, whiskey and other drinks, which were supplied on the spot."

The Varieties Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., is doing a good business, we are told, Jim Maas, Miss Gussy Crayton, Miss Fannie Fajo, and Miss Lizzie Wheeler, made their first appearance, Monday evening, Sept. 28th. Miss Louisa Evans is doing a burlesque on "Mazeppa." Helen Devere and Minny Gray do the singing, while the Senorita Marie understands the business as *ballet* mistress. Jim Porter is as big a favorite as ever. J. S. Berry is the stage manager.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Memphis, Tenn., ten ladies for the *ballet, premier danseuse*, and several other performers are wanted. See advertisement elsewhere.

AT THE VARIETIES, Reading, Pa., the company engaged consists of Dan Collins, P. Miles, Geo. Parnelda, Master Brooks, Maggie Smith and Miss Brooks. Collins nightly sings "Capt. Jinks" and "Bitter Beer," in which he is compared favorably with Lingard. Miss Maggie Smith, *danseuse*, is also well received.

KATE RAYMOND, supported by O. B. Collins, opened to a good business in "Mazeppa" at the Atlantic Garden, Philadelphia, on the 28th ult. They want to hire a canvas. See card elsewhere.

THE NORFOLK VARIETIES is in the full tide of success, with Jim Johnson as bones; Charley Kane, interlocutor; Louisa Dayne Wray, Ada Wray, J. B. Ferris and Kate Partington, banjo soloist and song and dance woman, who opened on Sept. 24th

......The Olympic Concert Hall, after extensive alterations, will reopen on the 15th of October. The hall has been enlarged, renovated, decorated and painted throughout, and, it is thought, will compete with any of the music halls in the South.

THE ATTENDANCE continues excellent at the Metropolitan Music Hall and Variety Theatre, Washington, D. C. There have been no changes in the company since our last issue. In fact stage manager Geo. L. Hall manages his forces so well it seems quite unnecessary to make any additions or removals.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., "Handy Andy," with Ben Wheeler in the title *role*, and Ada Richmond as Mad Nancy, together with the "Warlock of the Glen," were the principle attractions the past week.

THE OLYMPIC, New Orleans, opened with a variety company on Sept. 28th, with J. Fredericks as lessee and Mr Beamer at the box office. The principle cards of attraction are Lottie Howland, Lillie Becket, Nellie Whitney, M'lle. Henrietta and Fannie Auriol, Billy Diamond, Johnny Manning, Oscar Willis, Charley White and Ned Straight. Our correspondent, "Nat Ormsby" says:—"The 'Uncle Snow' and other characters sustained by Billy Diamond are fine pieces of acting; his dancing is good and nothing is wanting but a toning down of his voice in old characters and a little more stage experience. The trapeze act of John Manning, as well as his 'happy old man,' may be classed in the same category as the performances of Billy Diamond. Willis was good in his several acts. Lottie Howland was well received, likewise Lillie Becket, M'lle. Henriette, and Nell Whitney. There were a party of *clacquers* from some other theatre, not now open, that were continually hissing and otherwise disturbing the performance. Miss Emma Lloyd, Chas. Howard and Master Gardner are underlined to appear on the 1st of October."

THE BALTIMORE OPERA, Baltimore, is still flourishing. Zanfretta has been doing the rope business the past week, her principal act being the feat of walking blind-fold. She closed her engagement on the 3d inst. This lady was particularly unfortunate, having been robbed, while out of her room, of her jewelry, money, wardrobe, &c, by parties unknown. One has been arrested on suspicion. Hayward has made himself popular there, and his "On the Beach at Long Branch" has made him quite a reputation. La Grange has made a hit in her jigs. Among the new additions we notice Misses Parker and Atlanta, the former a vocalist and the latter a *danseuse*, acquitting themselves creditably. This week a burlesque on the "Grand Duchess" is announced.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, formerly the Gaieties, was to open on Oct. 2d, with John Bowser, of the Knob-Lock House, on the shell road, as manager, and a full variety company..... Johnny Redden has returned to Mobile from his tour to the watering places on the Eastern Shore, and will play an engagement at the Varieties.

HENRY DRENIN, better known as "Hank the Mason," a jig dancer, is said to have died in Norfolk, Va., on Sept. 25th, of congestion of the brain.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., the management have commenced giving Sunday night entertainments, which are said to be well patronized. The principal features the past week have been "Three Strings to One Bow," "Blinks and Jinks," "A Trip to Paris," "Somebody's Coat," "Arrival of Dickens" Jennie Eagan's Skipping-rope Hornpipe, and the *ballet* pantomime "Troubles in the Kitchen." The afterpieces were "Doing My Uncle," and "Gale Breezely." The Wilson Brothers took a benefit on Sept. 25th. Tony Benton was to take a benefit on Oct. 2d. Tassini commences at this theatre on the 5th.

ARTISTES of ability are wanted at the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, Mo. See advertisement.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS" is the title of an operatic *ballet* produced this week at the American, Philadelphia. The Gregory Family continue their engagement.

Circuses.

BRYAN'S CARAVAN, CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibits in Washington, D. C., on the 6th and 7th inst.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS was at Leavenworth, Kansas, on Sept. 26th.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS commences its Southern tour at Norfolk, Va., on Oct. 7th, for three days, and goes thence to Portsmouth 10th, Richmond 11th, for three days, Petersburg 15th and thence to Weldon.

CIRCUS MEN IN TROUBLE.—In the Cincinnati Police Court, Sept. 24, Peter Vaughan and William Clark, two teamsters attached to Colonel Ames' Circus and Menagerie, which has been performing in that city, were arraigned on a charge of having committed a rape on the person of Julia McDonald, the night previous. The prosecuting witness, a girl of about 15 years, testified that at about 8 o'clock the night before, she met the defendants on a street near the Orphan Asylum lot, and was engaged by them in conversation. She had recently come to the city from the Latonia Springs, Kentucky, and was without shelter for the night. She told them her story, and as they seemed to take an interest in her affairs, asked them to give her money enough to pay her fare to New York city, where her mother resides. They would not give her the necessary funds, but offered to secure a place for her to sleep through the night. They invited her to go to the circus with them, and warned her that if she was found by the police lurking around the streets she would be taken to the station house. She consented to go to the show, and was taken by them to the ticket office, where they knocked her down and forced her to their purpose. She says that when this brace of scoundrels and a third party had abused her to the extent of their passion, they dragged her through the canvas almost unconscious, and left her on the ground. She found her way to the street, met a couple of policemen, told how she had been abused, went to the canvas accompanied by them, pointed out Vaughan and Clark as her ravishers, and had them arrested and taken to the station house. The third man could not be found. Dr. Sherwood testified to the nature and severity of the injuries that had been done the young woman. No other evidence was taken. Judge Straub took the matter under advisement, and held each of them in the sum of $5,000, to answer to the charge of rape, before the Court of Common Pleas. In default of bail, the men were committed to the county jail to await trial.

SAM VAN HORN, who was a partner in the Howes & Driesbach Circus and Menagerie, advertises in our columns for a situation.

DAN RICE is billed for the 13th in Trenton, N. J.

BRYAN'S MENAGERIE, after meeting with success in Virginia, shipped from Lynchburgh to Alexandria on Sunday, Oct. 4th. This big jump was arranged by Mr. C. H. Castle, who, from practical knowledge of the roads between Lynchburg and Fredericksburg, was satisfied that the Boss couldn't make the "ripple." Forty-seven cars were required to transport the concern, and the nice little sum of $1,600 Manager Kelsh had to pay the O. & A. R. R. superintendent for the excursion. Bryan will take in the entire Eastern Shore of Maryland and the best portion of Delaware, ending the season at Wilmington on or about Nov. 5th. He intends, it is said, to open under canvas in Philadelphia for a short period, but we think the success of such an undertaking somewhat questionable, inasmuch as "canvas shows" are not adapted to the tastes of people when overcoats, fires and hot whiskey skins are in season. Bryan has, however, purchased all the animals and cages of the Herr Driesbach Menagerie, and can, by adding them to his own, make a display of the largest wild beast show ever put before a people. The concern, as it has been run this season, has been a success and has made money, he being one of the very few proprietors who will "come out whole." His circus was not as full as some, nevertheless the performances rendered full satisfaction. Peter Conklin, the clown, has made himself a good reputation, and by his own efforts won a popularity which will prove of service to him in the future. J. Showles, as equestrian director, has made matters run in accordance with the correct ideas of that model of a Manager, F. M. Kelsh.

STONE AND MURRAY shipped their stock on Oct. 1st, from Bridgeport, Conn., to Norfolk, Va., where they are to open on the 7th inst. The firm stand well in the South, and under the leadership of Geo. Bronson should do well, but unfortunately, John Robinson is on rail and on their track, and he is strong opposition. With a big Menagerie against him like Bryan's—which he was forced to encounter in Lynchburg—why the fun wouldn't be on one side; still, "Old Massa John" is a sure card in the South, and it is not over and above healthy, and not in any sense profitable to "buck up against him." So sayeth a correspondent who has "been thar."

BRYAN'S CARAVAN MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS will exhibit in Baltimore on the 9th and 10th inst.

THE GEORGE CHRISTY MONUMENT FUND BENEFIT takes place at Hooley Opera House, Brooklyn, on Thursday afternoon, the 8th inst., instead of Saturday, the 10th, as previously announced. In addition to the regular company, Bobby Newcomb, Lew Brimmer, G. W. H. Griffin and the Guy Brothers will appear.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is drawing crowded audiences to the Olympic Theatre, notwithstanding it has passed its two hundred and twenty-fifth performance. The Wednesday *matinees* are to be resumed on the 14th inst.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON is attracting crowded audiences to Pike's Music Hall. On the 9th inst.—for that night only—it will be exhibited in Pike's Opera House.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, in Cincinnati, continue to attract paying audiences to Wood's Theatre. A change was made in the management last week, C. A. Morris withdrawing from the firm. W. W. Newcomb will hereafter be sole proprietor and manager. J. T. Gulick takes the place of Mr. Morris as stage manager. Mr. J. F. Oberist has been added to the vocal *corps*, and gave last week his "Mountain Echo" song. "The Grand Dutch-Us" was revived, very opportunely, as the Bateman troupe was performing the original at the National. Add Ryman appeared as Fitz, which he does well, but with less spirit than Cool Burgess, and Rollin Howard was the Dutch-Us. Another farce, "A Nurse Wanted," was also given. The best things of the week were Ryman's stump speech, in which he introduces several originalities, and a scene between Hart and Sweatnam entitled "The $5.00 Wrestling Match," which was both new and amusing. Owing to the non-arrival of costumes, the production of "A-lad-in," which had been underlined, was deferred. Friday evening Joseph H. Rainer took a farewell benefit, on the occasion of his final retirement from the profession, and was greeted with a splendid house. Mr. Rainer has been in the minstrel business twenty-eight years, a portion of the time as proprietor. He was an excellent interlocutor, and has been a fine baritone. His career has been checkered, but he will now probably be settled, as he is to enter into a good business in Lockport, N. Y., where he carries with him the best wishes of a host of friends. His place in the company as "middle man" will be filled for the present by Mr. Gulick.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS perform in Detroit, Mich., on Oct. 9th.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS in Chicago are said to be crowded nightly. Chief among the acts presented last week were Hernandez's old style version of "Lucy Long" and the comical afterpiece known as "The Deserters." Morris the Dutch "shpeaks somedings" every night, and his "Laughing Gas" is pronounced a very funny act. Brandisi is singing "Snow White Blossoms," and Bideaux "My Boy, How Can I See You Die."

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS were at Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 1st and 2d, and were to go thence to Geneseo, 3d and 4th; Davenport, Iowa, 5th and 6th; Rock Island, Ill., 7th; Clinton, Iowa, 8th; Cedar Rapids, 9th and 10th; and Iowa City, 12th and 13th.

BILLY ANDREWS, having retired from the show business for the present, is residing at Dubuque, Iowa.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS performed in Albany, N. Y., on Sept. 28th, to a good business. A correspondent says:—"The company gave general satisfaction, especially Hicks in his personation of 'Captain Jinks,' and other well known songs. Bob Height, the funny man, did well and made a hit in his comic shoe dance. Johnson, who takes the bone end, is clever; his gags, although old, take well with the audience. George Danforth's bone solo is as good as I ever heard."

COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS, traveling through Canada, are said to be quite successful wherever they appear. The company comprises the following:—Cool Burgess, bones and second tenor; W. J. Gibson, tambo and cloggist; Geo. B. Radcliffe, interlocutor—formerly comedian at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, and who has this season gone over to the burnt cork—H. Mortimer, tenor; Will H. Coleman, second tenor; Harry Causland, alto and eccentric comedian; Mileson Smith, basso; Joe H. Banks, leader of orchestra; Alex. Robertson, violin secundo; Arthur Mortimer, cornet; Fred Beaver, violoncello; Johnny Burdell, song and dance; Cool Burgess, manager and proprietor; Geo. B. Radcliffe, acting and stage manager; and J. H. Play, agent.

CARNCROSS AND DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, continue their burlesque of "La Grand Duchess."

JOE EMMETT, the Dutch comedian, has made quite a hit at Hooley's Opera House, Philadelphia. He is now in the fourth week of his engagement. For the current week an entire change of programme is announced.

APOLLO HALL, Broadway and Twenty-Eighth street, is rapidly approaching completion. James Taylor, the London vocalist, who made a favorable impression lately at Dodworth Hall, will open there on the 12th inst.

J. D. KELLY announced as just from London, and Fattie Stewart are added to Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn this week.

MR. A. RIEMER, the flutist of the Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, was taken ill with hemorrhage of the lungs and died in Montreal on Sept. 28th. He leaves a wife and family in Detroit. The boys of the company did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings. The company is advertised ahead as follows:—Hamilton, Canada, 5th; Brantford, 6th; London, 7th; Chatham, 8th; and Detroit, Mich., 9th and 10th.

Miscellaneous.

The Band of the Cincinnati Zouaves is giving free open air concerts in the parks of that city on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

A. M. Griswold, the "Fat Contributor," has been tendered a complimentary benefit, to take place at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, the 9th inst., on which occasion he will give his humorous lecture entitled "Injun Meal."

Professor J. Thayer made an ascension in his balloon "Hercules," from the Orphan Asylum lot, Cincinnati, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 3d instant.

The Maennerchor Society, of Cincinnati, gave a concert at Pike's Music Hall, on Friday, the 2d inst., the orchestra being under the direction of G. H. Andre.

The Cincinnati Orpheus, a German Musical Society, gave an entertainment at their hall on the evening of the 29th of September, on which occasion the organization was presented with a banner by its lady friends, and with funds sufficient to purchase a piano. After these ceremonies the hall was cleared of the chairs and a dance inaugurated.

Mr. F. C. Wells has been delivering, in the northern part of New York state, a lecture entitled "The Wickedest Man in New York." He was last at Carthage, Canton, Potsdam and Malone. As will be seen by our advertising columns he is in want of an agent.

The Breban Bell Ringers give two entertainments at Harrisburg on the 5th and 6th.

Martino played three nights in Harrisburg, Pa., last week to poor houses; also Picinalo; both magicians. They played to beggerly houses.

A Stereopticon Exhibition is advertised for sale by H. H. Wood, in another column.

Accident to a Rope Walker.—Frank Guilford, rope walker, while performing before a large crowd at the State Fair, Indianapolis, on Sept. 30th, fell a distance of fifty feet, sustaining severe internal injuries. At last accounts he was at the Sheridan House in a critical condition, while his recovery is thought to be doubtful.

Several first class Musicians, who can play brass and string, are wanted for permanent engagement. See J. F. Sherry's card.

To Traveling Companies.—Pierian Hall, New Bedford, is to rent. See advertisement in another column.

City Hall, Providence, R. I., is to rent, by the day, week, or month. For further particulars, see advertisement.

The Russell Concert Company disbanded at Owego, New York, Sept. 29th, on account of Mr. Russell's prostration with the typhoid fever. As will be seen by an advertisement Mr. George A. Florance, orchestra and brass band leader, and Chas. H. Day, advance agent, are open for engagements.

Robert Nickle is at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week.

Olive Logan, who appeared throughout the west last season with her lecture, "Stage Struck," has a new sensation for her coming lecturing tour called "Paris—City of Luxury." Miss Logan's time for the whole season bids fair to be taken up by associations and local parties east and west. She begins her season by lecturing in the Old Bay State Course, Boston, on November 5th, and every evening thereafter is engaged to Dec. 19th. Subsequently she lectures before Lyceums and Young Men's Christian Associations, chiefly in Massachusetts and New York, and goes west in January. Her latest engagements in this State are at Lockport and Elmira, Dec. 28th and 29th. She is a good card, and with her new lecture, her readings and "Stage-Struck," can fill in three evenings together in any city, with a "change of programme nightly."

The Tom Thumb Combination will appear in Brooklyn on October 6th for five nights; East New York, October 12th; Williamsburgh, 13th, and Greenpoint, 14th.

Spaulding's Bell Ringers are said to be doing a fine business in Connecticut. The 28th of September they appeared at New Hartford to a crowded house. Clara Louise Kellogg, prima donna, and friends, attended their entertainment and were very enthusiastic with their applause for the harp solos of Georgie Dean Spaulding.

The Brooklyn Institute, a commodious hall, used last season by Mrs. Kemble, Olive Logan and others, is advertised to let.

Slauson Hall, Middletown, N. Y., which has all the requisites for shows, is advertised to rent. See card elsewhere.

Accident to a Tight Rope Performer.—A Mr. Murphy, while giving performances on a trapeze suspended to a tight rope stretched across the street in Elyria, Ohio, on September 28, fell to the ground, seriously injuring himself. He started on his perilous undertaking, and succeeded with some difficulty in walking across the street. Upon his return he stopped in the centre to go through various evolutions on the trapeze. Everything went well until he came to the common feat of hanging with a rope around the nape of his neck from the cross-bar. As he adjusted the strap around his neck, and allowed his full weight to bear upon it, the strap gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. A wild cry of horror went up from the spectators, every one supposing that he was killed beyond peradventure. Upon being taken up, it was found that he had fallen upon his side, and suffered very severe bruises and internal injuries.

James Taylor, the London comic, and his combination, appear in Worcester, Mass., on the 5th and 6th.

Logrenia was at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich., the past week.

Garry Hough has disbanded his "triple show" and is now in Detroit, Mich., with a portion of his company, waiting for something to turn up. The Zanfretta Troupe, who were with this show, are performing this week at Pontiac and Flint.

Very Good.—The Fusi-Yama Japs visited Toledo, Ohio, during the Ohio State Fair, and performed under canvas; but before they could show the grasping license committee demanded, in addition to the license money, forty-five tickets. The demand was complied with by having forty-five tickets printed on the coarsest yellow wrapping paper, made twenty-four inches long and eighteen inches wide.

Annie Gibbons has retired from the profession for the present, and has turned her attention to pedestrianism. She walked fifty miles in eleven hours, at Pittsfield, Mass., on Sept. 26th, and on Sept 30th, thirty-seven miles in eight hours. She contemplates trying shortly one thousand miles in so many hours.

The Pearson Brothers offer for sale a Tableau of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. They are also at liberty to contract for work. See card in another column.

The Hanlon Brothers closed an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Sept. 26th, and opened at the Skating Rink, Ottawa, C. W., on the 28th. They opened in Kingston on October 1st, for three nights. They were to have opened in Toronto on the 5th for three nights, which will complete their provincial tour. Professor John Braham, orchestra leader, has left the company and is now leading at the Griswold Opera House, Troy. This company appear in Philadelphia the last week in October.

Fred. Lubin, in addition to furnishing magicians with all the necessary implements to carry on their business, continues to translate plays from the German and French. His address will be found elsewhere.

Parepa Rosa took a farewell benefit in San Francisco, Cal., on Oct. 1st. She starts overland for New York on October 15th.

Dumas is writing a tribute to the late Adah Isaacs Menken, to be published in book form.

Ole Bull, assisted by Miss Barton, Mr. Hall and Mr. Lanzing, concertize at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 9th.

At Taylor's Hall, Trenton, N. J., the business of the week has been good. Monday and Tuesday evenings, 28th and 29th, Blind Tom did a fine business. Thursday evening the Handel and Haydn Society of Philadelphia gave the Oratorio of the Creation, with Mrs. Mozart, Mr. George Simpson and Mr. J. K. Thomas in the solos. The house was jammed at one dollar admission. On Friday and Saturday, 2d and 3d inst., the Torres Bros. Combination occupied the hall. Friday night the house was rather slim, but on Saturday night it was well filled; the gymnastic part of the show was well received, but the singing and dancing were very bad. A really good variety show would do well there a few nights.

Ole Bull performs in Trenton, N. J., on the 20th.

James Taylor, the London vocalist, is to be in New Haven, Conn., October 8th and 9th.

Chas. H. Day and J. E. Green, of the Sol Smith Russell Troupe, are taking a rest at New Haven, Conn. Prof. George A. Florance and his wife are also there.

Prof. Hasselmeyer is billed to open at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on October 3d.

Geo. C. Dobson, who has located himself in Boston, where he has been teaching the banjo for several months, is said to be doing a good business. In a card published elsewhere will be found his address. Persons at a distance can have one of the Dobson patent banjos sent them by express by sending the money.

The Tyrolese Opera Troupe are performing at the Broadway Institute, Baltimore.

John Bogan can be found at his place of business on Bleeker street, near Broadway, attending to the wants of those who are desirous of learning to dance a jig or a clog, or play the banjo.

A New Book on Jig and Clog Dancing can be obtained by addressing J. K. Buckley, as directed in an "adv." in another column

Foreign Show News.

London Theatricals.—Business did not appear to be very brisk with the theatres in London during the week ending Sept. 19th. Scarcely anything new was presented at any of the theatres, the sensational drama continuing popular. "Land Rats and Water Rats," the "Lancashire Lass" and "After Dark" are thoroughly sensational, and are attracting large and appreciative audiences at the Surrey, Queen's and the Princess' Theatres......Mr. Fairclough is at the Lyceum, where he is going through a series of performances intended to comprise all the principal characters of Shakspearean tragedy. On Sept. 12th he gave "Richard the Third," in which he was anything but successful, for, says the *Times*, "Not only is he capable of rant, but he is capable, as his Richard proves, of violence so excessive that all we have seen upon the stage is insignificant by its side. Listening to his Richard III we were fairly dismayed at the noise he made. Never before, probably, was a passion so torn to rags. We have had a considerable experience of the folly and extravagance of tragic actors; have listened to our full share of mouthing and violence; but a piece of such shapeless and unqualified violence as Mr. Fairclough's Richard we do not recall." Mr. F. was announced to close his engagement on September 26th, in consequence of the production of Bulwer's new romantic play entitled "The Rightful Heir."......Mr. J. Harwood, many years the leading actor at Astley's when under the management of Mr. Batty, and late proprietor of the Manchester London Music Hall, has taken the Pavilion Theatre. The opening night was fixed for Sept. 26th....Byron's play of "Blow for Blow" continues attractive at the Holborn......The Adelphi brought its summer season to a close on Sept. 19th. Mr. Belmore took a benefit on September 16th, when John S. Clarke, the American comedian, appeared as Wellington de Boots. The winter season was to commence on October 3d, with a new version of "Monte Christo," with Fechter in the leading *role*. ....The Victoria has produced a new version of "The Castle Spectre," with ghost effects....The Christy's are drawing crowds to the Standard...."Arrah Na Pogue" at the Grecian, "Wedded Love" at the Britannia, and "The Road, the River and the Rail" at the East London, are all doing a good business....St. George's Opera House was to open on September 19th, with Taylor's "Plot and Passion"....The New Globe Theatre, now being erected on the site of Lyons' Inn, is announced to open on October 31st....The question of a general removal of the dress restrictions, affecting the visitors to boxes and stalls, has been much discussed, and at various establishments some relaxations of the strict rule are likely to take place. It is not improbable that before long the propriety of abolishing half-price will also have to be reconsidered by the Managers....Mr. Mapleson has taken Covent Garden for a short season of opera, beginning in November....Mr. E. Galer will produce another new and original drama, in four acts, at the Grecian Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. Conquest's benefit, the 8th of October.... Mr. Giovannelli announced the revival of "Ixion," on September 19th, at the Alexandra Theatre...."The Conquest of Magdala, and the Fall of Theodore," a spectacular drama, was produced at Astley's on September 19th....Sadler's Wells is doing "London by Gaslight."

Signor Verdi, it is said, intends to try his hand at comic music by producing an opera on the story of "Falstaff."

Letters from Paris bring the bad news that M. Gounod has been arrested by illness in the composition of his "Francesca da Rimini."

Miss Sophia Vinta has been engaged for the grand orchestral concerts of Newcastle and Glasgow, which are announced to take place this month.

The Chatelet Theatre, Paris, was sold to a M. Fischer for 550,000fr. A new piece, called the "Armurier de Santiago," by M. Bauchardy, will shortly be produced here.

The revival of "La Reine de Chypre," at the Opera in Paris, will afford opportunity for the *debut* of a young soprano from Nuremberg.

Mr. John Levey, the author of "Life in the Coalpits" and "Good Out of Evil," has written a new piece, "Gold is Nothing: Happiness is All," which was to be produced at the Royal Amphitheatre, Leeds, on October 5th, prior to its representation in London.

The Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool Eng., commenced its winter season on Sept. 14th with the "Chimney Corner," and the "Caliph of Bagdad."

Accident to a "Trapezist."—Monsieur Clevoyn, called "The Monarch of the Air," while doing a trapeze performance at Preston, Eng., on Sept. 14th, fell to the stage, a distance of about thirty feet, immediately rolling over the foot lights into the orchestra. The accident created a great sensation, and several people screamed in fright. It was ascertained that the man's neck was put out of joint. With the assistance of another man Mr. Aspden succeeded in drawing in the neck of the unfortunate "Monarch of the Air." A quantity of cold water was thrown upon his head, and eventually he came round. It was also found that one of his hands was cut, and he was burned by the footlights. He was afterwards conveyed to his lodgings in a cab, where, at last accounts, he remained in a very shattered and injured condition.

Dave Carson's Minstrels were at Bungalore, in July.

AQUATICS.

THE WARDS vs. AN ENGLISH FOUR.

In a late issue of the *Sporting Life* we find the following letter from Morton Price and the comments upon the proposed encounter which follow it:—

"'In conclusion of this somewhat lengthy letter, allow me to say that, whether my match with the *Wards* comes off or not, I shall be happy to stand £200 of the stakes towards a match between them and any *other* four who may feel inclined to come here to test their skill. *Until beaten*, I shall continue certain that the English oarsmen are the better. I feel convinced that any match rowed here will have to be *fairly* contested and won, and the Ward Brothers or their opponents will have to be beaten *on their merits*. I am, sir,
Yours, &c., Morton Price.

"'St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, September 5.'

"We are sorry if in the least degree we misapprehended the terms of Mr. Price's offer as published in the New York Clipper, but consider still that our version was substantially correct. In the notice of the challenge and its conditional acceptance, condemnation of the selection of the Skelton crew for such a race was plainly expressed. Our opinion remains the same; if anything, we are more strongly confirmed in it. Whatever Mr. Price's intentions may have been, the contest would inevitably have been regarded as international—by the general public, at any rate—and a mediocre crew like the Skeltons would not have fitly represented Great Britain. The reply of the Skeltons to Mr. Price's letter is quoted against our doubts of their readiness to "throw in" with their president. But it will be seen from this letter that the Humber crew meant to risk nothing. They asked for all their expenses; and it seems to have been understood that Mr. Price would find the stake. His nominees, in fact, would have nothing to lose, and they had a chance—a slender one—of obtaining much profit and distinction, whilst there was a certainty of a pleasant sojourn on the other side of the Atlantic. Any number of crews could be found, we dare say, ready to make the voyage on the same terms. But after all, the Humber crew, we are told by the *Yorkshire Post*, have allowed the thing to drop, so far as they are concerned, and from the very cause which we anticipated from the first would prevent an arrangement. 'Financial difficulties' have arisen. Nothing better could have been looked for, and, writing candidly, we are not sorry for it, as the hitch reduces the probability of another *fiasco* and one more application of the old fable of the frog and the bull. The challenge is put forth honorably; those who issue it will prove formidable opponents to whoever may come against them; but, nevertheless, we are confident of possessing men as good or better, and think it will say little for English oarsmen if they do not take up the gauntlet so pluckily, and, we are sure, in all good faith, cast at their feet. At present there is not a good watermen's four on the Thames, where professional rowing is undoubtedly in bad case; and, after the experiences of the late Thames Regatta, there appears little hope of a crew being organized on the metropolitan river. Harry Kelley might have taken it in hand, but he has already done good service for the aquatic fame of this country, and we can hardly expect much more from the Champion after the decision of the match in which at present he is engaged. All things considered, it seems that for worthy champions we must at present look to the Tyne. The Northern river has suddenly regained the grand form which for awhile disappeared from it, and just now there are two first class fours in training. The crew which won for the Tyne the Fours at Paris last year, and at the Thames Regatta last July, has undergone a change, whether for better or for worse time will tell. Randforth has taken the place of 'Young' Chambers, but the latter has joined Robert Cooper, James Percy and Tom Matfin, and has certainly not fallen into bad company. One or the other of these crews must surely be found daring enough to risk a contest with the Wards; and if any other watermen coveted the honor, there might be arranged a trial sweepstakes such as the Northern fours' contested last year, and as they propose to row shortly. The winning crew would, we think, have little difficulty in finding a stake. Tyneside sportsmen never were backward in that respect, and should the worst come to the worst, there is Mr. Morton Price's offer to fall back upon. The coxswain difficulty ought not to prove insuperable; and, pending final arrangements, a trial might be given to the American system, which the experiment at the late Henley Regatta proved to possess great merit. With Jewitt and Clasper, Taylor and Percy at hand, there need be no difficulty in building or adapting an experimental craft; and should the result be satisfactory to those most directly concerned, a great stumbling-block in this and future negotiations of the sort would be removed."

THE WARDS vs. THE ST. JOHNS.

THE CREWS IN TRAINING.

The great match for the four-oared championship of American waters and three thousand dollars, between the Ward Brothers and a crew of St. John, N. B., is augmenting in interest as the fixture approaches, and from the earnestness with which it is discussed and the avidity with which any information touching upon the affair is devoured, it is evident that it will be a heavy betting race, and that an immense crowd will be present. Josh, Hank, Charley and Gil Ward have been working like beavers for ten days past in order to get themselves fit, and from the favorable reports we hear from their quarters, there is no cause to doubt that they will be in admirable trim on the eventful day, and their supporters entertain no fears of their being compelled to surrender the coveted title which they have in days past so gallantly defended. The brilliancy of the record which the American crew have made for themselves warrant their partisans in relying so confidently upon the superiority of their powers, and if the provincial crew oblige them to strike their colors on the 21st inst., they will indeed be wonderfully fine oarsmen. The brothers, however, must not allow past triumphs to induce them to hold their rivals too cheap, and neglect undergoing a thorough course of preparation for the struggle, for if they do they may, as others have done before them, find out when too late that they have underrated the ability of antagonists concerning whom they know really nothing, but who must be composed of splendid material, else they could not find backers to pit them against oarsmen so renowned as the Wards. We wish to have the contest decided beyond all question which of the two crews is really the best, and trust that nothing may occur through accident or carelessness to produce a different result. The rivals will doubtless change their training quarters to the vicinity of the scene during the latter part of next week, and we understand the Wards will locate at the same delightful spot from whence they took their breathings last season. The St. Johns' men have given up rowing in "North River sloops," and in the coming race will pull a shell built at the establishment of Charley Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I., which will place them more on an equality and increase their chances of victory. The crew which won such a proud trans-Atlantic reputation was composed of R. Fulton (stroke), E. E. Ross, Samuel Hutton and Geo. Price, (bow), but whether this will be the same which will be opposed to the Wards on the 21st, is not positive, though extremely probable, as it is considered that they are the best quartet in the provinces.

The second instalment of $750 dollars a side was duly posted at this office on the day appointed, Charley Moore posting for the Cornwallians, and a gentleman from the Provinces putting up the required amount for the other party. On Saturday, 17th inst., the third and final deposit of $500 a side has to be forthcoming at this office, and as the referee is to be selected at the same time, it is desirable that the representatives of the men meet not later than 11 o'clock A. M.

Since the above was written we have received the following items concerning the Wards, from a correspondent who is evidently well posted:—

"The Wards did not commence training until the 28th ult., and for five or six days it blew a steady gale from the north east, so that they had but two or three chances to row. As soon as it moderated Josh was taken sick, and for three days the crew practised without him. They are now at work again, but an impression is gaining ground that they are very far from being in the condition they were in at this period in September, 1867. Many of their friends consider that the "walk over" they had in their contest last year, with the provinces, has been an injury to them by imparting a feeling of over confidence—an undertaking of their opponents—and a desire to shirk the necessary through and severe training indispensible for success in so important a match. They are practising in a four oared shell loaned them by the cadets of West Point."

AN ENGLISH CREW AGREE TO ROW THE WARD BROTHERS IN AMERICA.

The London *Sporting Life*, of September 28th, contains the following in reference to a contest between the representative four-oared crews of America and England, by which it will be perceived that there is a probability of the ambition of the Wards being gratified, providing terms in regard to the amount at stake can be arrived at:—

The challenge of the American four, the Ward Brothers, has been accepted by an English crew—Tynesiders—as we anticipated. The Northern four, composed of Percy, Matfin, Cooper and Chambers, have failed to obtain an acceptance of their challenge to row the Tyne champion four, owing to two of its members, Randforth and Taylor, being engaged in matches with Kelley and Nark Addy respectively. Last Saturday evening failing this much desired match, it was decided to accept the Wards' challenge and agree to row in America, for £200 a side and the championship of the world, conditional on their receiving £100 for expenses. This is a very moderate allowance, and one which will certainly not cover the outlay the men are likely to incur, but still we are afraid that the Americans will think the stake they have a chance of winning too small in proportion to the amount they are asked to pay down. We can only wish they may not be of that opinion, but must candidly confess that in this particular our fears outweigh our hopes. It will be quite as well to consider this difficulty at once, and before the time when it may possibly be pressed by the challengers, whose original stipulation, it may be remembered, was a stake of $5,000 a side, with $1,000 expenses—one tenth of the amount of the stakes, whilst one fourth is now required for the same purpose. By adopting our suggestion a great deal of time and correspondence will be saved. If the smaller stake should not be acceptable to the American oarsmen, and a larger amount cannot be raised, we shall be bound to consider aquatic sports lower in public favor than their greatest opponents ever sought to place them, especially when we remember with what comparative ease £1,000 a side has been found for prize fights within the last few years, when the best friends of the ring admitted its depth of degradation to be as great as it was possible to be.

HARVARD SCRATCH REGATTA.

The usual fall scratch regatta of the Harvard College crews took place on the Charles River Course, Boston, on the 3d inst. The number of spectators was small, the collegians being almost the only witnesses. The following are the names of the boats and crews which contested:—

Squantum—F. Rawle, '69 (stroke); H. W. Putnam, '69; G. Willis, '70; J. W. Sanger, '70; R. H. Jerome, Law School; N. G. Read, '71 (bow). Uniform, white beavers.

Orlando Tompkins—W. H. Simmons, '69 (stroke); T. Parsons, '70; W. M. Sargent, '69; W. S. Hall, '69; E. Read, '69; H. M. Howe, '69 (bow). Uniform, ace of spades.

Chikken Hazard—J. W. McBurney, '69 (stroke); W. Sawyer, H. G. Atwater, '68; H. Richards, '71; J. L. Silsbee, '69; R. W. Bailey, Scientific School (bow). Uniform, white hats.

Skeedunk—G. Adams, '70 (stroke); W. S. Whitwell, '68; R. M. Lawrence, '69; J. J. McCook, Law School; F. Low; '69; E. M. Low, '70 (bow). Uniform, black beavers.

The distance was two miles. There was a fair start. The Squantum led for about half a mile, when she was passed by the Orlando Tompkins. The latter rounded the stake first, the Squantum second and the Chikken Hazard third. One of the Skeedunk crew broke an oar, and that boat withdrew. In the order indicated above the boats came home, and the time was:—Orlando Tompkins, 14m. 30s.; Squantum, 15m.; Chikken Hazard, 15m. 35s. Messrs. A. P. Loring, '69, P. Butler. '69 and F. W. Kidder, '70, acted as judges, and Mr. John Eldridge as time keeper.

TYLER DECLINES TO ROW MEKEEL.

The challenge from John Mekeel, in our last issue, has brought the following rejoinder and declaration of intentions from Tyler, by which it will be seen that he finally retires from "active duty" in rowing circles:—

Boston, Sept. 30th, 1868.

Editor N. Y. Clipper.—*Dear Sir.*—In reply to the challenge of John Mekeel, of Cold Spring, to row me a three mile race at Springfield, I will simply state that, owing to the lateness of the season, and being desirous of getting into business, I have withdrawn from boating, and shall be compelled to decline his (and in future any) challenge addressed to me, although earlier in the summer I should have been pleased to accept it. I take this opportunity to thank the different clubs of whose favors I have been the recipient during the past summer. Respectfully yours, John Tyler, Jr.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

REPLY OF WALTER BROWN TO HAMILL'S PROPOSITION.

The telegraphic communication published in our last issue from Hamill, asking if Brown would allow him $250 for expenses, and make a match to row at Springfield, Mass., on the 22d inst., has brought the following reply from the champion. While the general public will regret that a match which would lend so much additional interest to the race week at Springfield cannot be made, they will not deny the fairness of Walter's offer, though we do not think it at all probable that a match will be made upon those conditions. Here is Brown's reply:—

Boston, Oct. 3d, 1868.

Mr. Queen.—*Dear Sir.*—In answer to Mr. Hamill's dispatch I will state that nothing would please my friends so well as a race between us, but to go nearly as far from home as he does and allow him as much for expenses as I received to go to Pittsburgh is, you will acknowledge, asking a little too much. I am willing to give Mr. Hamill as much to come to Portland as I received to go to Pittsburgh, or I will row him upon neutral waters, at Troy, N. Y., for as much money as he can raise (*much or little*), and each pay their own expenses. In reference to challenges said to have been authorized by me, I have only to say that I have authorized none. Understanding my position as an oarsman better than any person can tell me, is a guaranty to my friends that I would not be guilty of such a foolish act. When I make another match I shall be governed entirely as to the time it shall take place by the condition I am in when said match is made. Furthermore, when Mr. Hamill, or any other oarsman, sees fit to issue a challenge to me, they will bear in mind that it is necessary to send on a deposit to your office, or I shall not notice it. Very respectfully yours, Walter Brown, Champion Sculler of America.

Rowing on the Charles River.—A sculling race, distance three miles, for one hundred dollars a side, took place over the Charles River Course, Boston, Mass., between Thos. C. Butler, of the West End Club, and James Clary, of the What Cheers. The storm had made the course exceedingly rough, which prevented the boats from making very good time. Butler pulled one of the Ward Brothers' boats, while Clary occupied the paper shell of John Tyler, Jr. The odds before the start were 25 to 10 on Clary, but the figures were reversed when the boats came in sight on the homestretch. The men made a good start, and kept well together till nearing the stake-boat, when Butler took the lead, which he kept to the close, coming in the winner in 23:18, Clary being about 10 seconds behind. The judges were J. C. Smith and J. A. Hurley, for Butler, and William McLaughlin and Michael Foley, for Clary. Referee, John Tyler, Jr.

Regatta at Ogdensburgh, N. Y.—The Athletic Club, of the above place, have perfected arrangements for a grand regatta, which is to be held on October 15th, and for which premiums to the amount of four hundred dollars will be offered, to be divided in six races as follows:—First, open to all sail boats twenty-three feet keels and under, $100; second, open to all single scull outriggers, distance two miles, $75; third, open to all four-oared outriggers, distance three miles, $100; fourth, open to all double scull fishing boats, distance two miles, pull on the gunwale, $35; fifth, open to all single scull fishing boats, distance two miles, pull on the gunwale, $25; sixth, open to all six-oared outriggers, distance three miles, $60. Three entries are required for each event, and two to start or no race; all entries to be made on or before October 14; sport to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. The officers are as follows:—Referee, J. F. Arnold; judges, R. H. Houston, J. F. Church and J. P. Rosseel; timer, W. Stillwell; regatta committee, H. A. Houghton, J. L. Gilbert, C. C. Egert, A. W. Briggs and L. D. Burt.

A Long Pull by an Amateur.—Geo. W. Chambers, proprietor of the Aquahanga House, Vanderbilt Landing, S. I., left home at 8 A. M. on Sept. 10th, for a pull to Troy and back, in the single scull wherry Norman R. Hawkins, 23 feet long, 34 inches wide, and weighing 110lbs. After numerous stoppages, he succeeded in accomplishing the distance and reaching the starting point at 9.15 P. M. on the 19th ult.

The Yachts Mystic and Lois are to have a trial of their sailing qualities on the afternoon of Tuesday, 6th inst., the course being from the stake-boat opposite the Dolphin House to the Southwest Light and return.

A Sculling Race, distance five miles, for $100 a side, took place at High Bridge, on the 26th ult., between Mike Glenny, "the Blacksmith," and Will J. Wallis, the former winning easily.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A Feminine Pedestrian.—A new light has just burst upon the pedestrian world in the person of Madam Moor, who was announced to attempt the feat of walking fifty miles in eleven hours at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 3d inst. The lady is represented as of fine form, and is stated to have walked thirty-seven miles in eight hours on the 30th ult. From Pittsfield she purposed going to Rensselaer Park, Troy, and from thence to Buffalo. At present she is under the tutelage of Ben Hogan (whether the identical Ben of fistic fame or not, we cannot say), and intends ere long to undertake the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. Johnny Goulding must look out for his laurels.

One Mile Race.—The City Grounds, Manchester, England, were patronised on September 19th by about 600 persons, the attraction being a foot race of one mile, for £25 a side, between J. Nuttall, the well known champion half-mile pedestrian, and Alfred Bird. Nuttall had been well prepared for this event by J. Booth, and Bird had been trained by J. McDermott. Nuttall was waited upon by D. Richardson and J. Booth, while Bird was accompanied by his mentor and O. Allington. The betting at start was 5 to 2 on Bird, who, on getting away, cut out the work at a good pace, soon obtained the lead and maintained it throughout. At the far side of the course, in the final round, Bird was at least thirty yards in front of his opponent. When about 200 yards from home Nuttall, seeing his chance hopeless, resigned the contest, and Bird came in at his leisure. C. Whitworth, of Sheffield, acted as referee.

Another Failure.—Young McCann, of Albany, and James Miles started to walk fifty miles on the 3d inst., on the Washington Parade Grounds, Albany, N. Y., for a citizen's purse. They started at half past 7 A. M. McCann took the lead and kept increasing for three miles and a half, when Miles, who was at least 120 yards in the rear, to the surprise and disgust of the crowd, resigned, owing he said, to a pain in the side. McCann finished the distance inside of 11 hours, including stoppages for bath, refreshments, etc. At 4 o'clock the crowd numbered over three thousand, and when they heard of Miles' failure they jeered and hooted him, and might have done worse had he not "mizzled."

Jack Goulding performed his ten feats in thirty minutes at Albany, N. Y., on the 3d inst. He was announced to appear in Springfield, Mass., on the 6th and 7th inst.

One Hundred Yards Against Time.—A foot race against time took place at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 26th ult., Kelly Davis attempting to run one hundred yards in eleven seconds, from a standing start, to go at the report of a pistol. C. L. Allen was the backer of time, which was the favorite, at ten to seven, and the result proved that the layer of odds was correct, as Davis was eleven and one quarter seconds doing the distance.

Oddy Defeats Adams.—A walking match, distance three-quarters of a mile, between John Oddy and J. Adams, was one of the attractions at Rensselaer Park, Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, 29th ult. Adams took the lead at the start, but after traversing some twenty-five yards was passed by Oddy, who finally won by ten seconds.

Sporting Squibs.

— A pupless terrier in Memphis has adopted some motherless kittens, over whom she watches with true maternal solicitude.

— Our Swabian fellow-citizens held their Cannstadt Volksfest on the 28th, 29th and 30th ult. Games, pantomime shows, processions, music and dancing were the order of the days.

— "Dog shoes," for protecting the feet of sporting dogs when coursing on stubble fields, are proposed in England.

— Wild pigeons and English snipes are among the luxuries displayed upon the Washington market poultry stands.

— A St. Louis printer has attached a balloon for debt. Rather light security.

— A rattlesnake has been killed in New Hampshire nine feet in length, and swinging nineteen rattles.

— The printers have struck in Marseilles, France, and, in consequence, the newspapers are published on half sheets.

— Last week the French steamer St. Laurent, lying at pier 50, North River, exhibited a new electric-light apparatus, which combines cheapness with great power. The cost is only twelve cents an hour, and the light is so strong that the names of vessels can be read at a distance of three miles through a telescope.

— The Boston *Post* says there is an old soaker in the Hub who drinks one gallon of whiskey a day, and never gets drunk. New Englanders are proverbially difficult to effect spiritually.

— A Massachusetts ice company is said to have purchased a lake in Norway, whose ice may be shipped to London, Eng.

— They have got marine velocipedes in France. A paddle propelling wheel, about a yard in diameter, is worked by cranks on each side, a kind of snow shoe being attached for the feet; a seat and two rudders complete the machine, which is said to outrun a boat.

— A horse disease is prevalent in Suffolk County and the western end of Long Island; it has killed several valuable animals in those neighborhoods.

— A mercantile house in Boston lately received a telegram from Calcutta, which flashed the distance in less than twenty-four hours.

— An effort is being made to leave John Morrissey out in the cold in the coming election for Congress. All we have to say is that if John wishes to return to Washington he will go.

— Though the English cricketers may affect to despise the game of base ball, or "rounders," as they call it, they find the game good enough to help them out of the speculation they have unfortunately been drawn into by their cricketing friends in this country.

— In view of the approaching skating season a movement is being made in Newark, N. J., for the erection of a skating rink in that city.

— The State Fair at Rochester, which closed on the 2d inst., realized $20,543.53.

— George Rice, while wrestling with a much heavier man, a few days ago, in Vineland, Wis., had his spine so severely injured by being thrown that he died the next morning.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER.

After creating an immense sensation in Paris by her performance of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, in Offenbach's famous comic opera of the same name, M'lle Schneider, whose portrait is given on our first page, subsequently made her first appearance before a London audience at the St. James' Theatre. "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" was heartily enjoyed. The audience was evidently impatient for the coming of M'lle Schneider, and when the actress appeared in the half military costume, and, riding whip in hand, walked rapidly down the stage, the most tumultuous applause rang through the theatre. She was honored by a company which, for brilliancy, is not often equalled during the London season outside the two great opera houses. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke and Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and the Prince de Joinville, his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck, his Highness Prince Philip of Wurtemburg, the Duchess of Manchester, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, the Countess of Waldegrave, Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lord and Lady Suffield, and Lord Carington were among the audience which filled the theatre in every part. The French journals teemed with paragraphs vaunting the success of M'lle Schneider's performance of the Grand Duchess at the St. James' Theatre, and the journalists could refrain from chuckling over the fact that the sparkling *comediene* receives nearly seven times as much from '*ces barbares*' (under which flattering terms they allude to Englishmen) as she does in her own home. If we may believe these amiable *feuilletonistes*, M'lle Schneider is paid at the St. James' Theatre at the rate of £80 per night, whereas she has just concluded an engagement at the Varieties, before returning to her old home, the Bouffes, for a hundred and fifty representations at 300f., or £12 per night. We have heard that M'lle Schneider's salary at the St. James' was £200 per week, and that the fortunate lady's jewelry alone is worth £40,000. An effort was made to secure M'lle Schneider for this country, but without success. Extravagant terms were offered her but she rejected them all.

George Dunning, the veteran quoitist, is to be the recipient of a benefit at the Normal Grounds, this city, on October 24th. Several matches between prominent players will take place on the day, and there will doubtless be a large gathering of disc casters in "the wet's" honor.

Calvin vs. Michelson.—A series of contests took place at the grounds of the Gowanus Quoit Club on the 28th ult., the most interesting of which was between George Michelson and "Manchester Bob" for a leg of mutton. The former won by a tally of 21 to 17. They play again at the Greenwood Club grounds on the 8th inst.

Hodgson and Whittaker Matched.—A match for £50 a side has been made between William Hodgson, the American champion, now of Dunkinfield, and W. Whittaker, of Salford, to play 61 points up, 18 yards distance, quoits not to measure over 8 inches, at Millward Rogers' grounds, Collyhurst, Manchester, Eng.

Euchre Match.—A four-handed euchre match, best three in five games, was played at Washington, D. C., recently between a couple of experts hailing from Capitol Hill, and an equal number representing the City proper. The former twain took the lead, and won, scoring three games to one. The same parties are to play another match, twenty-five points, in a few days.

Euchre Match.—Abe Remshardt and Bob Roberts, who played a match at shuffle board a short time since, were opponents in a match at Euchre, twenty-five points, for $25 a side, at "Bob's," corner of 9th avenue and Forty-seventh street, on the evening of the 1st inst. Abe won as before by five points after an interesting game, witnessed by about three score persons.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner of Thirtieth street. Open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Two performances daily. Afternoon, at 2; evening, at 8 o'clock. THE LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE COMBINATION, the most legitimate success ever known to New York—forms an attraction never before equaled for its completeness and attractiveness. Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the famous burlesque extravaganza of IXION, THE MAN AT THE WHEEL, preceded by the farce of TO OBLIGE BENSON. MISS LYDIA THOMPSON in her Topical Song and Cornet Solo. Miss Pauline Markham sings "Dites Lui"—encored nightly. Miss Lisa Weber sings "Walking in the Park," and duets. Miss Ada Harland, incomparable dancing. Mr. Harry Beckett, in two characters, both hits. Mr. Richard Connelly, Musical Director. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, the operatic drama of THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT, and a Popular Farce. Houses crowded at an early hour, should induce all to secure their seats in advance. Speculators not allowed in front of the premises. No return checks used in the establishment. Fresh novelties are being constantly added to the wonders of Wood's Museum. Open from 9 A. M. until 10 o'clock P. M. (Sunday excepted.)

OLYMPIC THEATRE. BEGINS AT 8.
JAMES E. HAYES....Lessee and Manager.
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Nightly Crowded. Throngs Turned Away.
TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH PERFORMANCE OF G. L. FOX'S GRAND PANTOMIME,
228th. | HUMPTY DUMPTY. | 228th.
FAIRY ENCHANTMENTS AND MARVELS. FROLICSOME FUN. The inimitable American Comedian and Pantomimic Clown, MR. GEORGE L. FOX.
Receipts for the past seven months from $10,000 to $60,000 more than any other theatre in New York. | H. D. H. D. H. D. H. D. | "No more innocent or entertaining performance has been given since this generation was young."—*Times.*
Mlle. SANGALI, the great Danseuse. Wednesday Matinees will be resumed October 14. Monday, October 12th, H. D. will be reenforced by the addition of a new Parisian ballet corps, in entirely new ballets.
HUMPTY DUMPTY MATINEES, 1½ SATURDAYS.

PIKE'S MUSIC HALL. TWENTY-THIRD STREET, CORNER OF EIGHTH AVENUE. FIFTH WEEK, AND CONTINUED SUCCESS! HUNDREDS UNABLE TO OBTAIN ADMISSION. MACEVOY'S NEW HIBERNICON, Representing A TOUR IN IRELAND. Magnificent Scenery, Splendid Mechanical Effects, Illuminated Views. A talented company received nightly with tremendous applause, CHARLES MACEVOY AS BARNEY THE GUIDE, and full chorus and orchestra. MELODY, WIT, AND ART COMBINED, making the most pleasing and refined entertainment in New York. Every Night and Saturday Afternoon. N. B.—The performance will take place in PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, 27-1t MATINEE THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 BROADWAY, Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. WHITE & SPENCER, Lessees and Proprietors. Manager, MR. WM. H. LINGARD. STILL THEY COME. The irresistible influence of THIS GREAT ENTERTAINMENT keeps the Establishment NIGHTLY CROWDED to see the favorite WILLIAM HORACE LINGARD, and his novel company. Grand success of THE GRECIAN BEND. Received nightly with shouts of applause, and universally pronounced the very best sketch of the day. All the company this week in a Grand Variety of Specialities. NOTICE.—MISS SUSAN GALTON and her Opera Bouffe Troupe will appear on Monday next, Oct. 12th. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, At half past Two.

JEROME'S THEATRE, 10th OCTOBER, 1868. PRIVATE DEBUT OF MISS AGNES ETHEL, PUPIL OF MADAME MATILDA HERON. MISS ETHEL will have the honor of appearing in the character of CAMILLE, in the celebrated play of that name, which, on that occasion, will be distinguished by the personal care and stage direction of her preceptress. 27-1t*

NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music. L. B. LENT....Director. MATINEE AT 2½ WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. THIS FAVORITE FAMILY RESORT, which during the past three years has enjoyed a SUCCESS WITHOUT PARALLEL, IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. First week of the daring Equestrienne, M'LLE CAROLINE ROLLAND. THE PROGRAMME OF PERFORMERS Prepared for the opening week will introduce THE BEST TROUPE OF WORLD-RENOWNED STAR RIDERS AND ACROBATS Ever organized on this Continent, in BRILLIANT SCENES IN THE CIRCLE. Admission 50 cents. Children under 10 years, 25 cents. To Reserved Seats, 75 cents.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 BROADWAY. Manager....MR. EDWIN KELLY. THE LADIES' FAVORITE BURLESQUE HOUSE. PRONOUNCED A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT. GENUINE OPERA BOUFFE.
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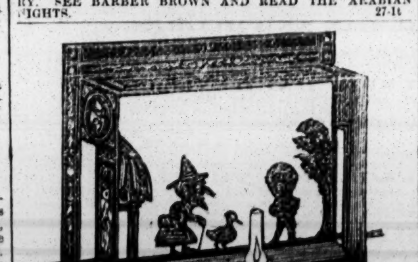
LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL COMPANY IN THE WORLD. ENTIRE CHANGE OF WITTICISMS AND MELODIES. LOOK OUT FOR ORPHEE AUX ENFERS.

BRYANTS' MINSTREL OPERA HOUSE, 14th street, adjoining the Academy of Music, Crowded nightly. Brilliant success of LUCREZIA BORGIA, M. D.; OR, LA GRANDE DOCTRESSE, Introducing those great burlesque artists, UNSWORTH, EUGENE, NELSE SEYMOUR, EPH HORN, DEMPSTER, HOGAN, HUGHES, GRIER. DAN BRYANT in his popular act, CAPT. JINKS. YE OLD FOLKS' CONCERT. Tin-pan On-Ion. Carte "D" Visite. Stump Orator. LOOK OUT FOR X. I. N. ON THE WEAL. A LA LYDIA THOMPSON. BRYANTS' MINSTREL 14TH STREET OPERA HOUSE.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY, 201. EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS. Engagement with THE "WONDER OF THE WORLD," THE FEMALE LEOTARD. THE FEMALE LEOTARD. MLLE. MILLIE TURNOUR. MLLE. MILLIE TURNOUR. The most exciting, daring, graceful and sensational Gymnast the world ever witnessed, PERFORMING HER STARTLING FEATS ON A SINGLE BAR SWINGING 60 FEET MID-AIR. A NEW DRAMA OF FINE EFFECTS, THE CONSTITUTION. A MOST ATTRACTIVE AND VARIED BILL. MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, No. 585 BROADWAY. FIRST APPEARANCE OF HARRY RAYNOR, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN AND CALIFORNIA COMEDIAN. HOUSES DENSELY PACKED. SCREAMS OF DELIGHT. BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS' SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. IMMENSE HIT OF THE NEW OPERA BOUFFE, BARBER BROWN, OR THE PACIFIC SLOPER. And produced in a style of splendor never yet equalled on the Minstrel Stage. No Burlesque on a Burlesque, BUT A GENUINE ORIGINAL. THE WHOLE AUDIENCE CONVULSED WITH LAUGHTER. PEN AND INK FAIL TO DEPICT THE GORGEOUS SCENERY. SEE BARBER BROWN AND READ THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. 27-1t



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VARIETIES THEATRE, PITTSBURGH, PA. H. W. WILLIAMS....Sole Lessee and Manager. GOOD ENGAGEMENTS always to be had by FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS AND SENSATIONAL STARS Upon application as above. 20 YOUNG LADIES WANTED FOR THE BALLET. 27-1t*

JIG AND CLOG DANCING WITHOUT A MASTER. New Book, containing 20 steps, each step fully explained. Any person can learn in a short time. Mailed, 50c. 27-1t* J. K. BUCKLEY, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.

TRODDEN DOWN; OR, UNDER TWO FLAGS. A manuscript copy of the above Irish drama, for sale by J. G. CARPENTER, care of Thompson & Riggs, Cosmopolitan Agency, 189 Bowery.
RISARELLI BROTHERS, the great Spanish Gymnasts. Managers wishing their services will address their only authorized agents, THOMPSON & RIGGS, Cosmopolitan Agency, 189 Bowery.
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100 RARE MANUSCRIPTS for sale. Apply to THOMPSON & RIGGS, 189 Bowery. 27-1t*

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OLYMPIC CONCERT HALL, NORFOLK, VA., the leading Temple of Amusement in the city, having undergone extensive alterations, will reopen on October 15th, with a company of first class artists. Talent, with specialities, liberally treated with by addressing RICHARD DUDLEY, P. O. box, 579, 27-1t* Norfolk, Va.

NEW APOLLO HALL, Corner Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, WILL SHORTLY OPEN WITH JAMES TAYLOR, THE GREAT LONDON COMIQUE, AND HIS SPLENDID COMPANY OF EUROPEAN ARTISTS. Full particulars in future advertisements. 27-1t*

BANJO AND VIOLIN Correctly taught, Instruments, Books and Music selected, and Tunes written to order and sent by mail or express. JOHN STORI, 290 Sixth avenue. 27-1t

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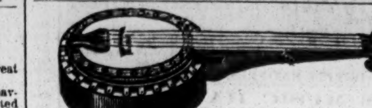

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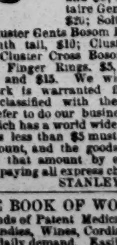

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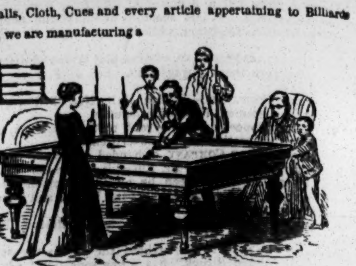

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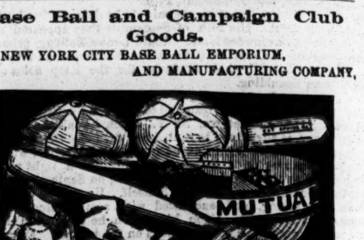

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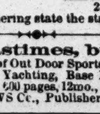

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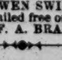

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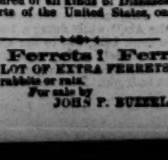

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